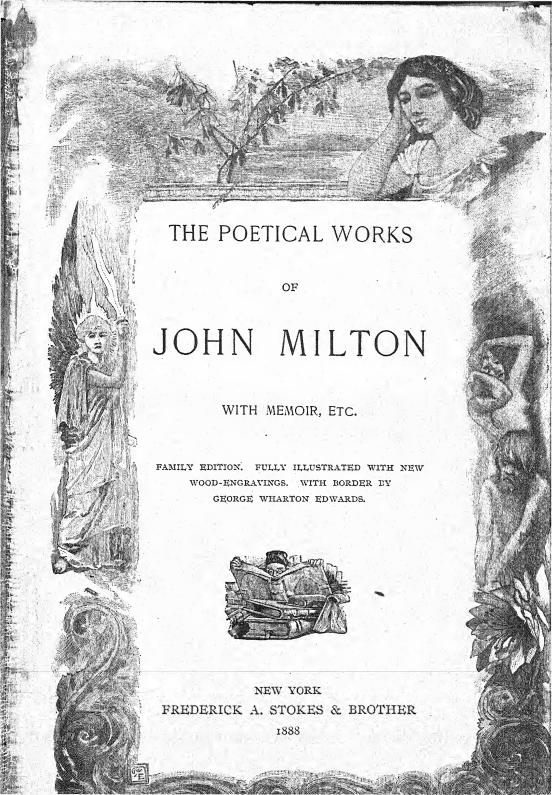
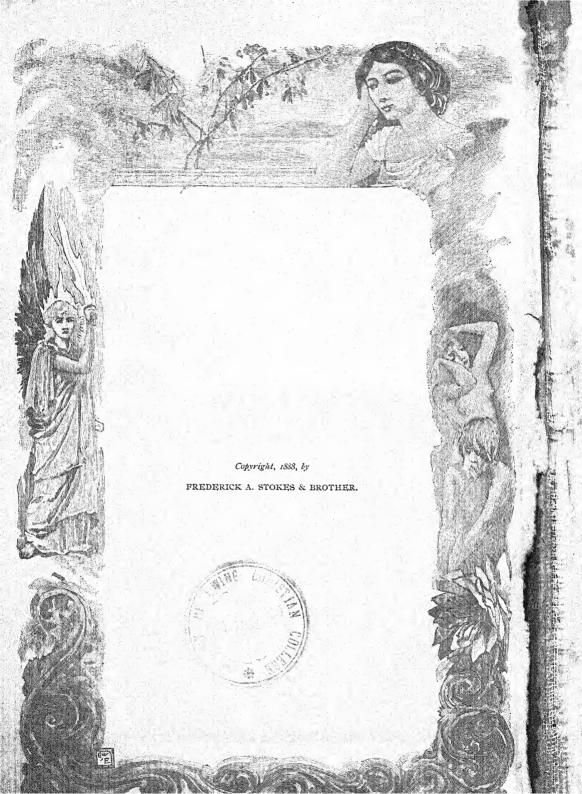
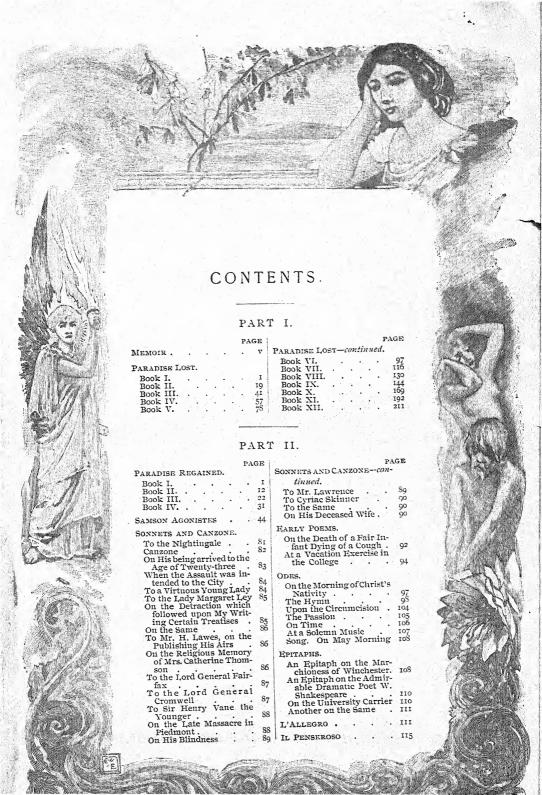
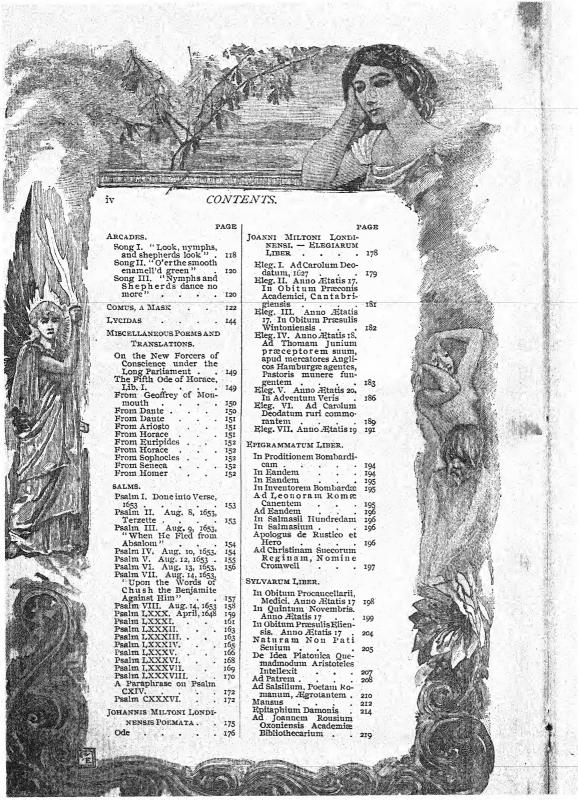


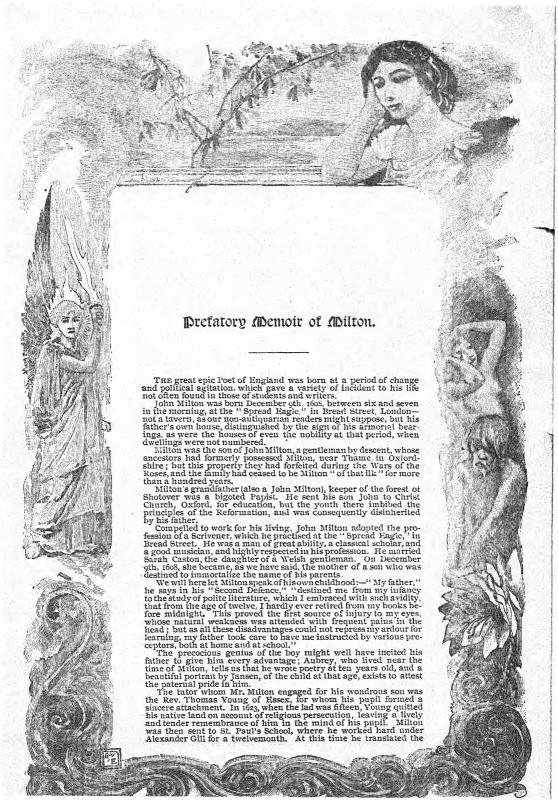
PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON.

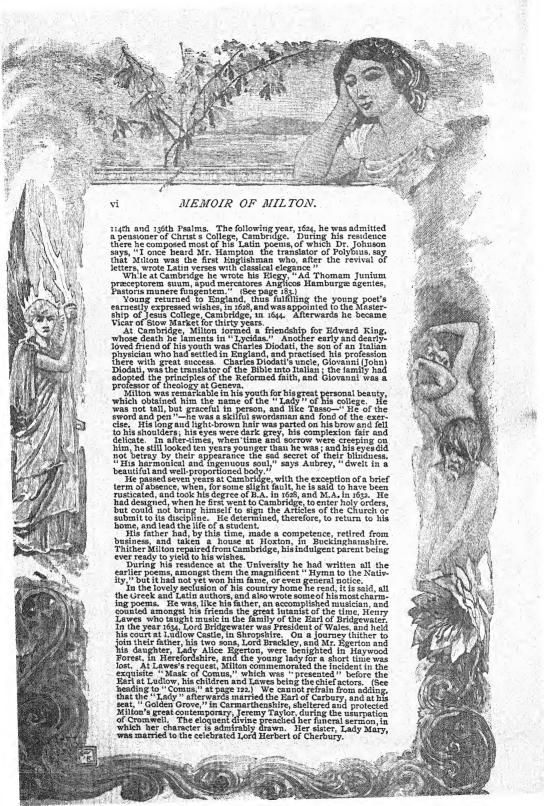


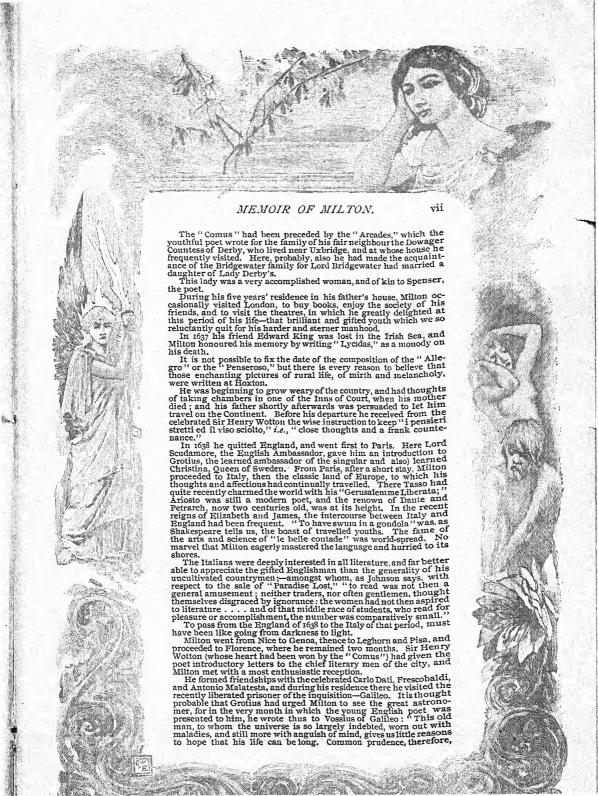


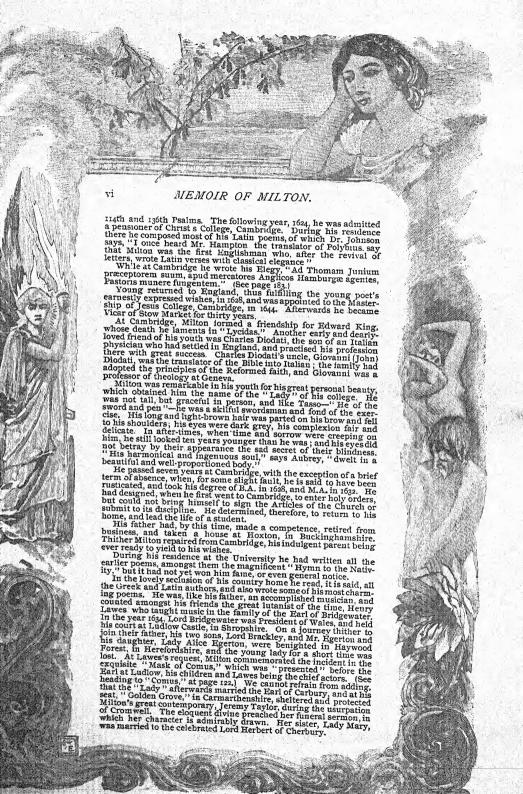


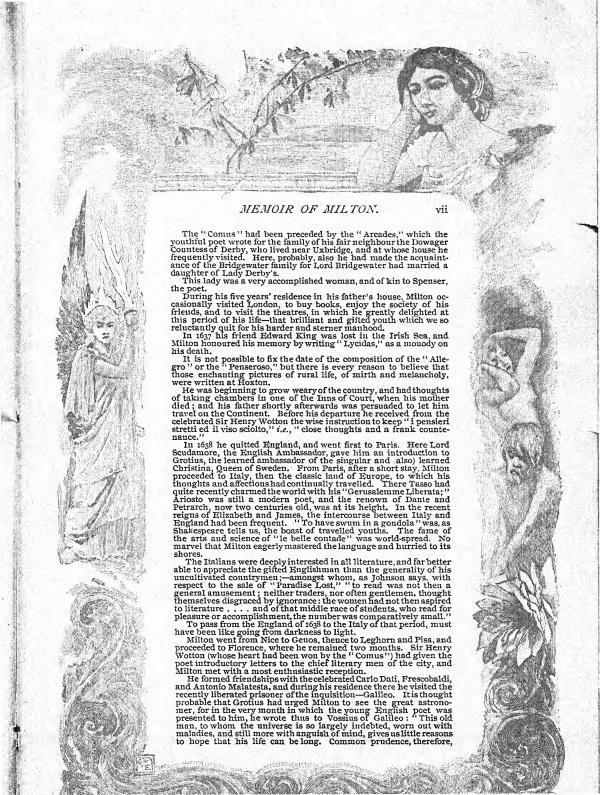


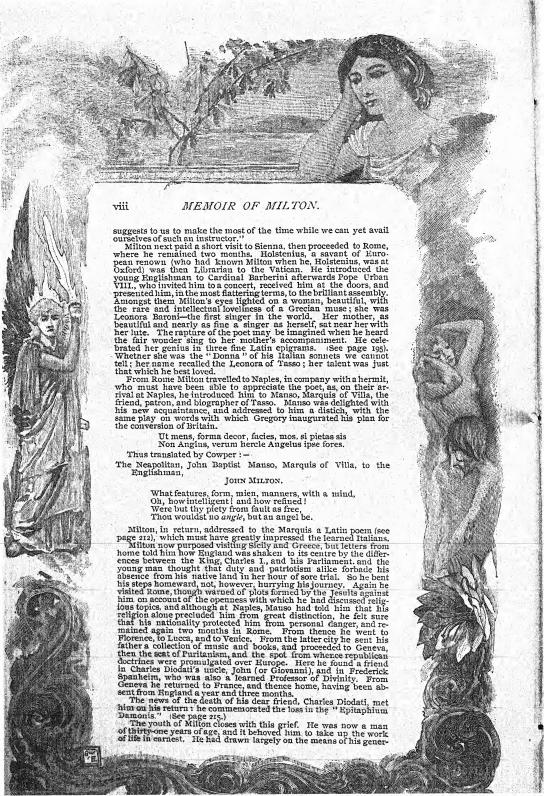


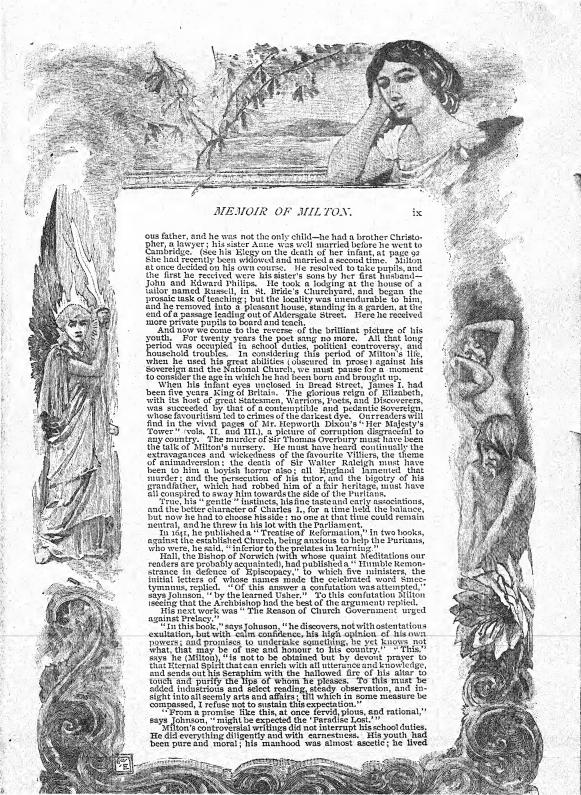


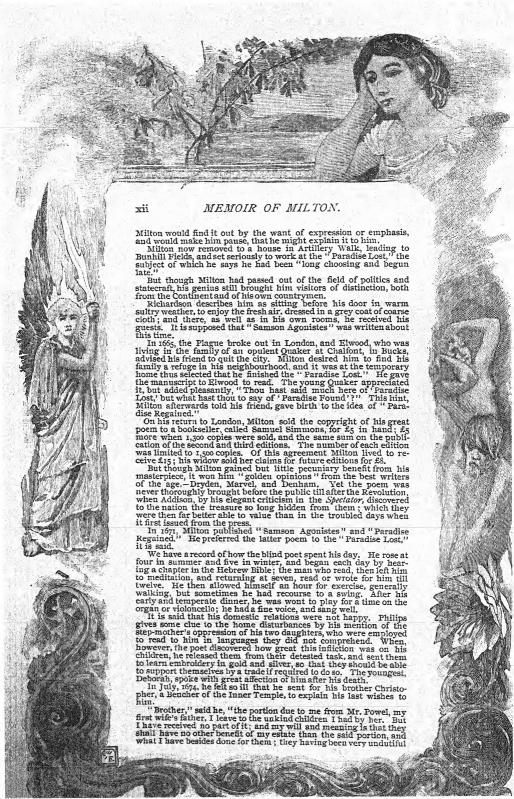


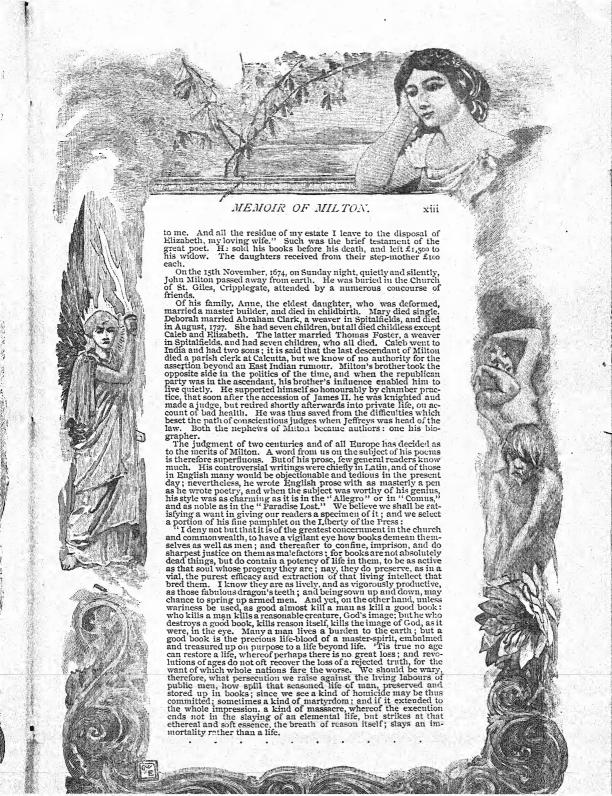


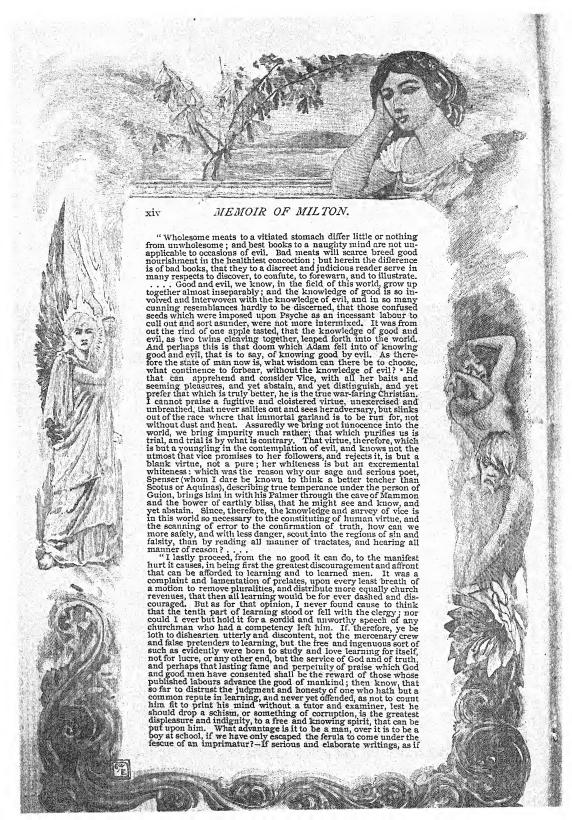


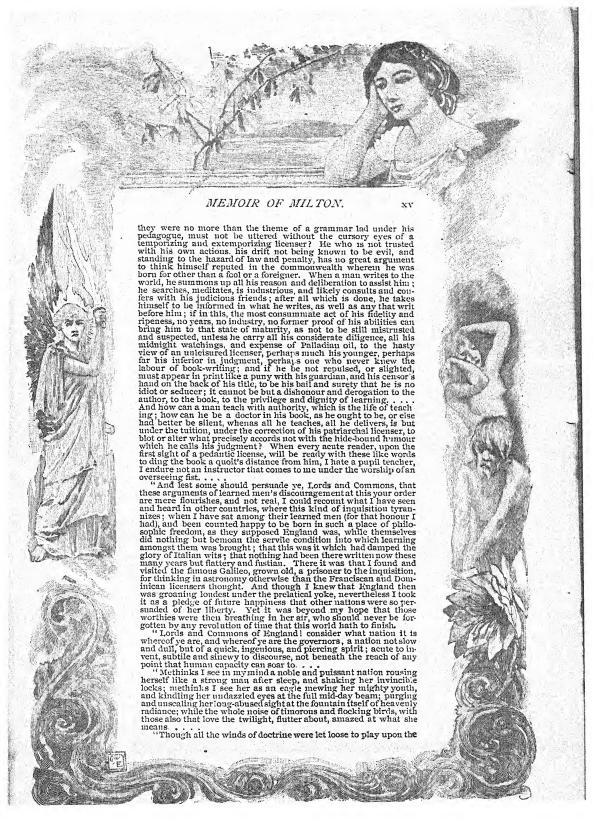


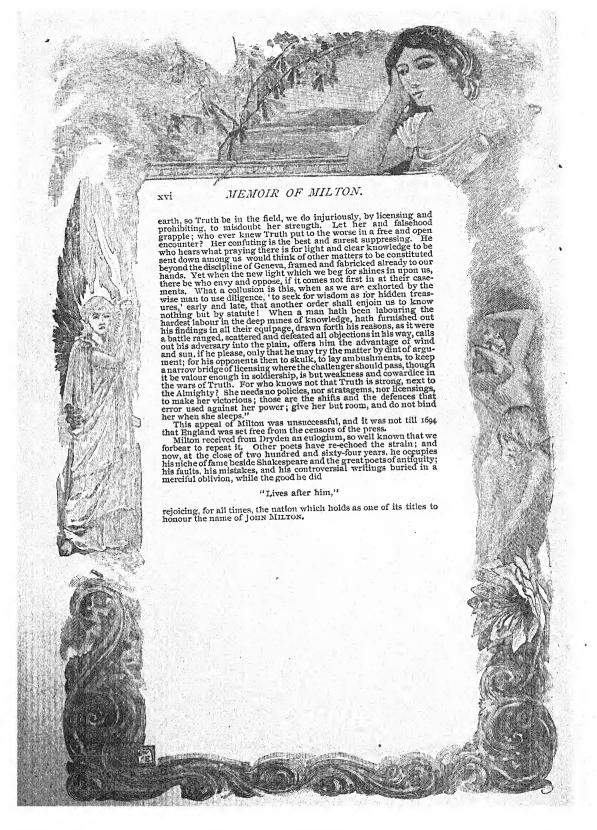


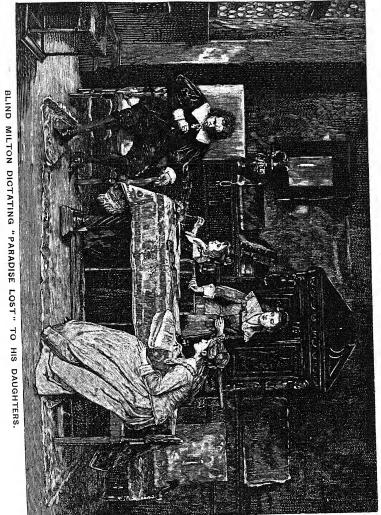


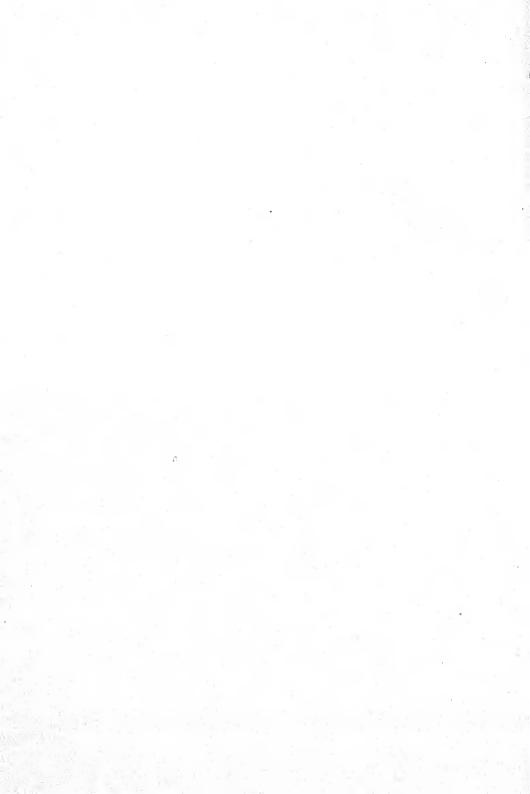


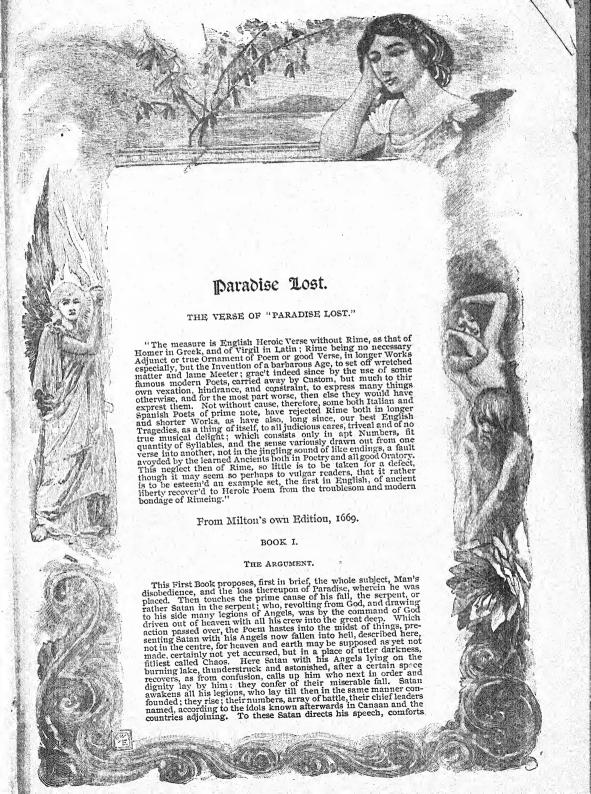


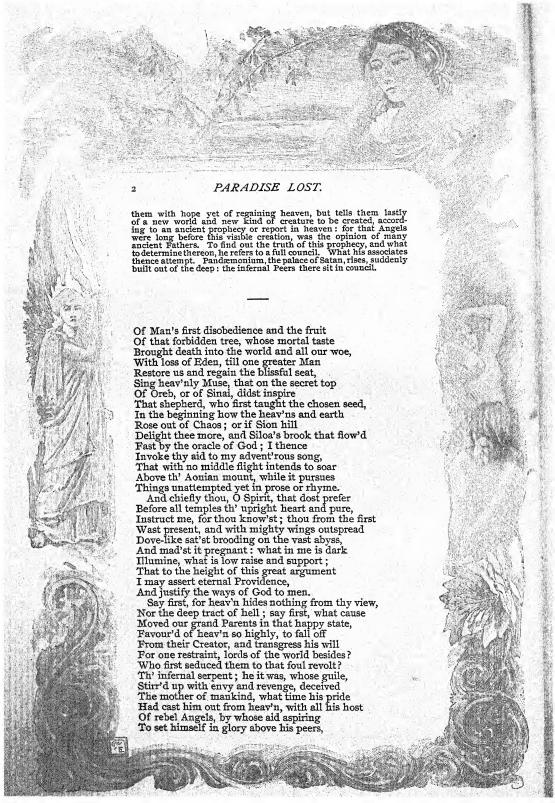


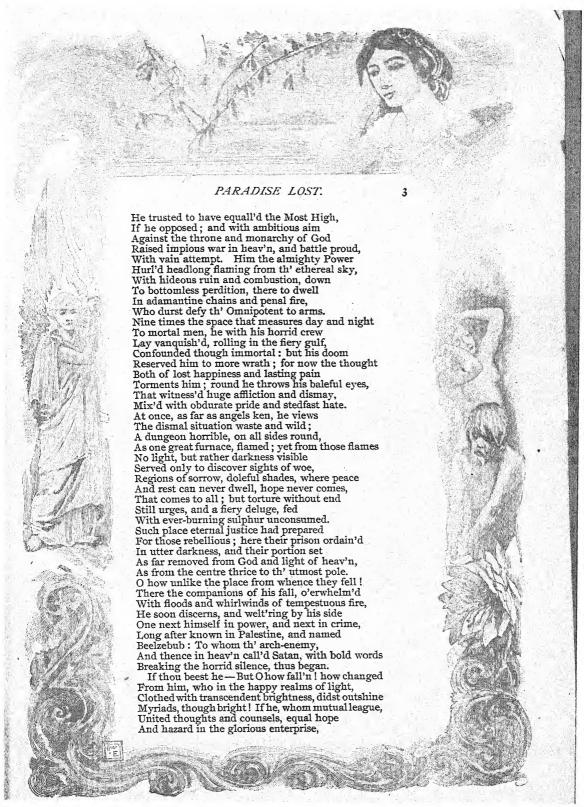


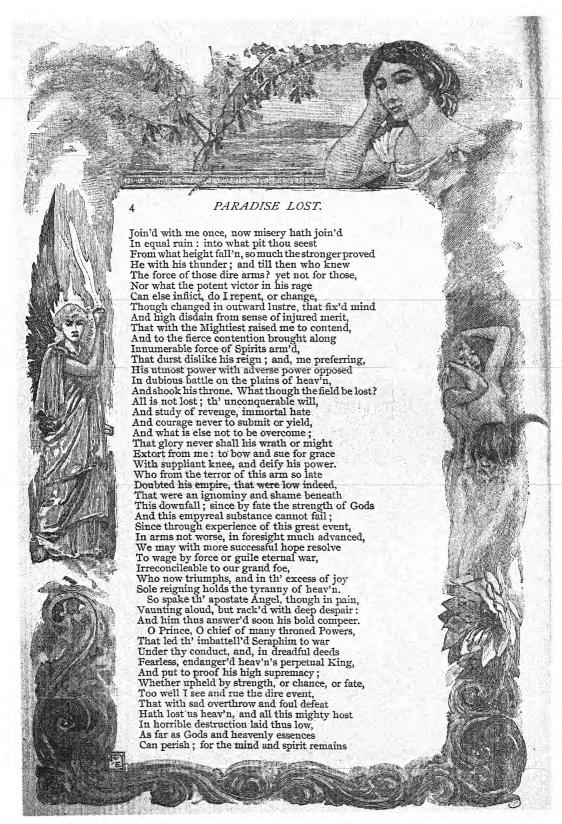


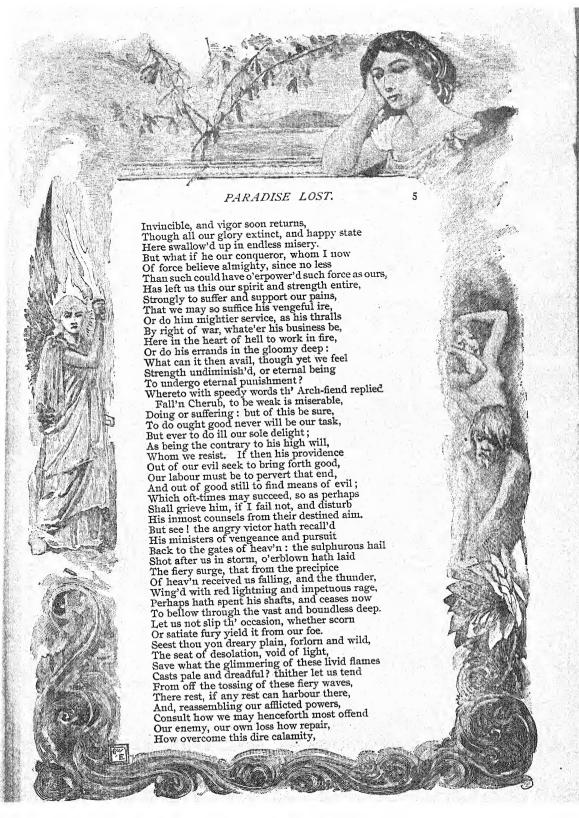


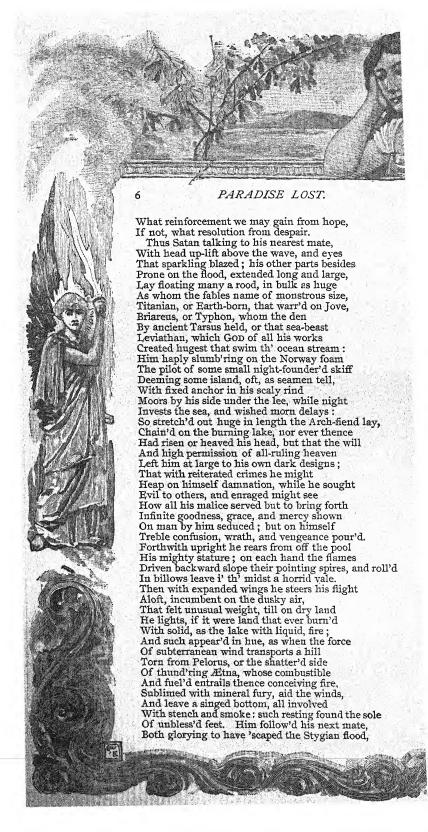










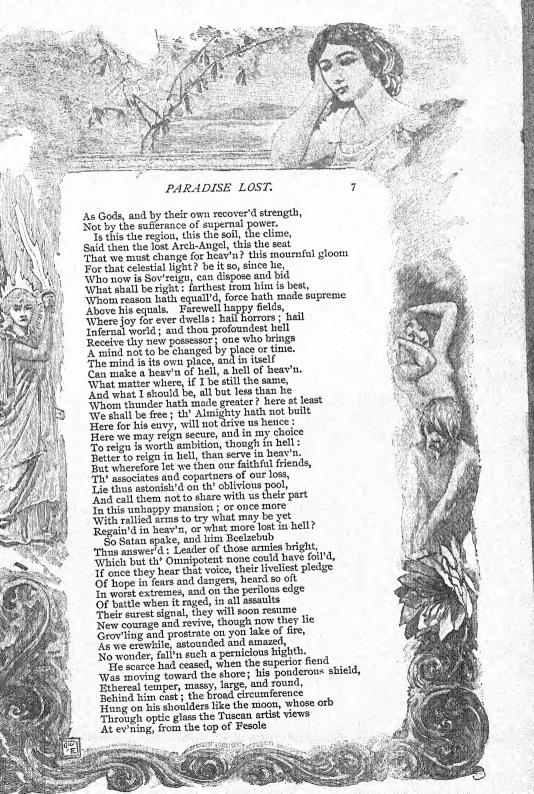


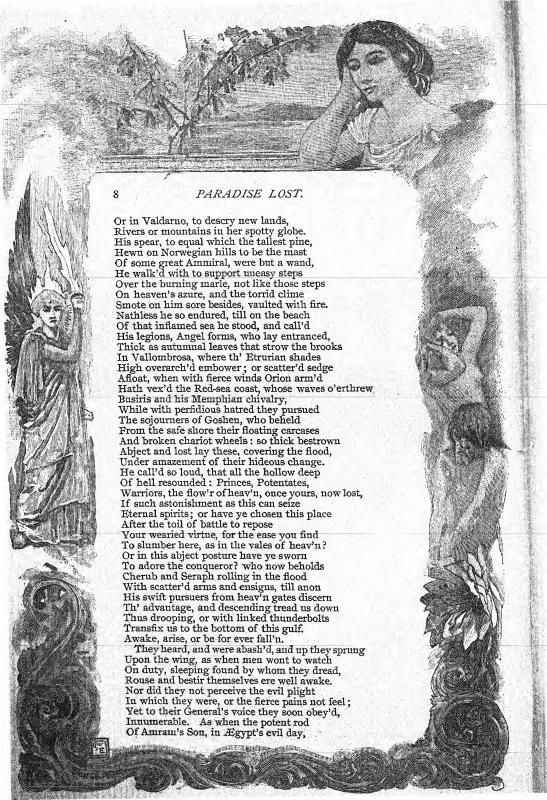


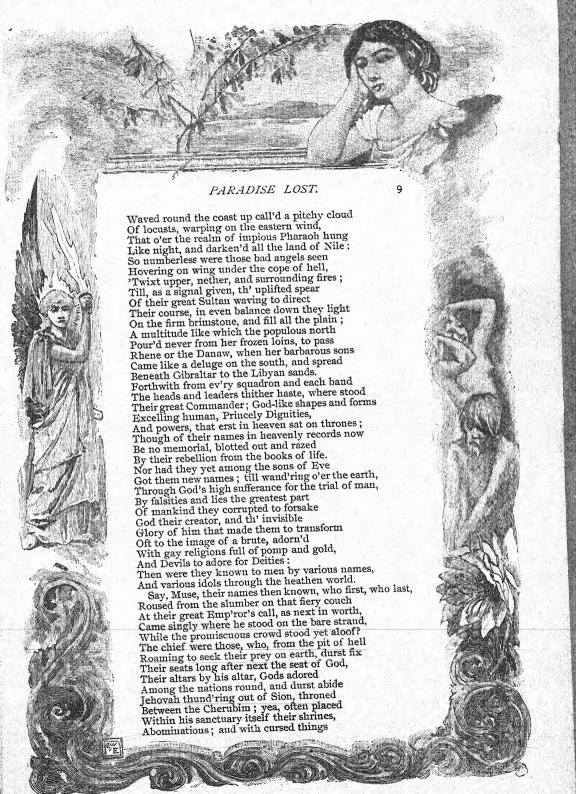


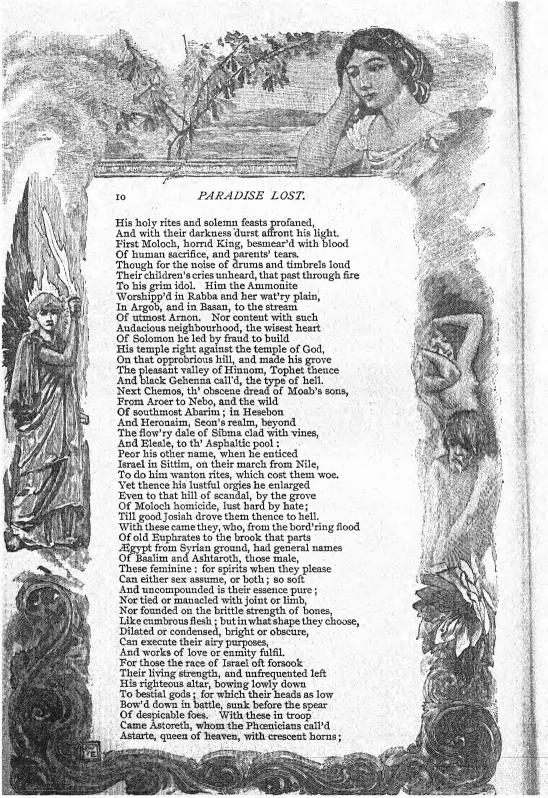
"Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool His mighty stature,"—Book I., lines 221-222.

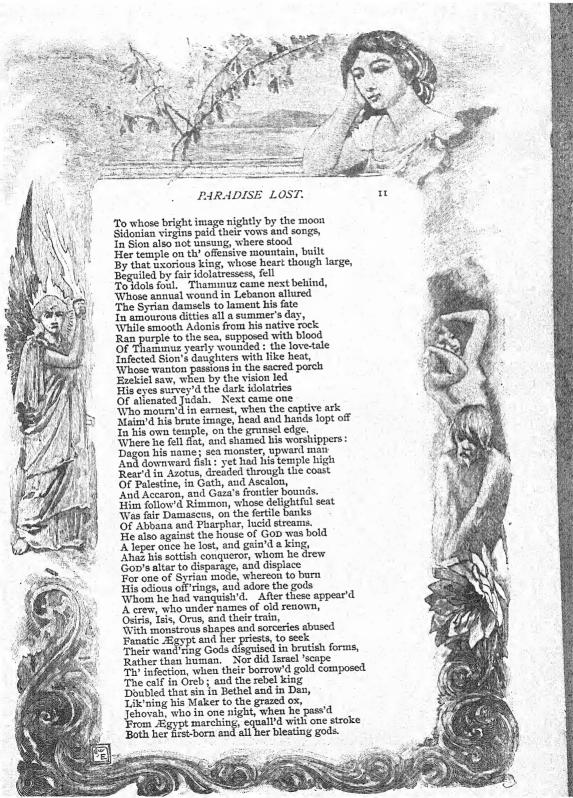


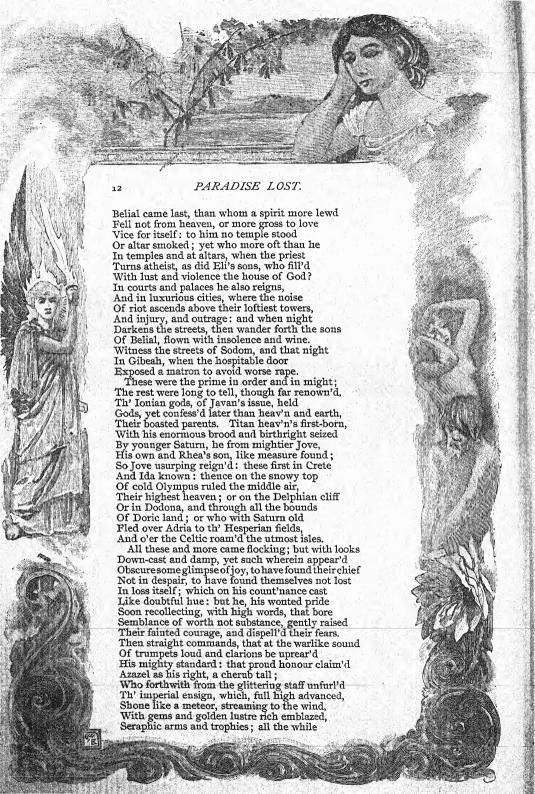


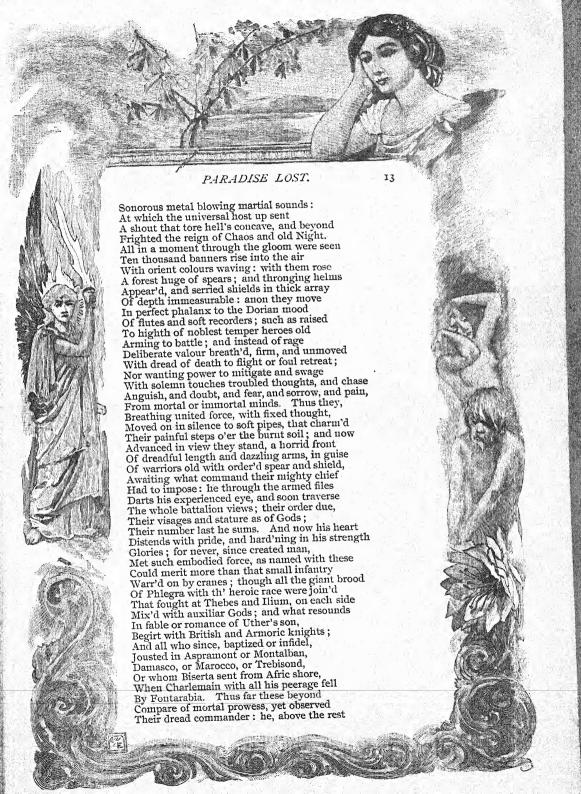


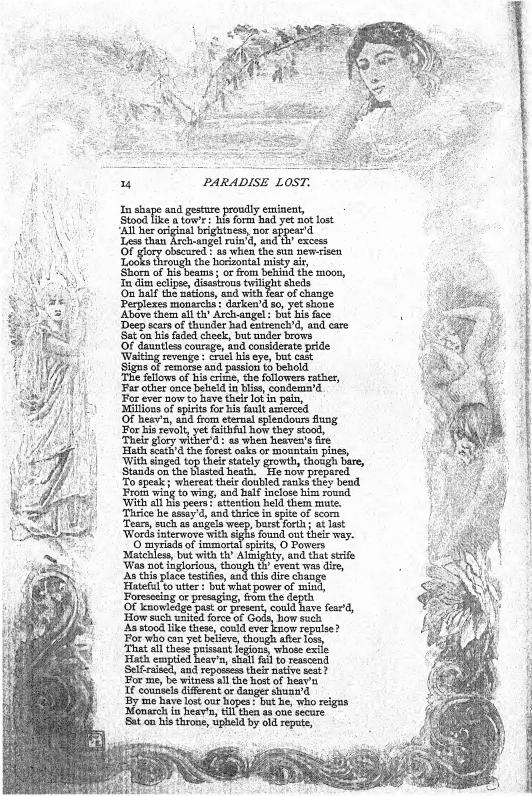


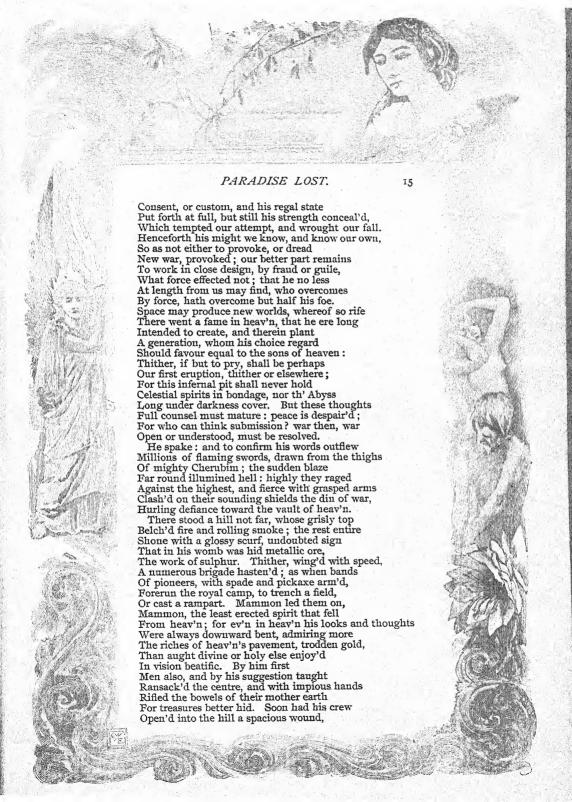


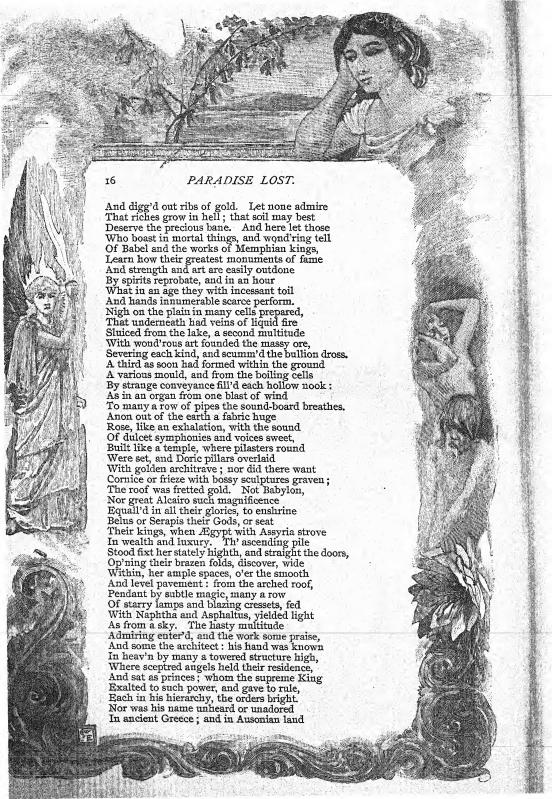


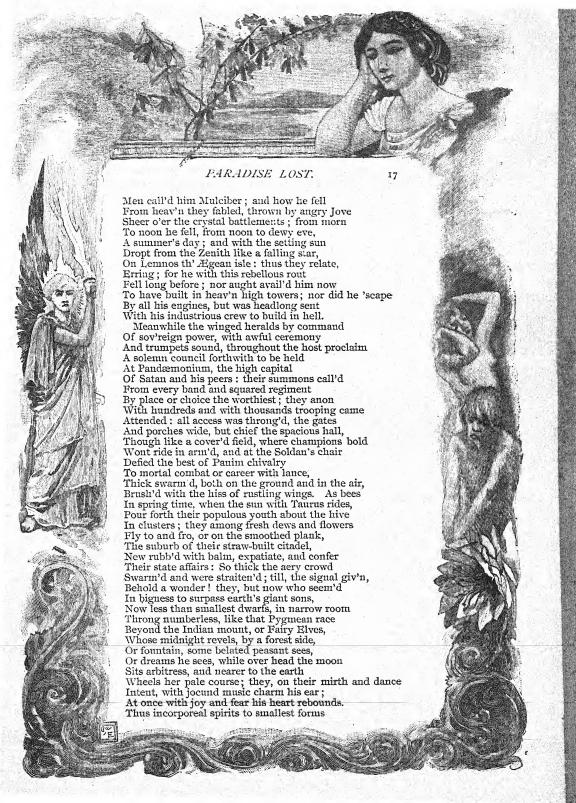


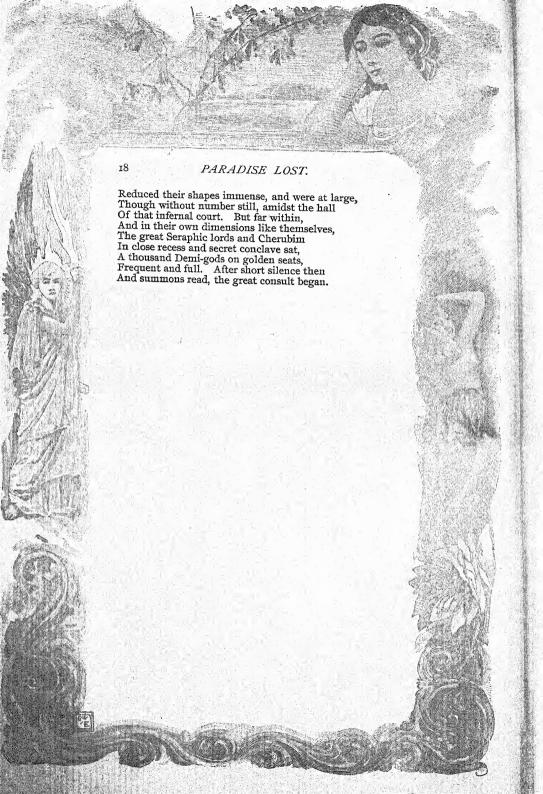


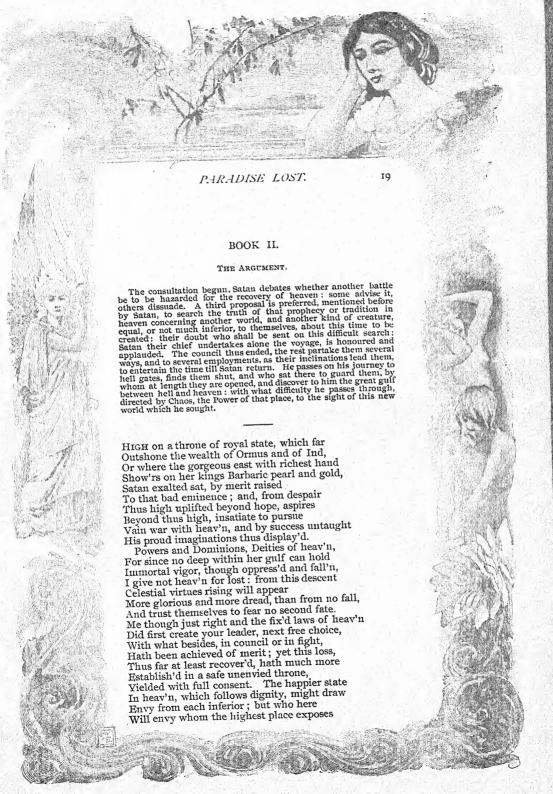


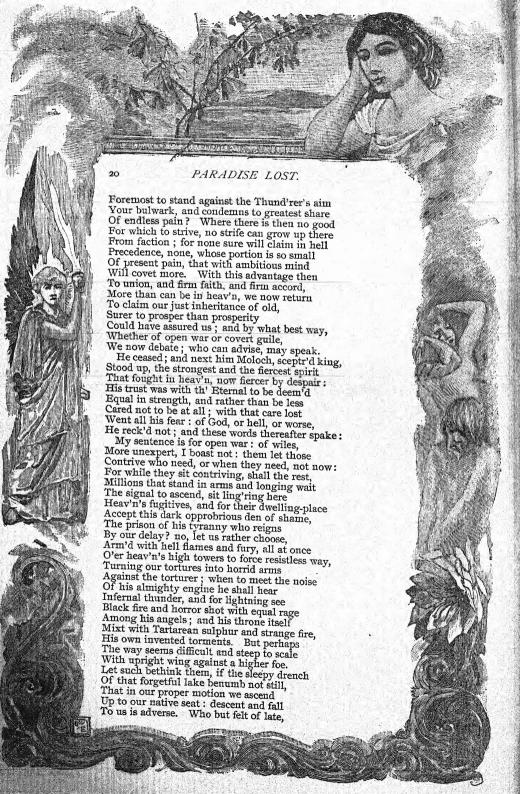


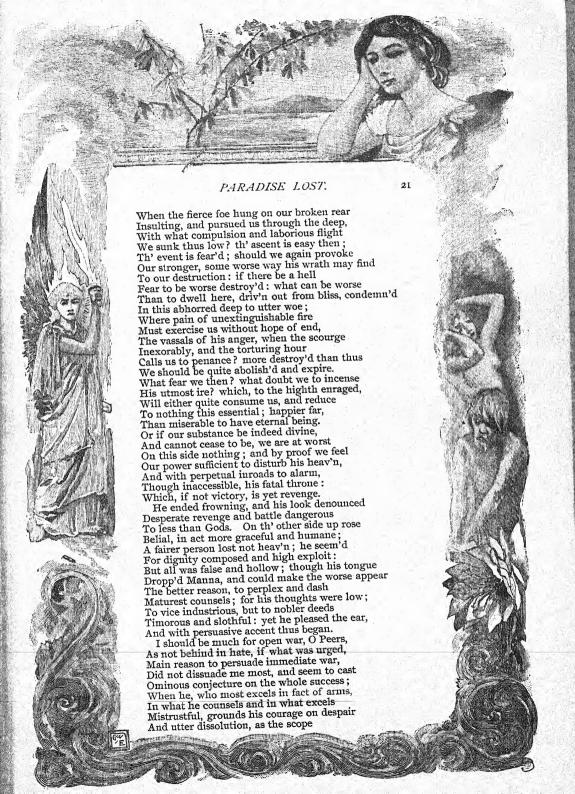


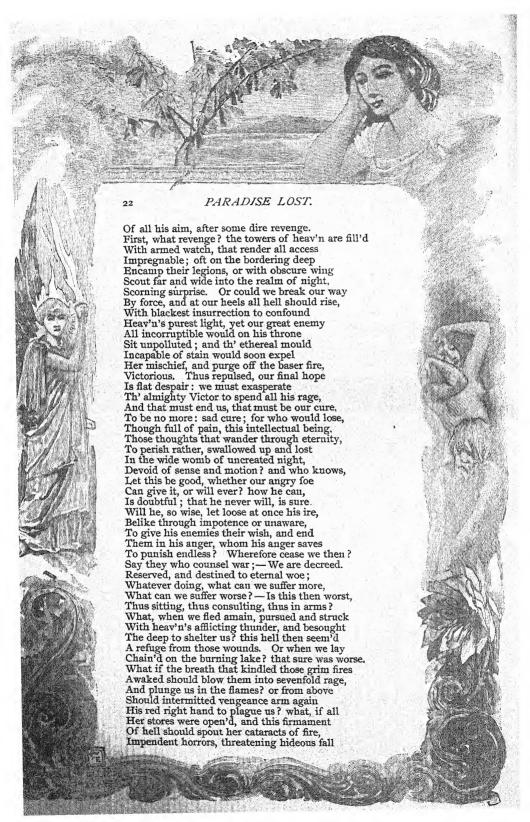


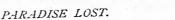




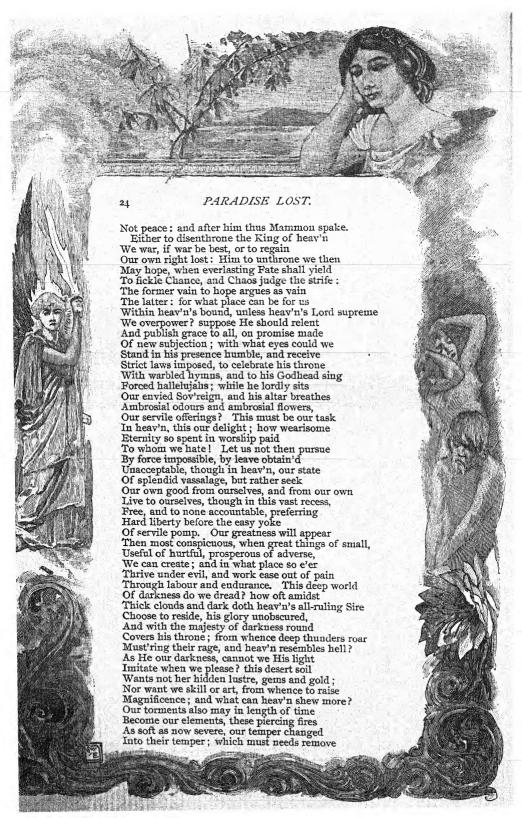


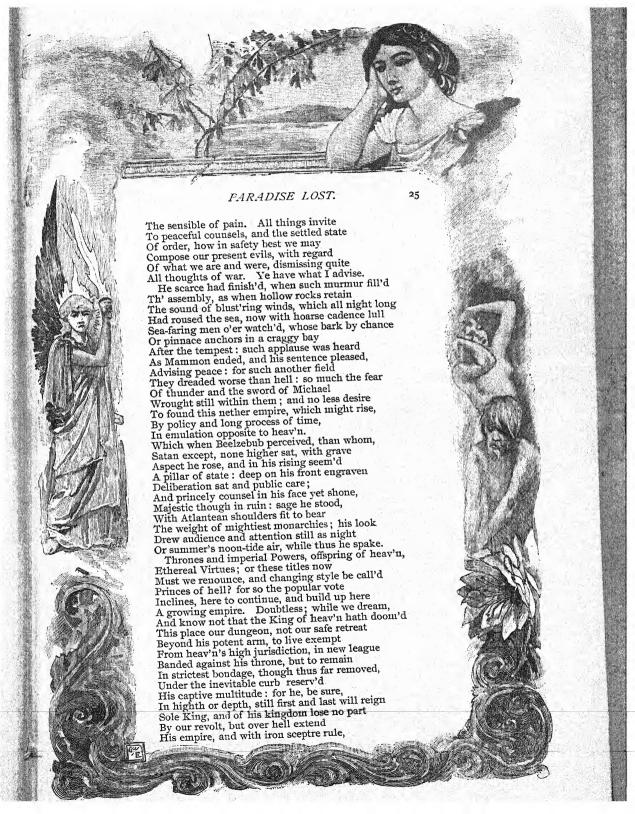


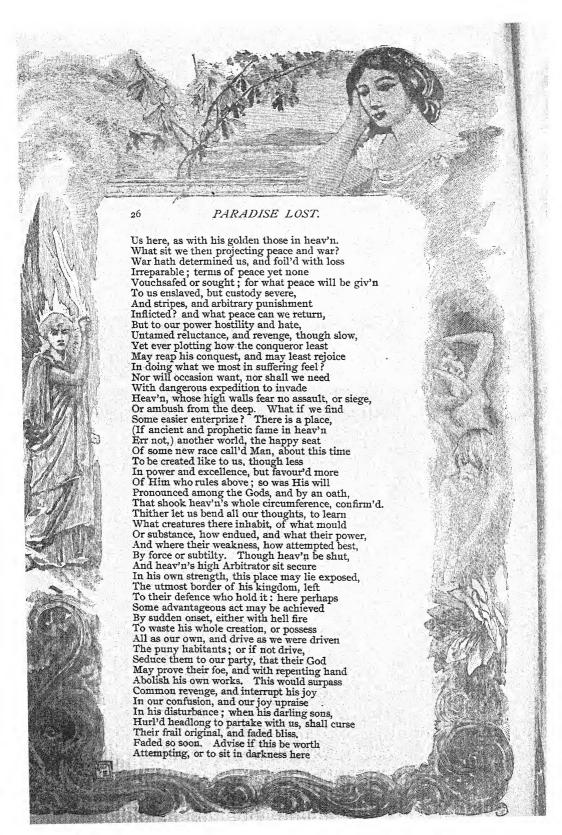


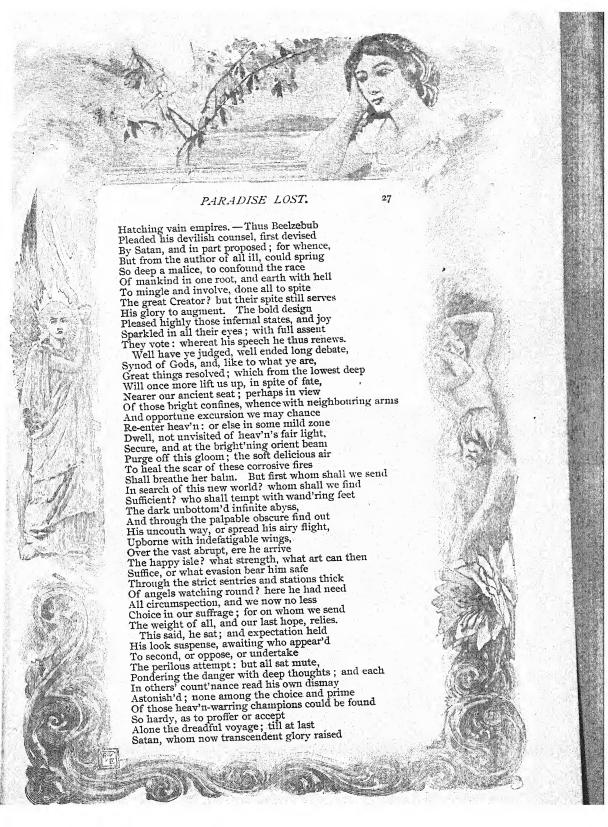


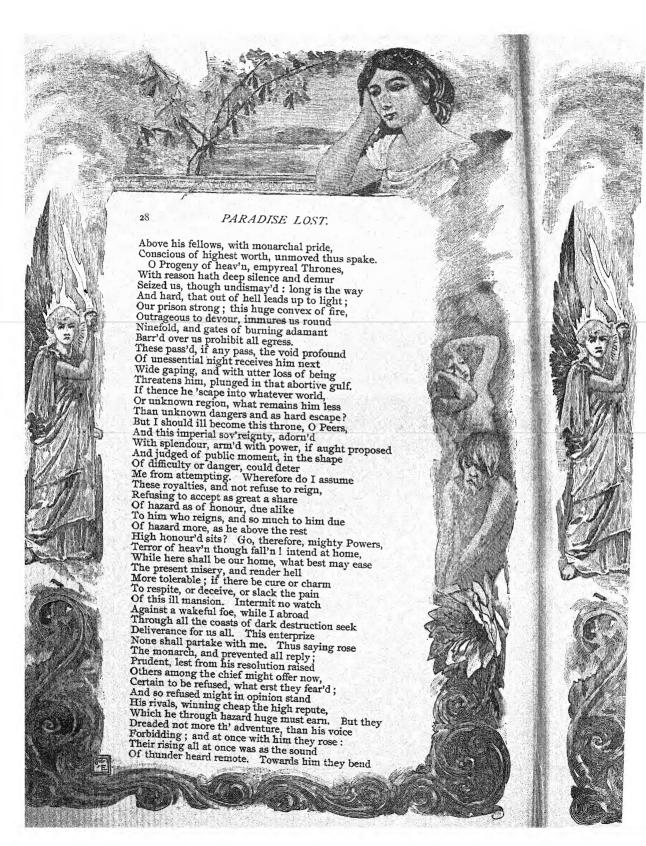
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps Designing or exhorting glorious war, Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk Under you boiling ocean, wrapt in chains; There to converse with everlasting groans, Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved, Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse. War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth All these our motions vain sees and derides; Not more almighty to resist our might, Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles. Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n, Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here Chains and these torments? better these than worse By my advice; since fate inevitable Subdues us, and omnipotent decree, The victor's will. To suffer, as to do, Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust That so ordains: this was at first resolved, If we were wise, against so great a foe Contending, and so doubtful what might fall. I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear What yet they know must follow, to endure Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain, The sentence of their conqueror: this is now Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear, Our supreme foe in time may much remit His anger, and perhaps thus far removed Not mind us not offending, satisfied With what is punish'd: whence these raging fires Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames Our purer essence then will overcome Their noxious vapour, or enured not feel; Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd In temper and in nature, will receive Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain; This horror will grow mild, this darkness light: Besides what hope the never-ending flight Of future days may bring, what chance, what change Worth waiting, since our present lot appears For happy though but ill, for ill not worst, If we procure not to ourselves more woe. Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,

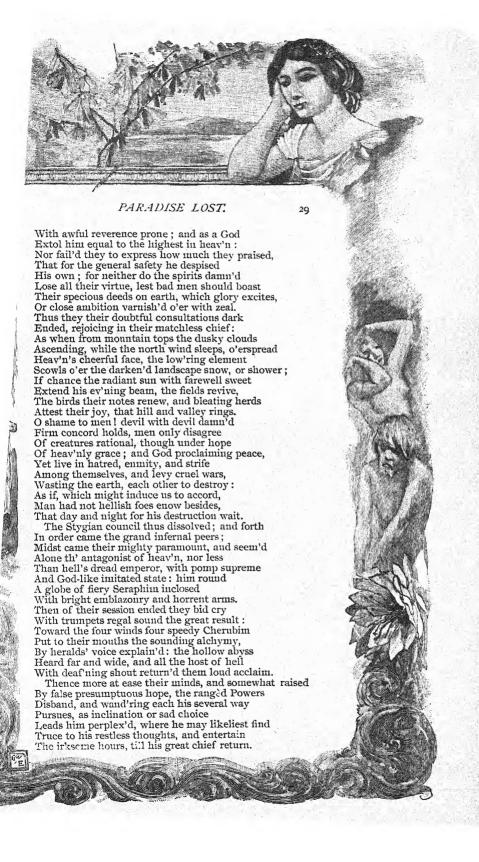


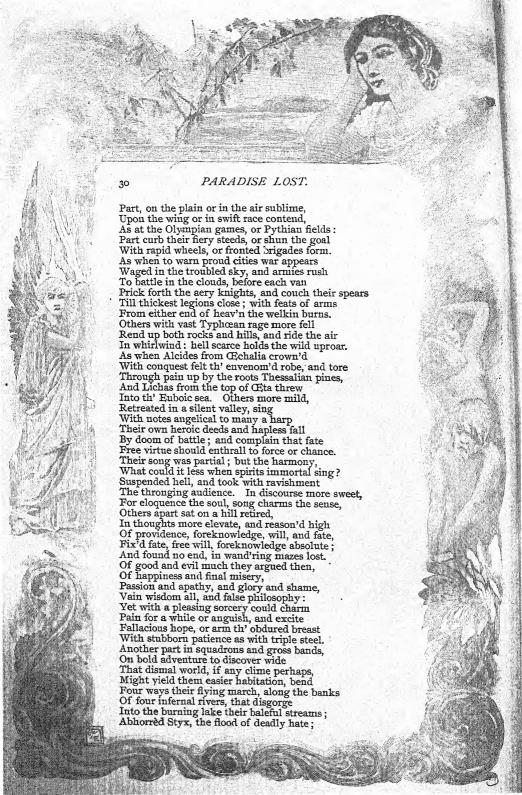


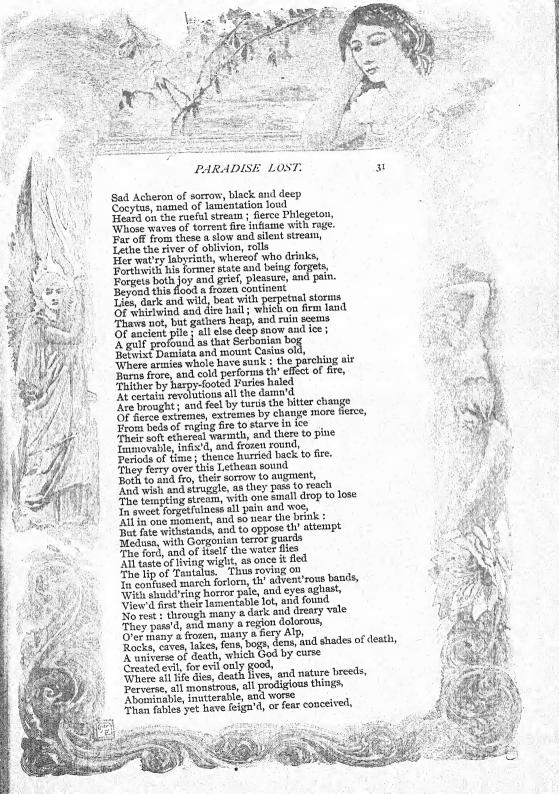


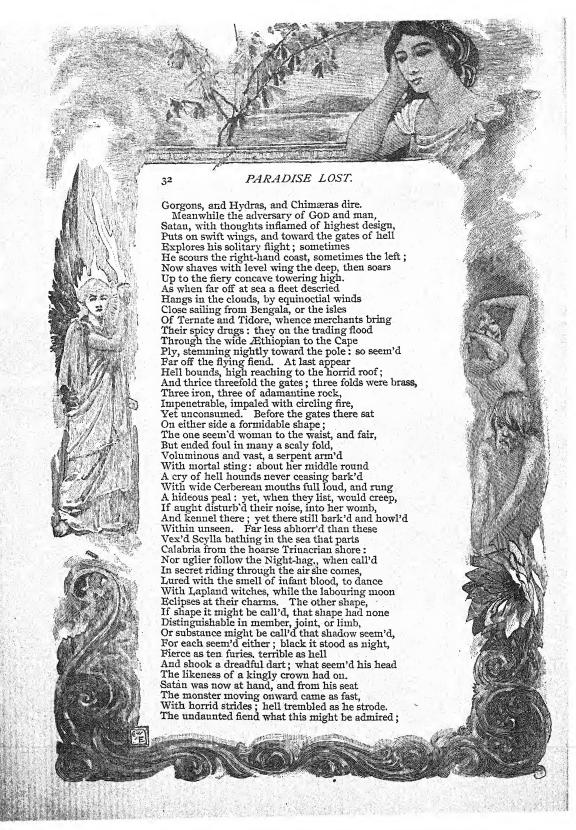


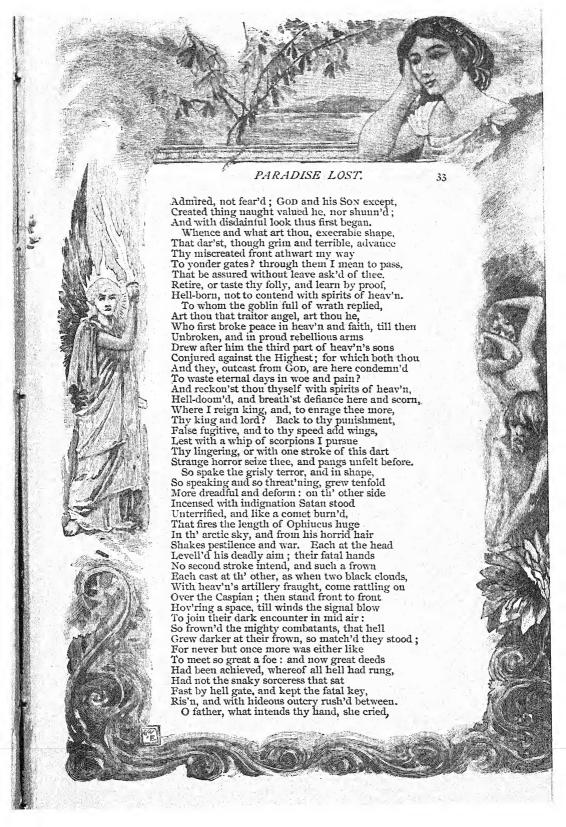


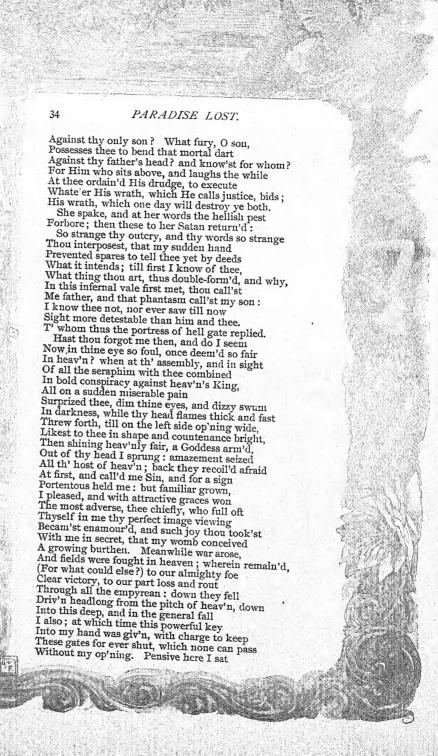


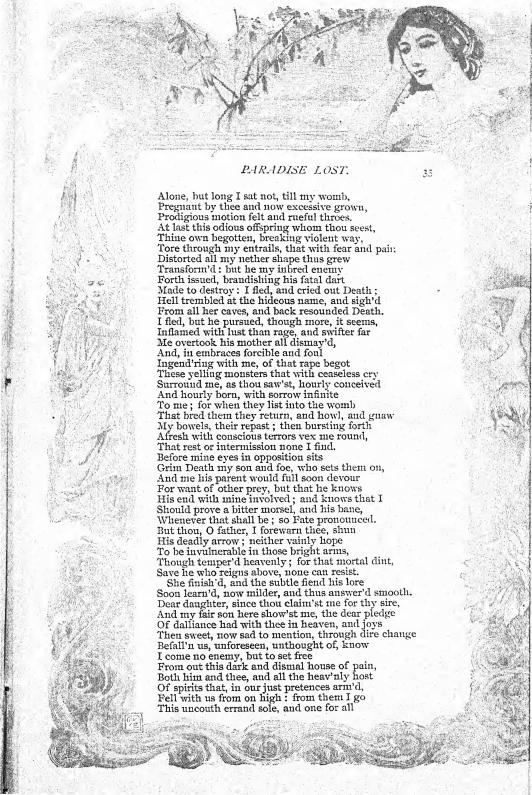


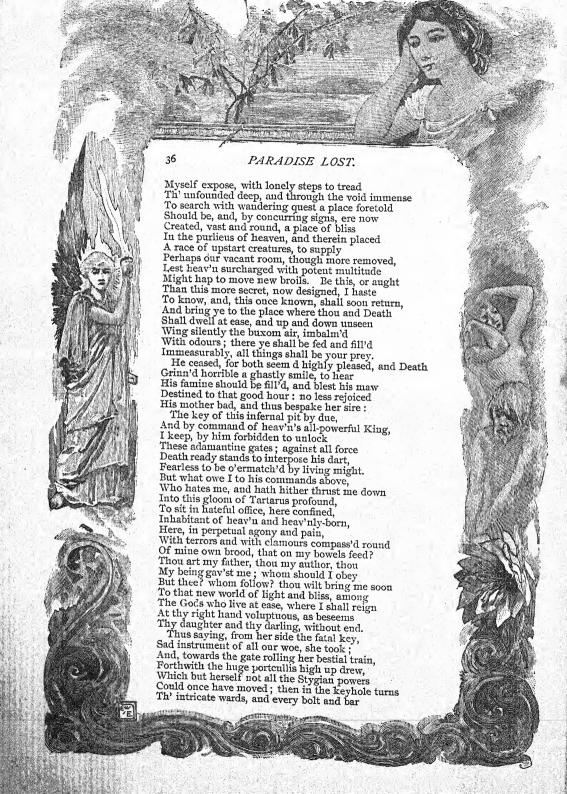


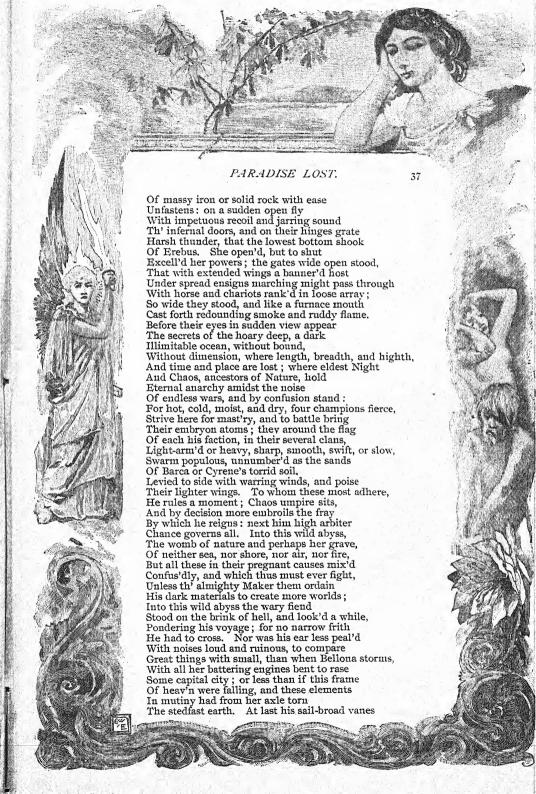


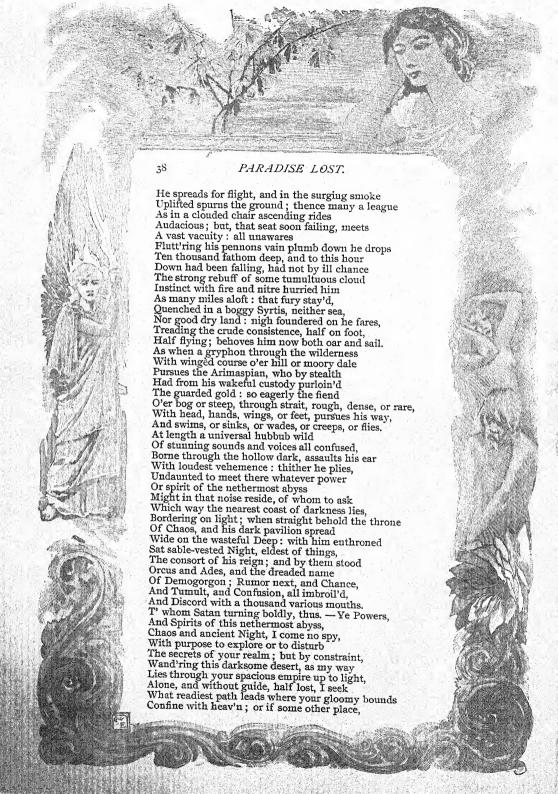


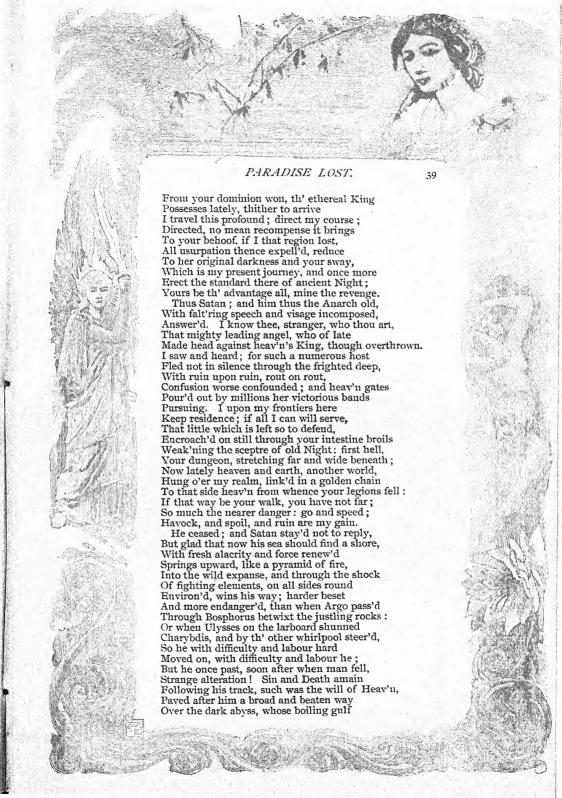


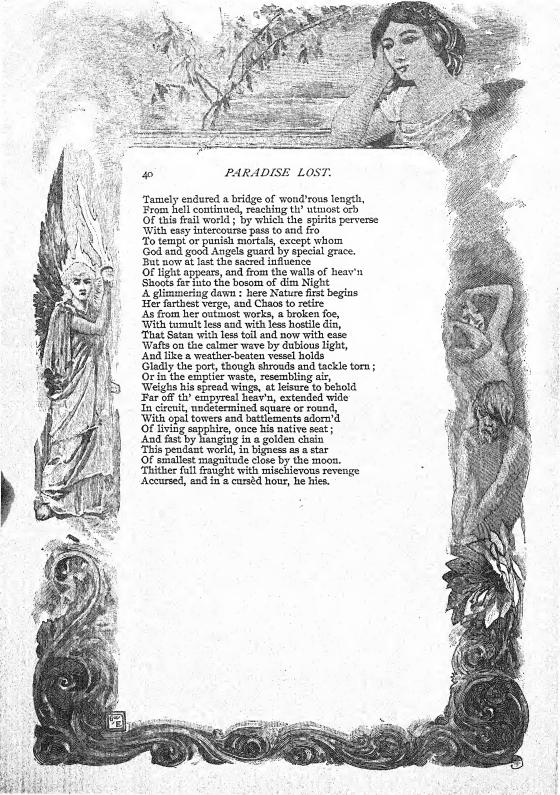


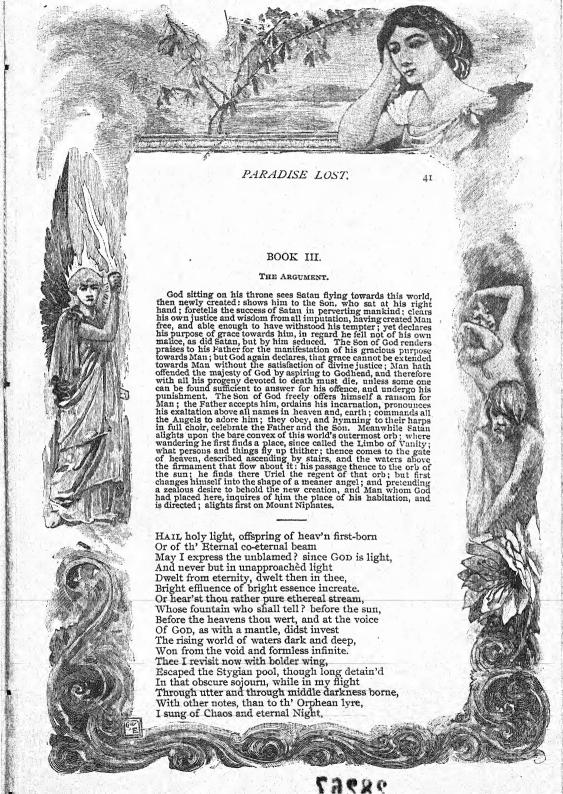


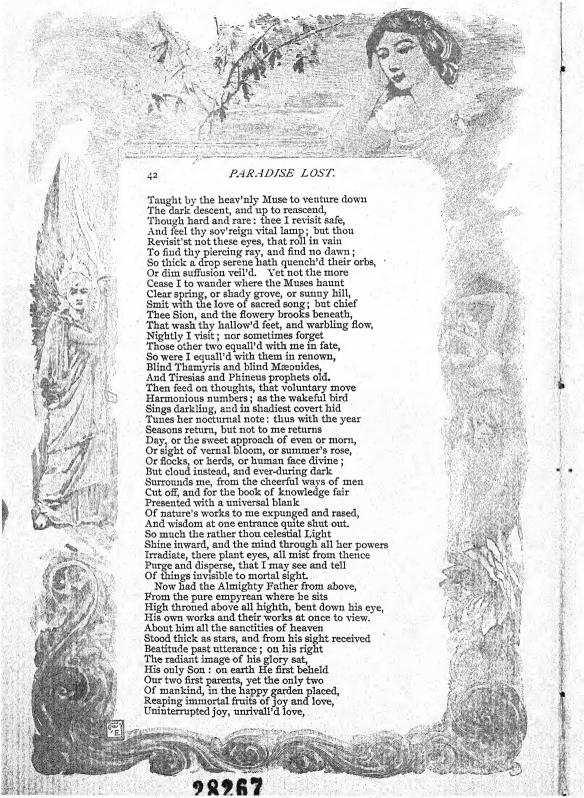


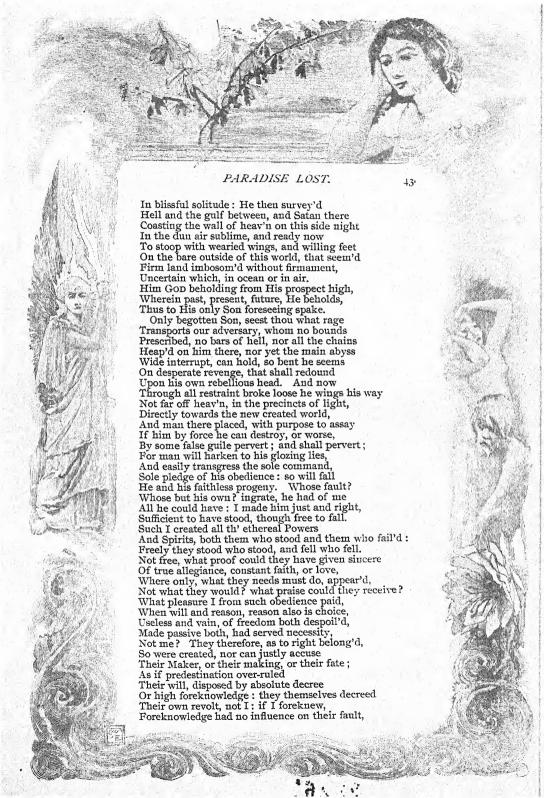


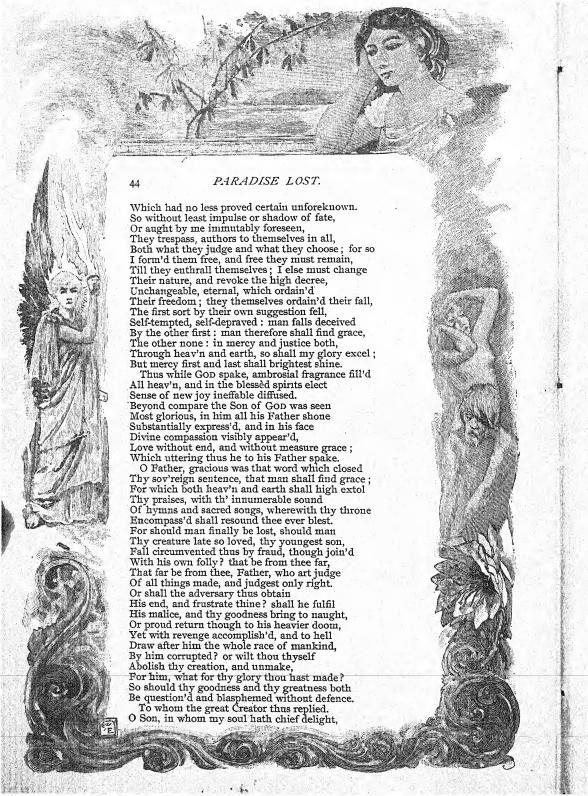


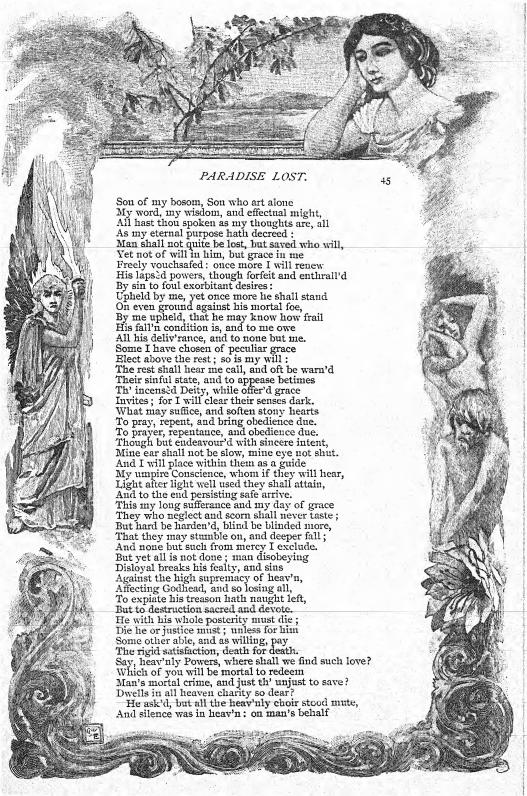


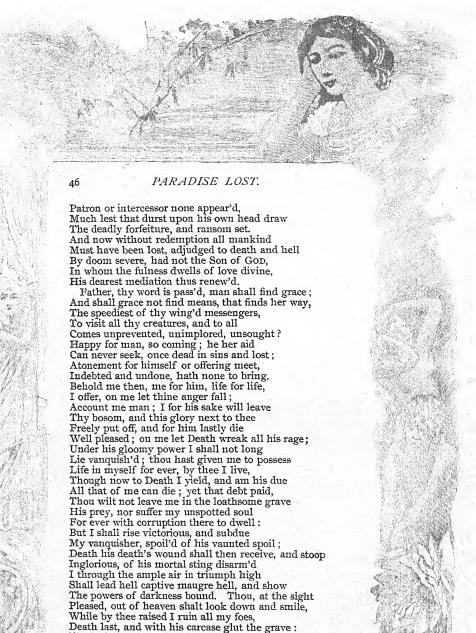






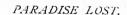






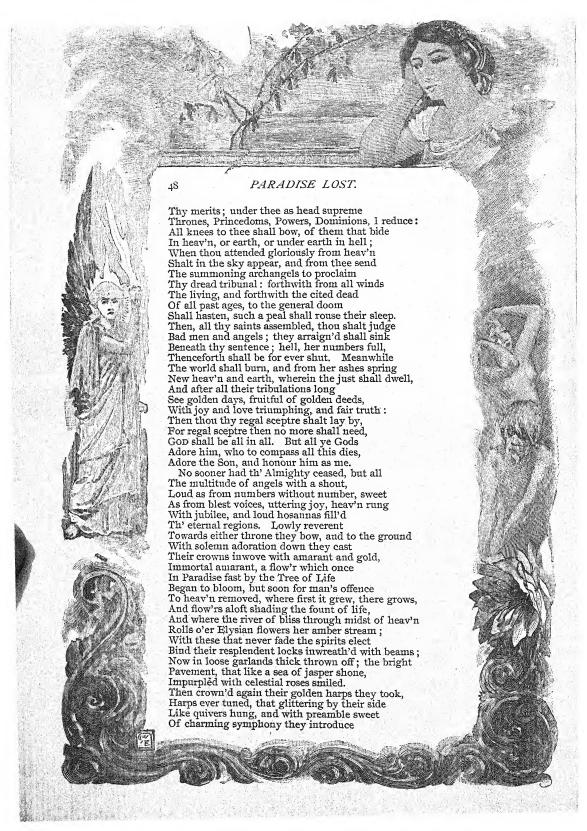
And reconcilement: wrath shall be no more Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. His words here ended, but his meek aspect Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love To mortal men, above which only shone

Then with the multitude of my redeem'd Shall enter heaven long absent, and return, Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud Of anger shall remain, but peace assured



Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized
All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend

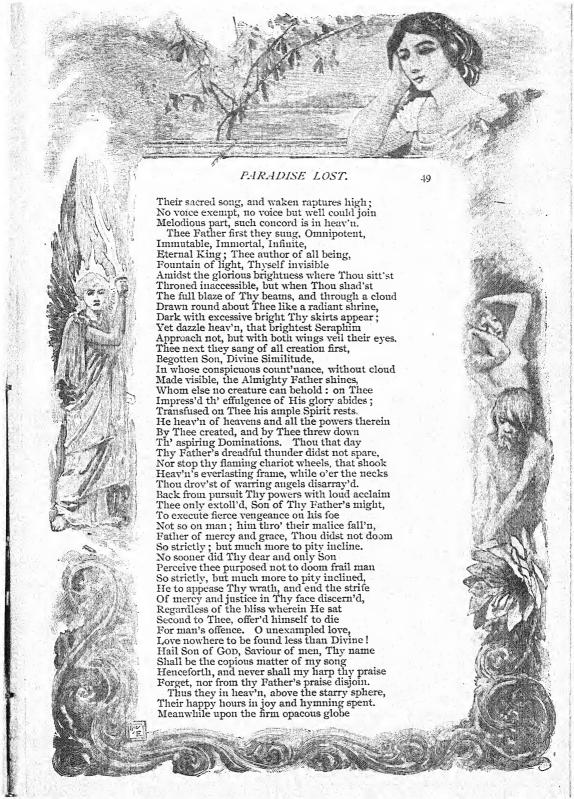
Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd: O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace Found out for mankind under wrath. O thou My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear To me are all my works, nor man the least, Though last created, that for him I spare Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save, By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost. Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem Their nature also to thy nature join; And be thyself man among men on earth, Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room The head of all mankind, though Adam's son. As in him perish all men, so in thee, As from a second root, shall be restored, As many as are restored, without thee none. His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit Imputed shall absolve them who renounce Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds, And live in thee transplanted, and from thee Receive new life. So man, as is most just, Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die; And dying rise, and rising with him raise His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life. So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate Giving to death, and dying to redeem; So dearly to redeem what hellish hate So easily destroy'd, and still destroys In those who, when they may, accept not grace. Nor shalt thou by descending to assume Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own. Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss Equal to God, and equally enjoying God-like fruition, quitted all to save A world from utter loss, and hast been found By merit more than birthright Son of God, Found worthiest to be so by being good, Far more than great or high; because in thee Love hath abounded more than glory abounds; Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt With thee thy manhood also to this throne; Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man, Anointed universal king; all power I give thee, reign for ever, and assume





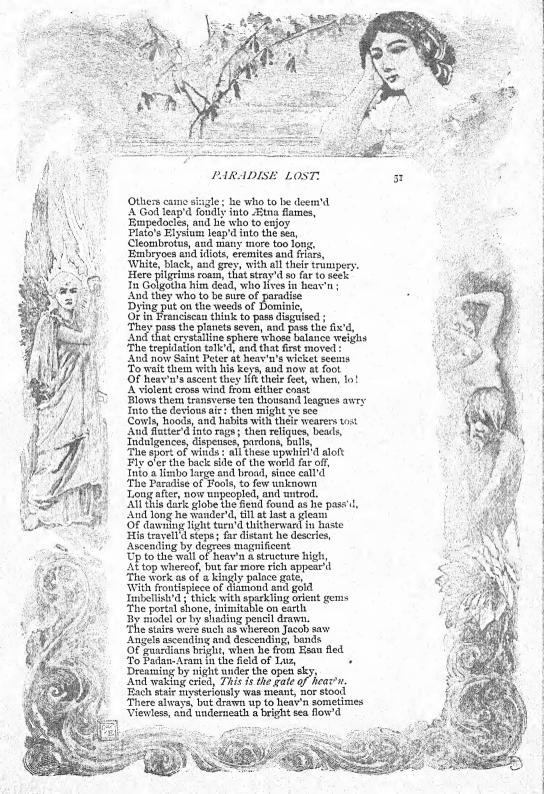
"Heav'n rung With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd Th' eternal regions."—Book III., lines 347-349.

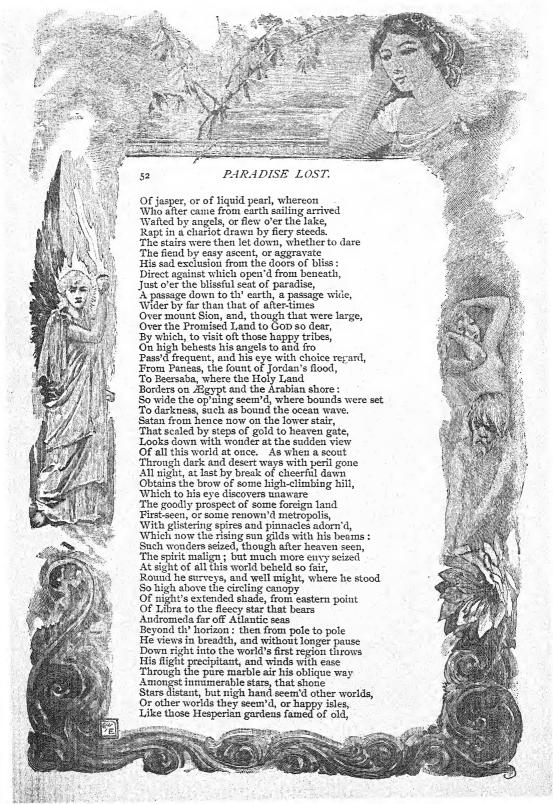


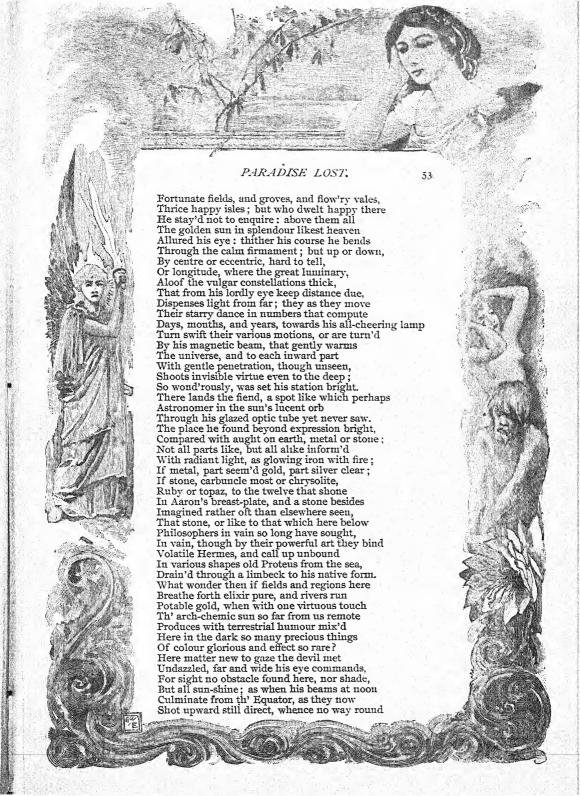


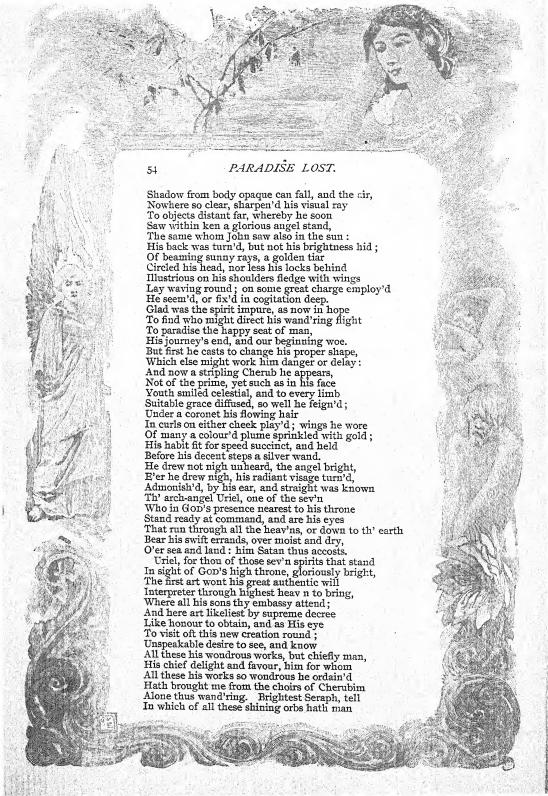
50

The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old, Satan alighted walks: a globe far off It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent, Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night Starless exposed, and ever-threat'ning storms Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky; Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n Though distant far some small reflection gains Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field. As when a vulture on Imaus bred, Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds, Dislodging from a region scarce of prey To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearling kids On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams: But in his way lights on the barren plains Of Sericana, where Chineses drive With sails and wind their cany waggons light: So on this windy sea of land the fiend Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey. Alone, for other creature in this place Living or lifeless to be found was none, None yet, but store hereafter from the earth Up hither like aerial vapours flew Of all things transitory and vain, when sin With vanity had fill'd the works of men: Both all things vain, and all who in vain things Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame, Or happiness in this or this other life; All who have their reward on earth, the fruits Of painful superstition and blind zeal, Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find Fit retribution, empty as their deeds: All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand, Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain, Till final dissolution, wander here, Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd; Those argent fields more likely habitants, Translated saints, or middle spirits hold Betwixt th' angelical and human kind: Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born First from the ancient world those giants came With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd: The builders next of Babel on the plain Of Sennar, and still with vain design New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build.











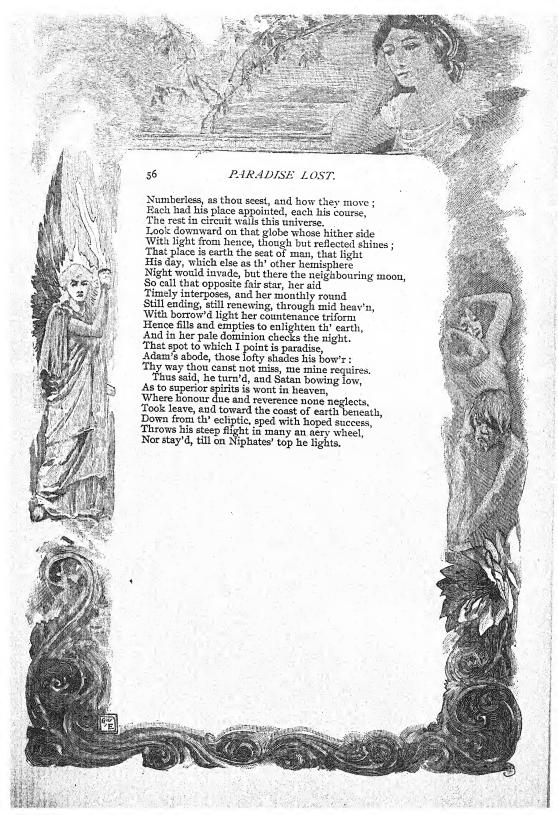
55

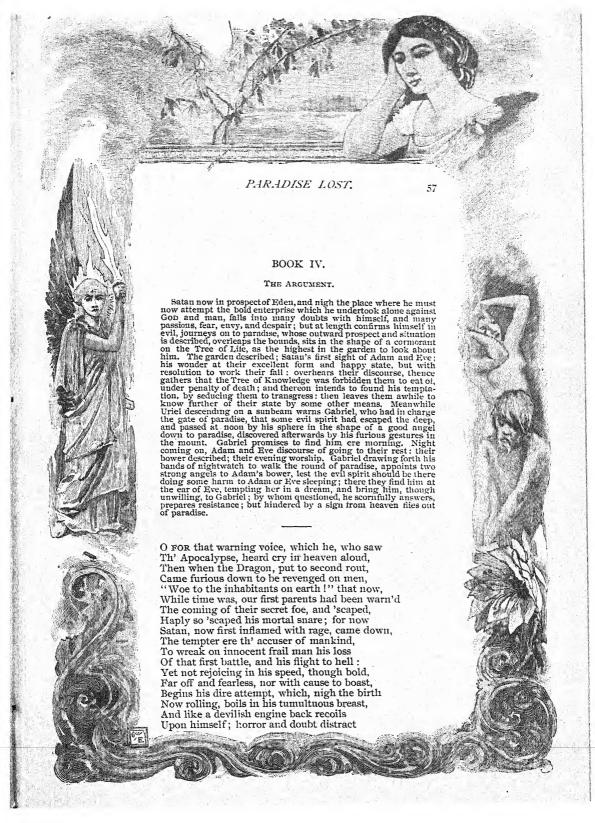
His fixèd seat, or fixèd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and, with secret gaze
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men

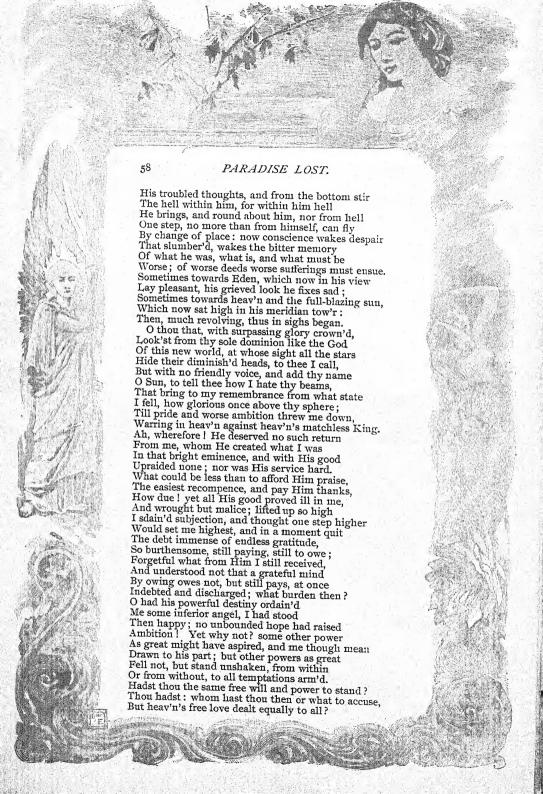
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. So spake the false dissembler unperceived; For neither man nor angel can discern Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks Invisible, except to God alone, By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth: And off, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill Where no ill seems; which now for once beguiled Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n: Who to the fraudulent imposter foul

In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair angel, thy desire which tends to know The works of God, thereby to glorify The great Work-master, leads to no excess That reaches blame, but rather merits praise The more it seems excess, that led thee hither From thy empyreal mansion thus alone, To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps Contented with report hear only in heav'n: For wonderful indeed are all His works, Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all Had in remembrance always with delight: But what created mind can comprehend Their number, or the wisdom infinite That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep? I saw, when at his word the formless mass, This world's material mould, came to a heap: Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined; Till at his second bidding darkness fled, Light shone, and order from disorder sprung. Swift to their several quarters hasted then The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire, And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n Flew upward, spirited with various forms, That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars





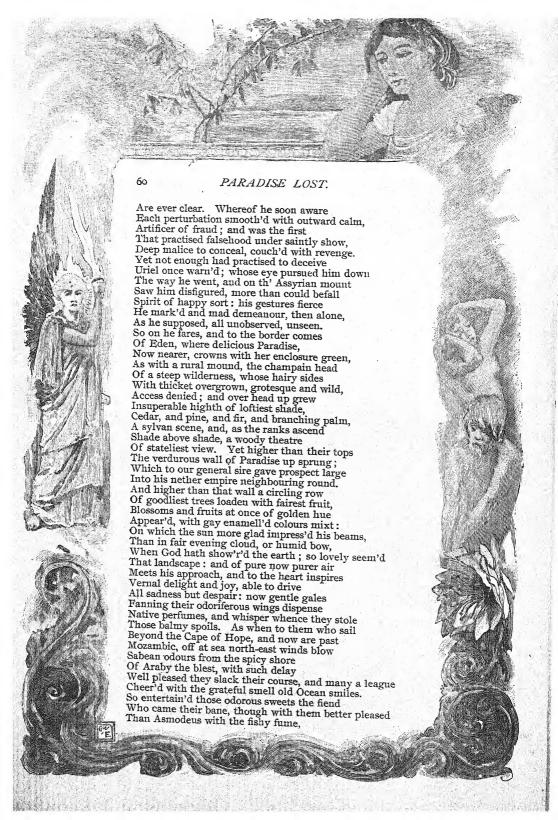


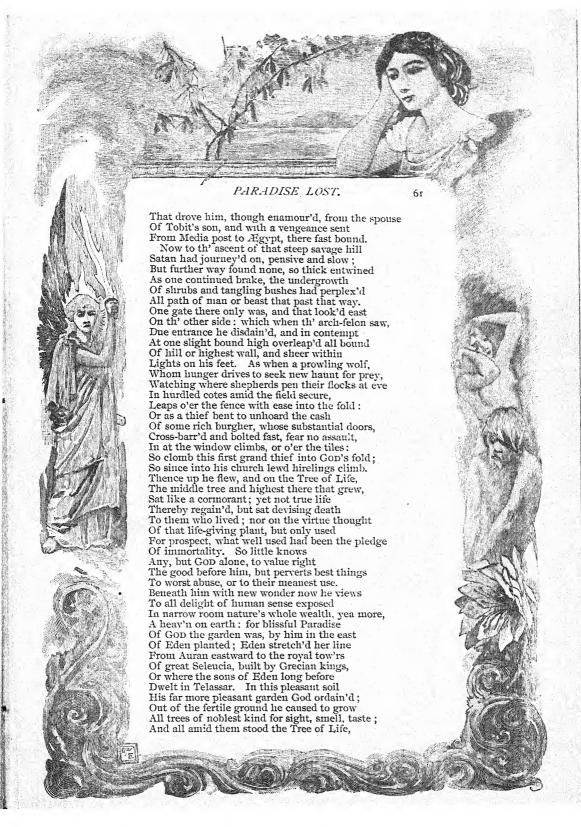


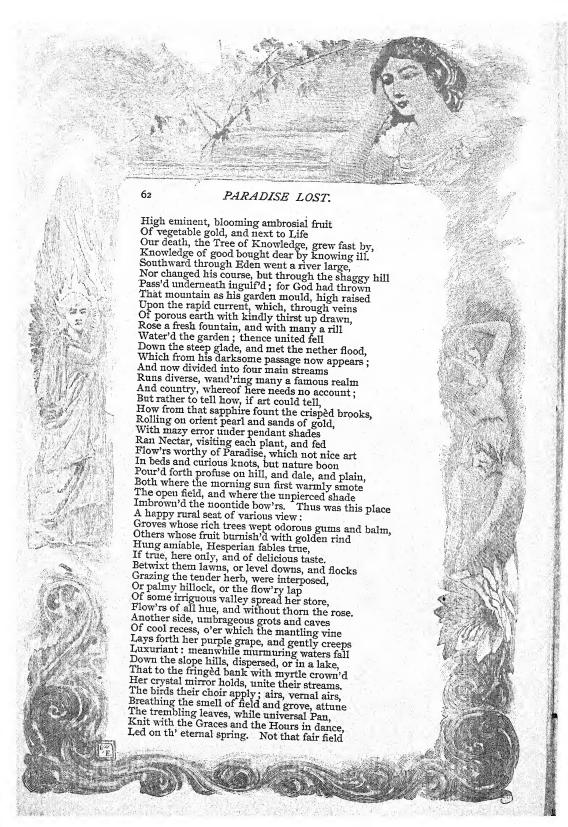
## PARADISE LOST.

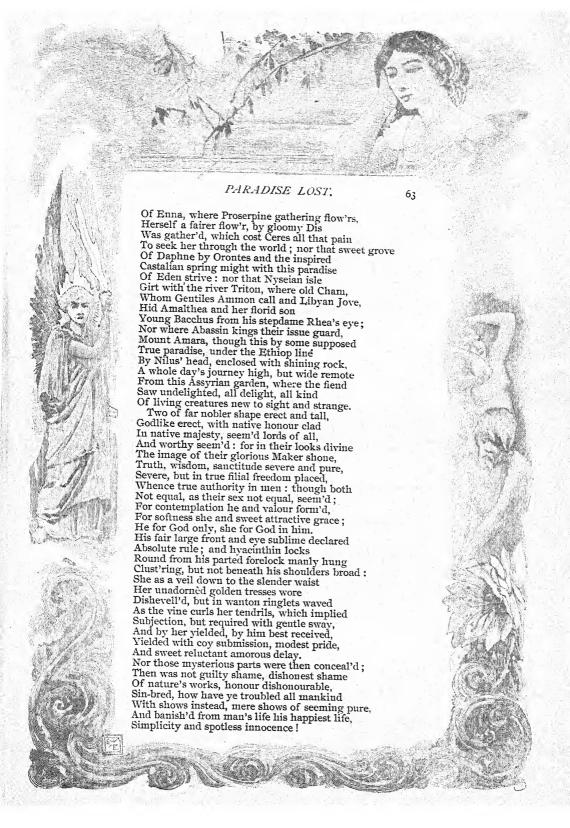
59

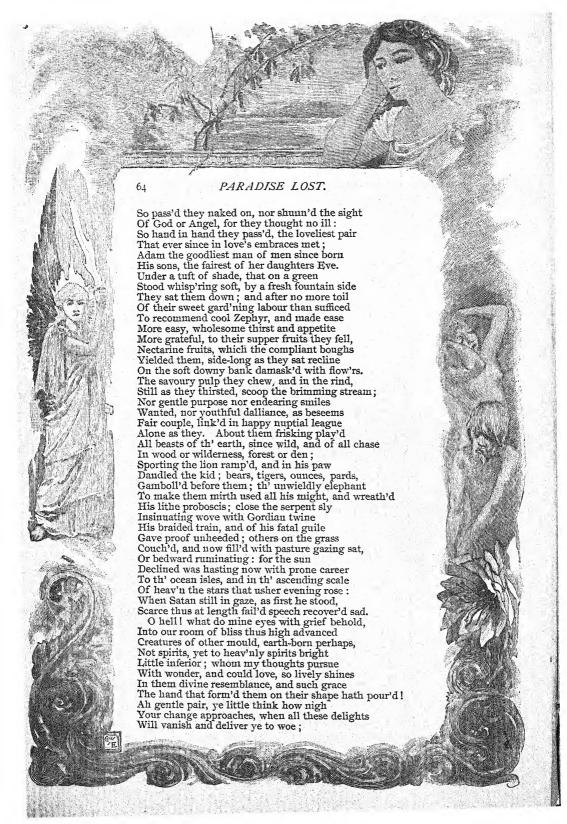
Be then His love accursed, since love or hate, To me alike, it deals eternal woe: Nay cursed be thou; since against His thy will Chose freely what it now so justly rues. Me miserable! which way shall I fly Infinite wrath, and infinite despair? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell; And in the lowest deep a lower deep Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide; To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n. O then at last relent: is there no place Left for repentance, none for pardon left? None left but by submission; and that word Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced With other promises and other vaunts Than to submit, boasting I could subdue Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know How dearly I abide that boast so vain, Under what torments inwardly I groan: While they adore me on the throne of hell, With diadem and sceptre high advanced The lower still I fall, only supreme In misery; such joy ambition finds. But say I could repent, and could obtain By act of grace my former state; how soon Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant Vows made in pain, as violent and void. For never can true reconcilement grow Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep; Which would but lead me to a worse relapse And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear Short intermission bought with double smart. This knows my Punisher; therefore as far From granting He, as I from begging peace: All hope excluded thus, behold in stead Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight, Mankind, created, and for him this world. So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear, Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost; Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold, By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign; As man ere long and this new world shall know. Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair, Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld: For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul

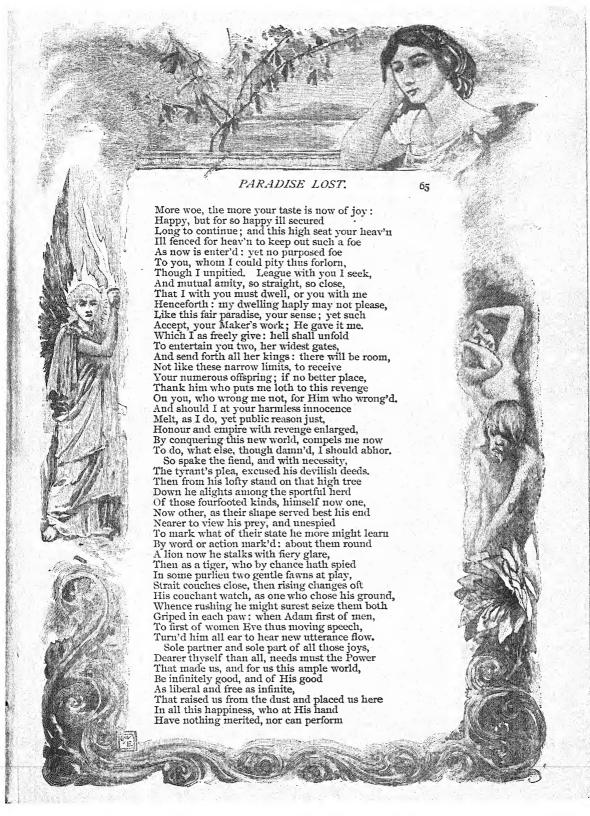


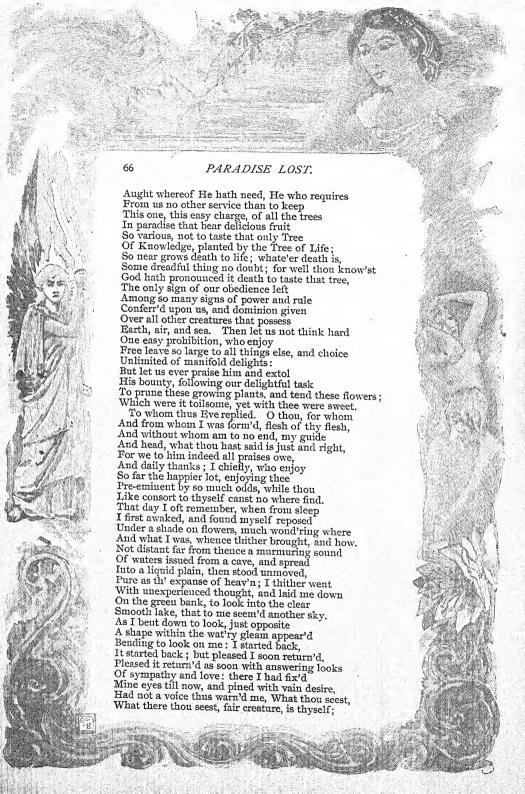


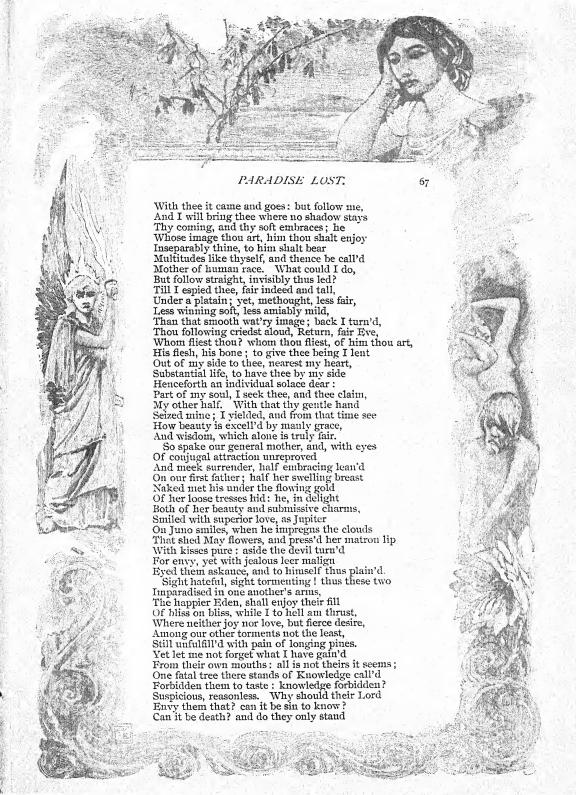


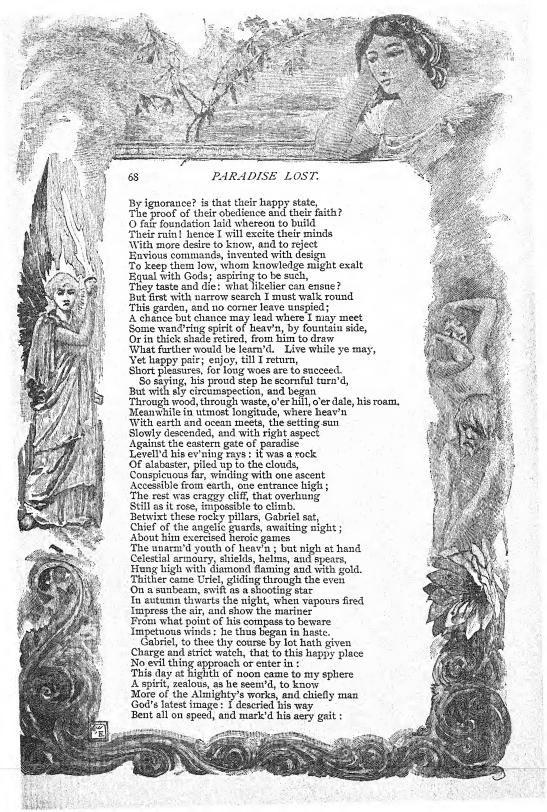


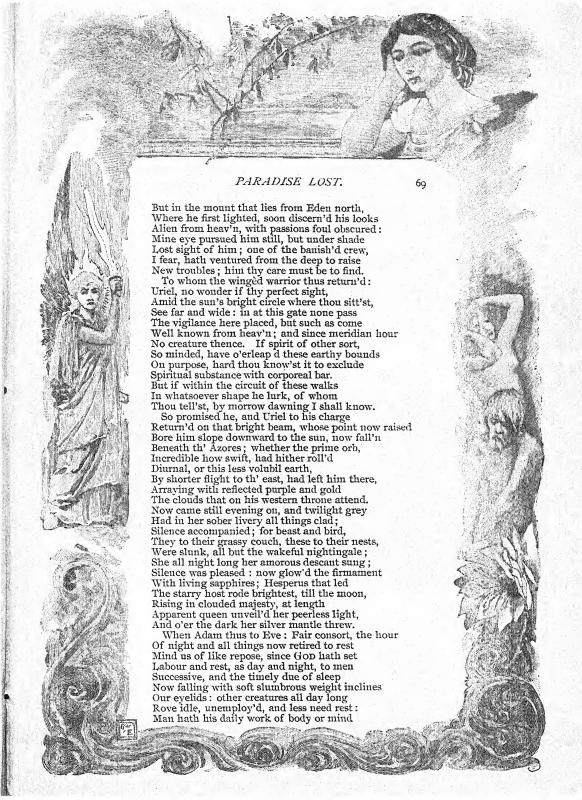


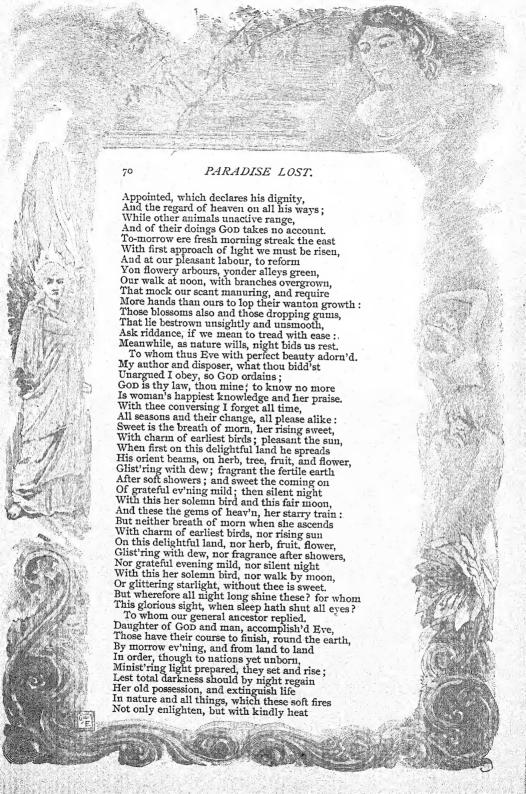










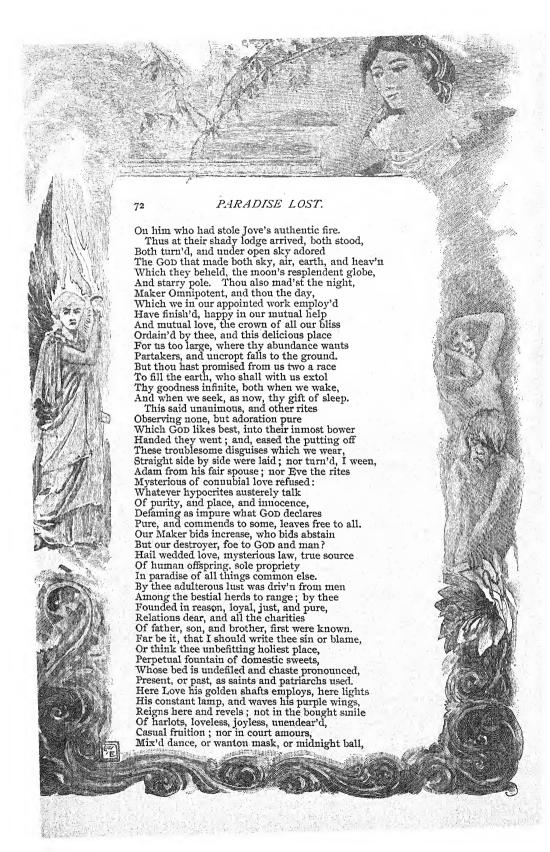




71

Of various influence foment and warm, Temper or nourish, or in part shed down Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow On earth, made hereby apter to receive Perfection from the sun's more potent ray These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise: Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep. All these with ceaseless praise his works behold Both day and night: how often from the steep Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard Celestial voices to the midnight air, Sole, or responsive each to other's note, Singing their great Creator? oft in bands While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk, With heavinly touch of instrumental sounds In full harmonic number join'd, their songs Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

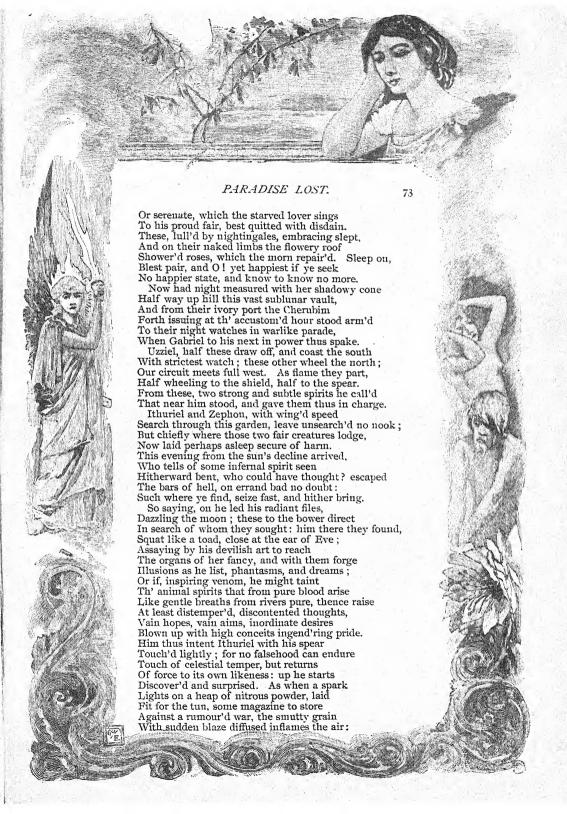
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd On to their blissful bower; it was a place Chosen by the sov'reign planter, when he framed All things to man's delightful use: the roof Of thickest covert was inwoven shade, Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower, Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought Mosaic; under foot the violet, Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone Of costliest emblem: other creature here, Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none; Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd, Pan or Sylvanus never slept; nor nymph, Nor Faunus haunted Here in close recess With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs. Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, And heav'nly choirs the Hymenæan sung, What day the genial angel to our sire Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd, More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like In sad event, when to the unwiser son Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged

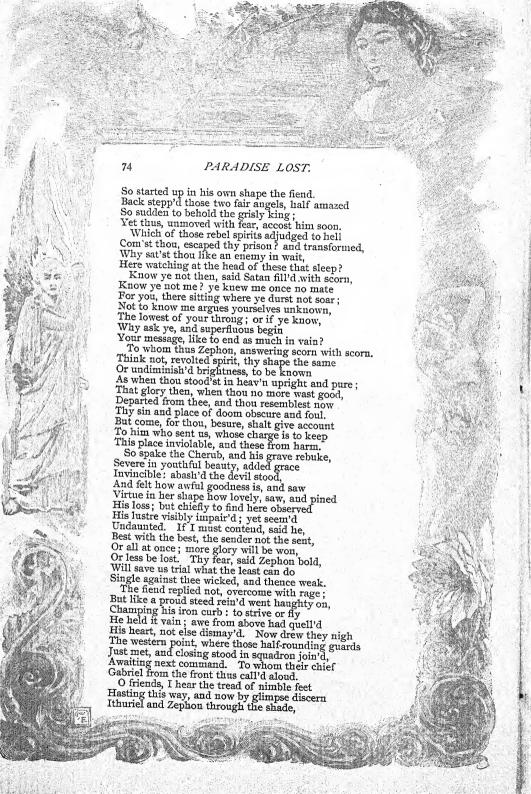


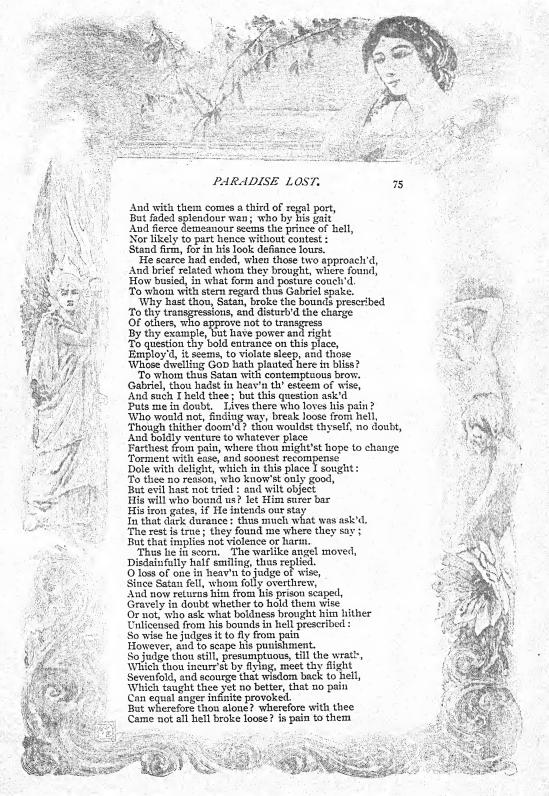


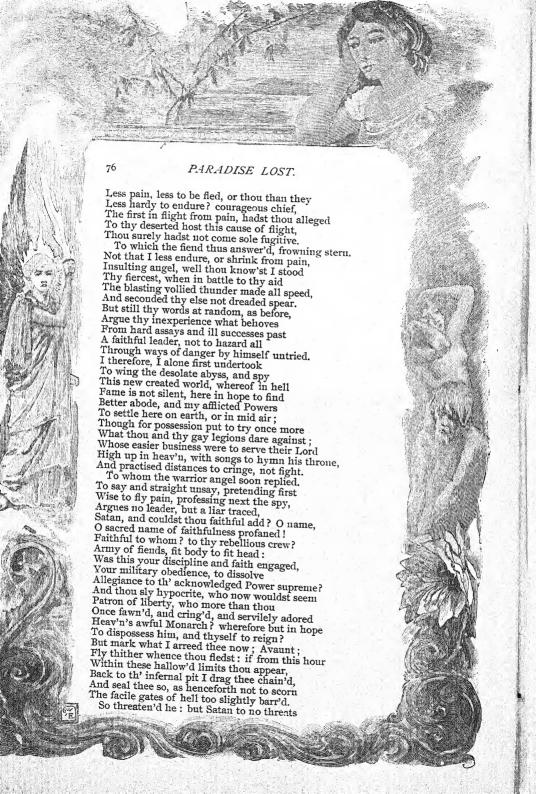
"These to the bower direct In search of whom they sought."-Book IV., lines 798-799.

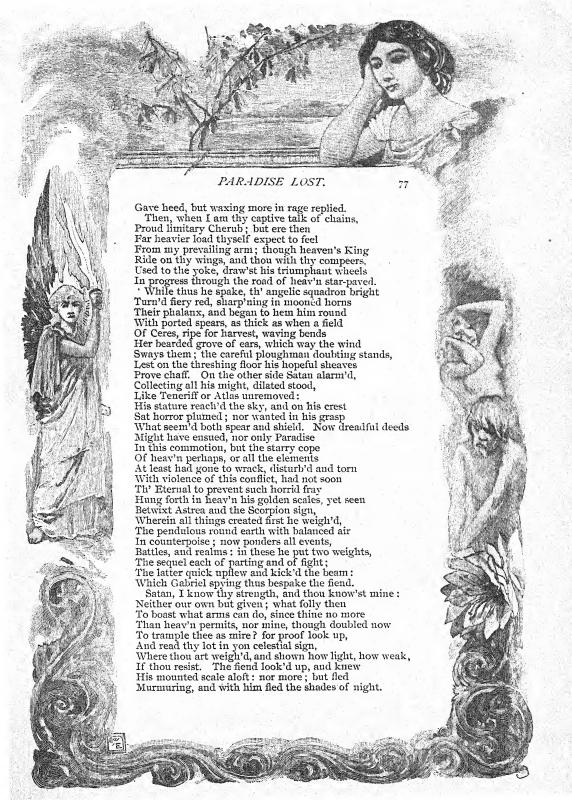


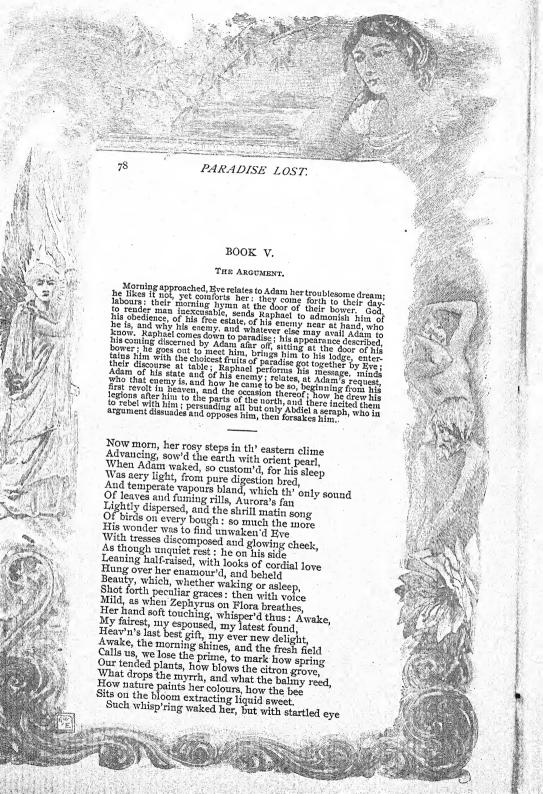


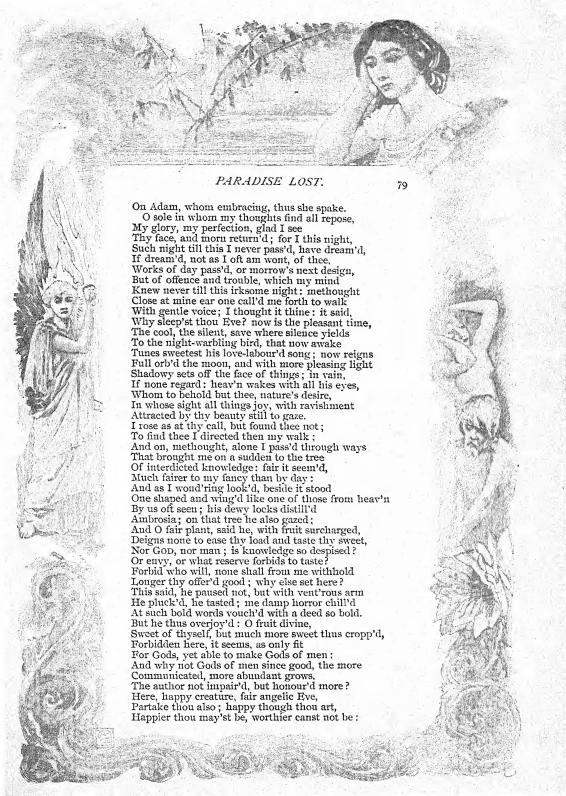


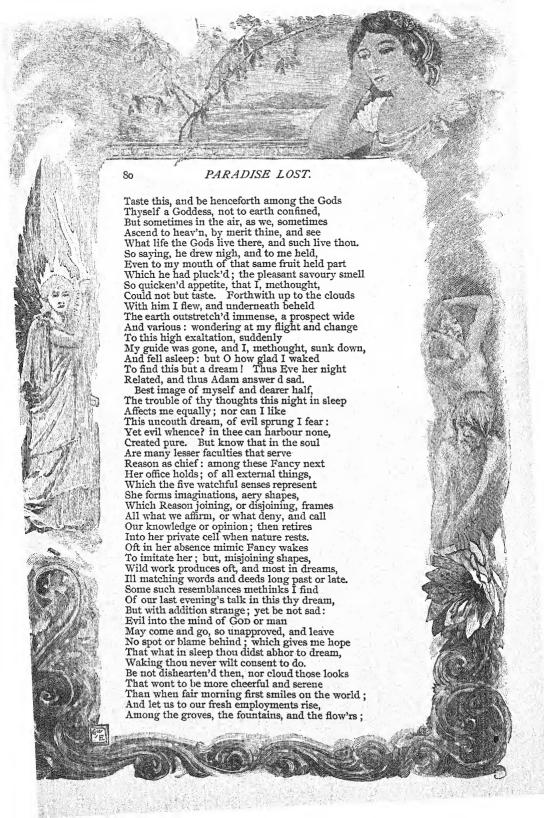


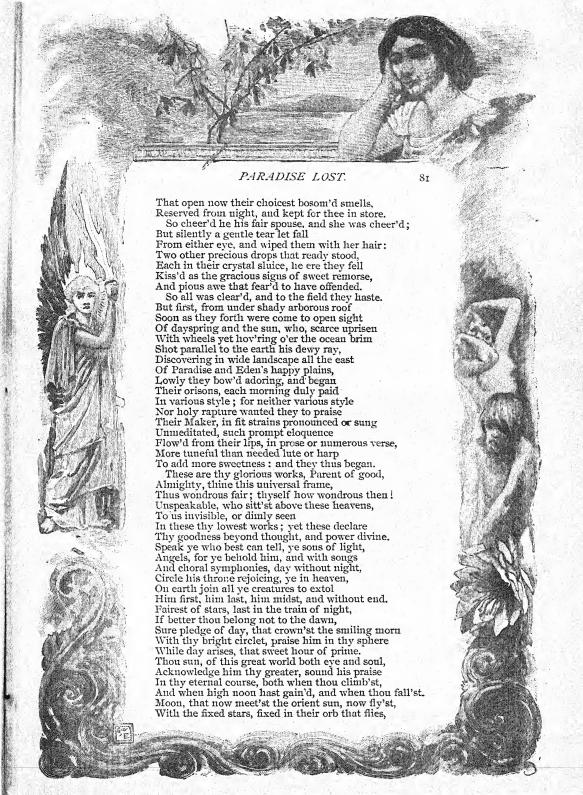








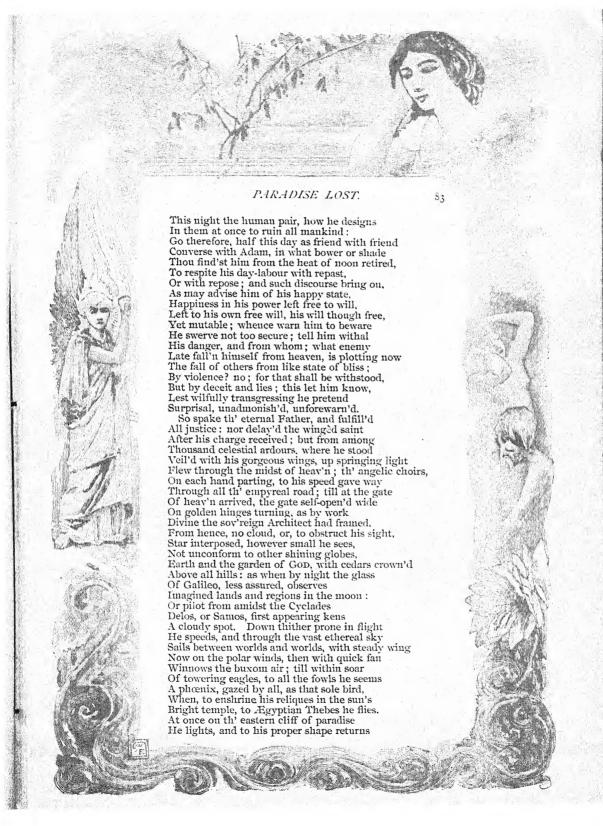


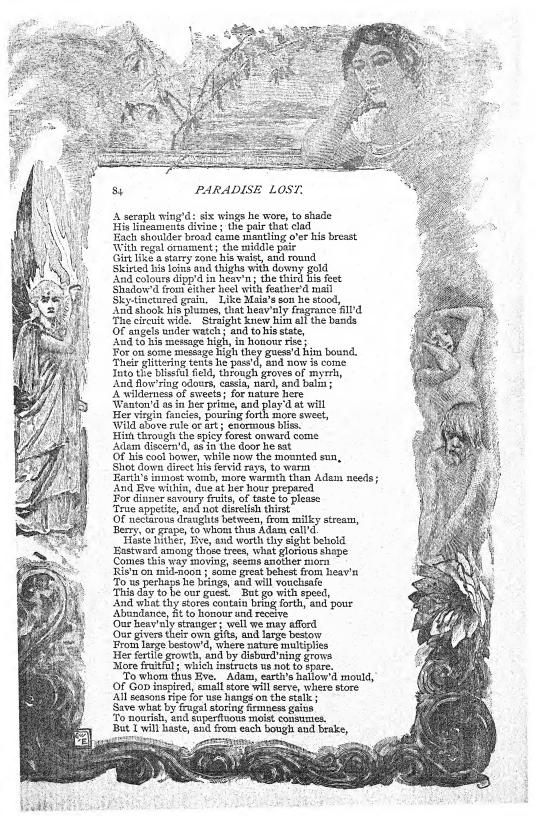


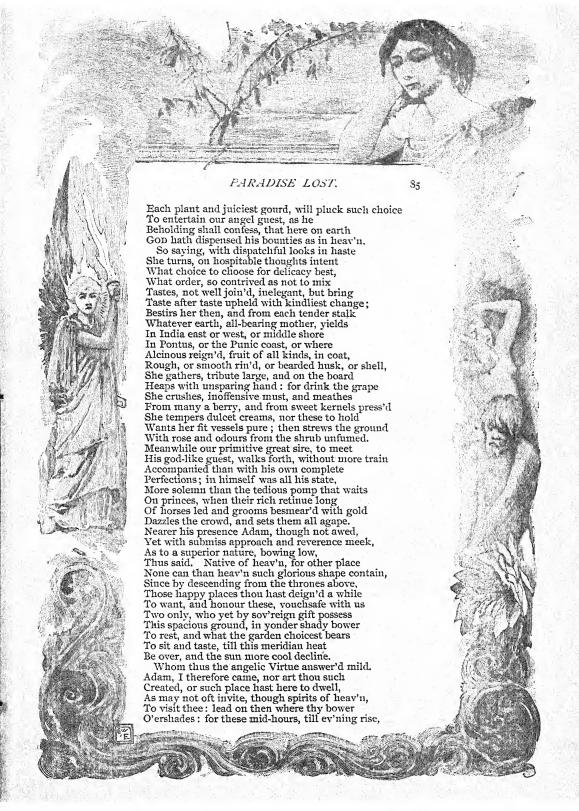
And we five other wand'ring fires that move In mystic dance not without song, resound His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light. Air, and ye elements the eldest birth Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change Vary to our great Maker still new praise. Ye mists and exhalations that now rise From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey. Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold. In honour to the world's great author rise, Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, Rising or falling still advance his praise. His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow, Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines, With every plant, in sign of worship wave, Fountains and ye that warble, as ye flow. Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise; Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds, That singing up to heaven gate ascend, Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise; Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep; Witness if I be silent, morn or even, To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade, Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise. Hail univeral Lord, be bounteous still To give us only good; and if the night Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd, Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark. So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts

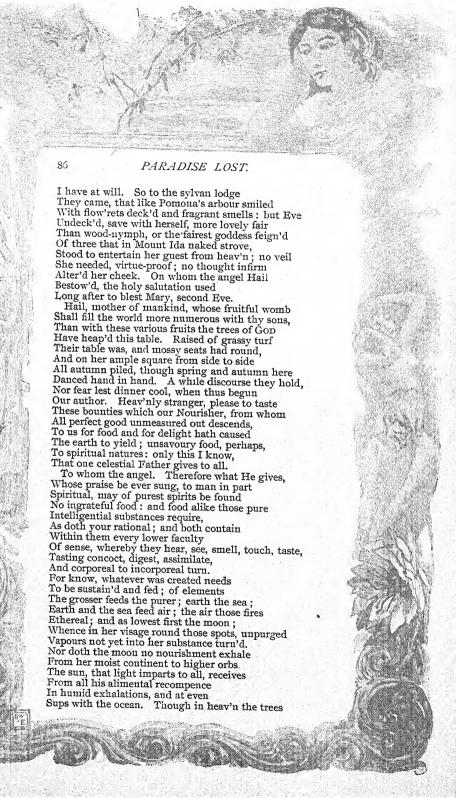
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row
Of fruit-trees over woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she spoused about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him called
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured

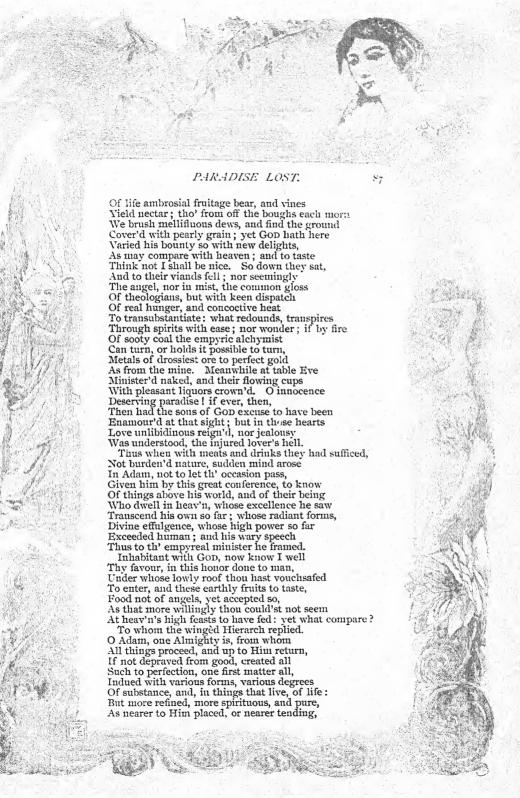
His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid. Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on earth Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf, Hath raised in paradisc, and how disturb'd

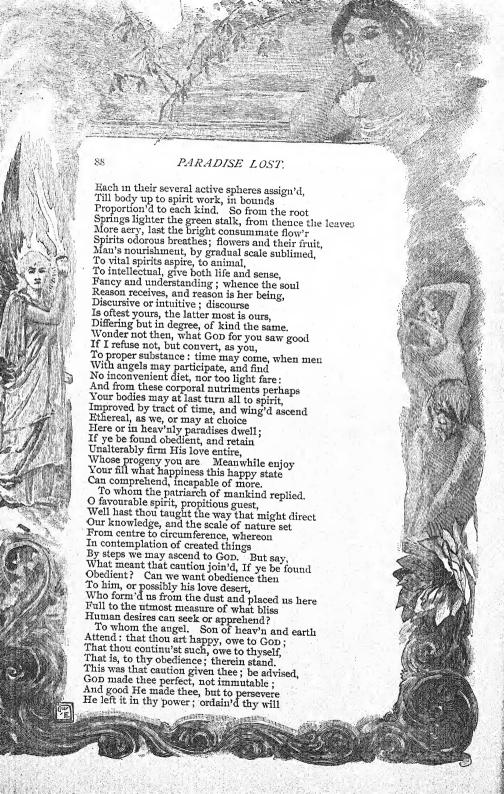


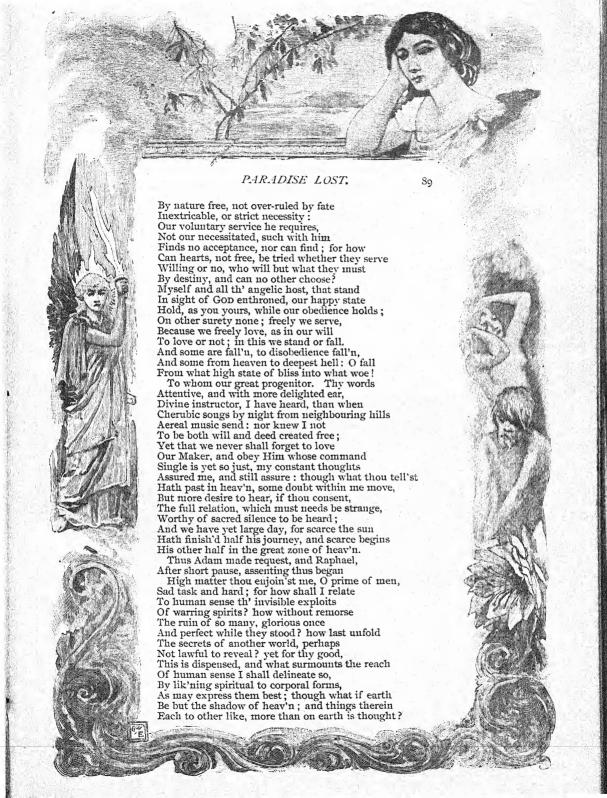






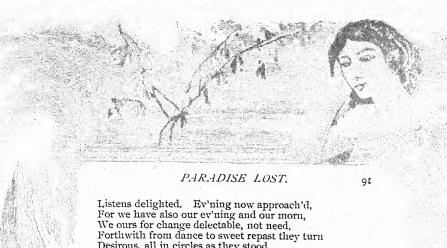






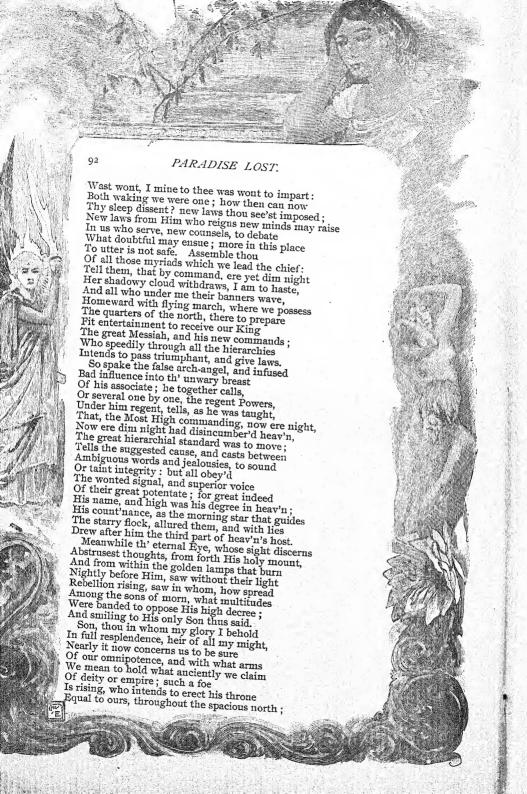
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild Reign'd where these heav 'ns now roll, where earth now rests Upon her centre poised, when on a day, For time, though in eternity, applied To motion, measures all things durable By present, past, and future; on such day As heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host Of angels, by imperial summons call'd, Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd: Under their hierarchs in orders bright Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced, Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear Stream in the air, and for distinction serve Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees: Or in their glittering tissues bear imblazed Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs Of circuit inexpressible they stood, Orb within orb, the Father infinite By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son, Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top Brightness had made invisible, thus spake. Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light, Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers, Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand. This day I have begot whom I declare My only Son, and on this holy hill Him have anointed, whom ye now behold At my right hand; your head I him appoint; And by my Self, have sworn to him shall bow All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord. Under his great vice-gerent reign abide United, as one individual soul, For ever happy: him who disobeys Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day Cast out from GoD and blessed vision, falls Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place Ordain'd without redemption, without end. So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words All seemed well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all. That day, as other solemn days, they spent In song and dance about the sacred hill, Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels Resembles nearest, mazes intricate, Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular Then most, when most irregular they seem; And in their motions harmony divine

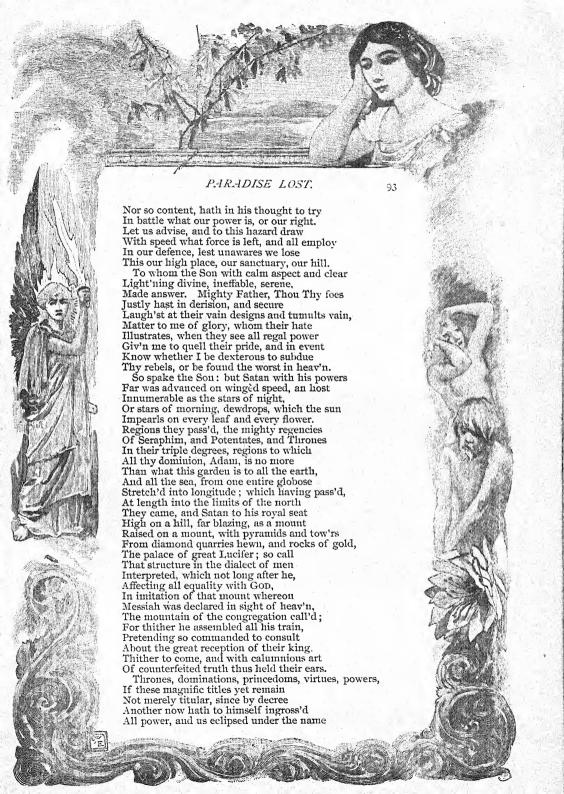
So smooths her charming tones, that Gon's own ear

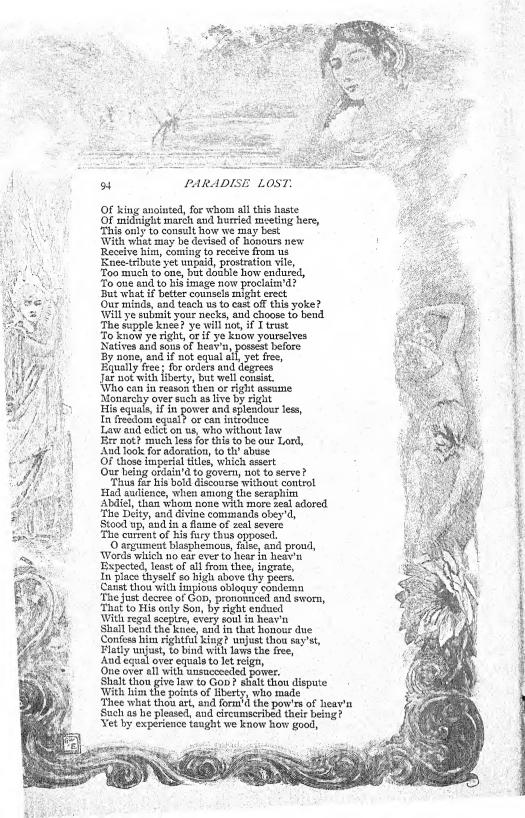


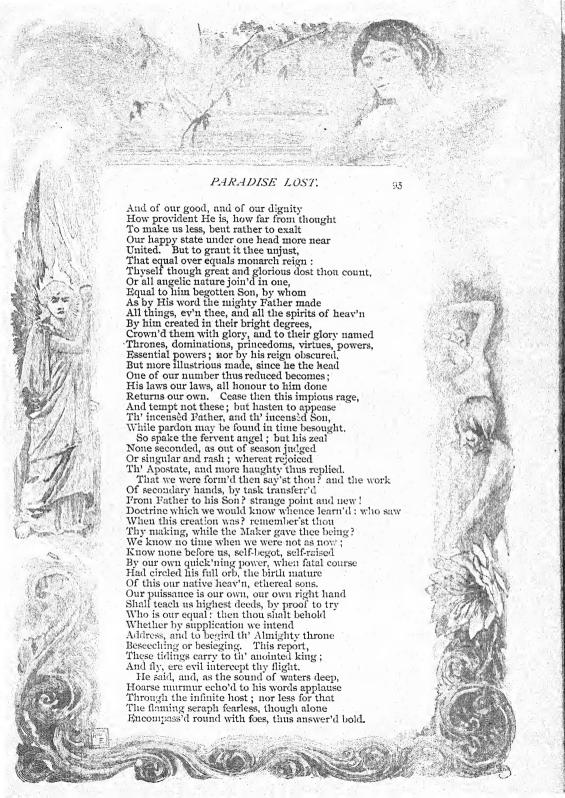
Desirous, all in circles as they stood. Tables are set, and on a sudden piled With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows. In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold; Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n. On flow'rs reposed and with fresh flowerets crown'd, They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet Quaff immortality and joy, secure Of surfeit where full measure only bounds Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy. Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled From that high mount of God, whence light and shade Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had changed To grateful twilight, for night comes not there In darker veil, and roseate dews disposed All but the unsleeping eyes of GoD to rest; Wide over all the plain, and wider far Than all this globous earth in plain outspread, Such are the courts of GoD, th' angelic throng Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend By living streams among the trees of life, Pavilions numberless and sudden rear'd, Celestial tabernacles, where they slept Fann'd with cool winds, save those who in their course Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne Alternate all night long. But not so waked Satan, so call him now, his former name Is heard no more in heav'n; he of the first If not the first arch-angel, great in power, In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught With envy against the Son of God, that day Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd Messiah King anointed, could not bear Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd. Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain, Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour, Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved With all his legions to dislodge, and leave Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme, Contemptuous, and his next subordinate Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake. Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close

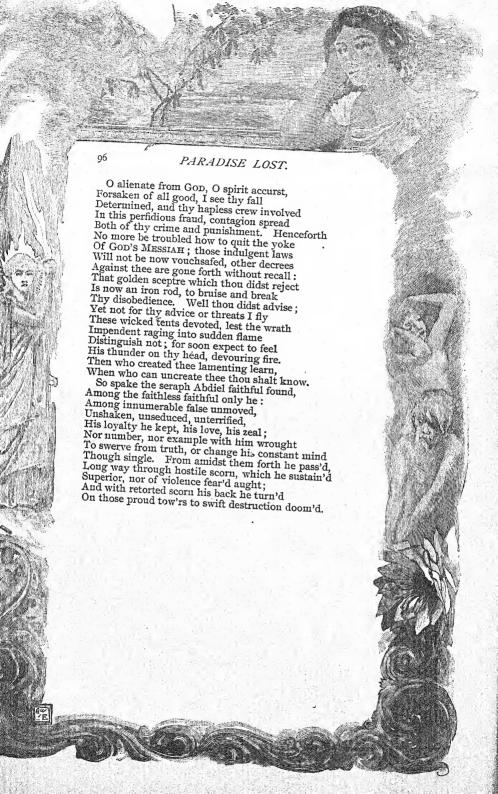
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree Of yesterday so late hath past the lips Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts

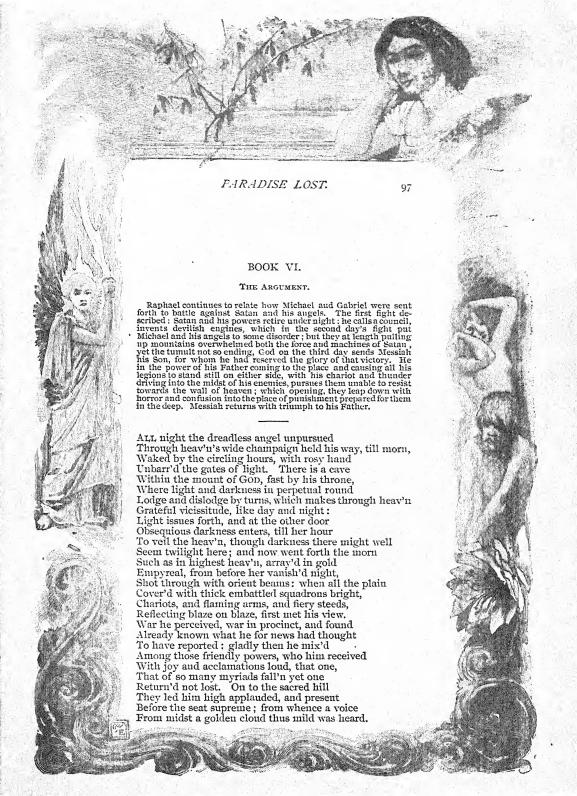


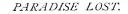








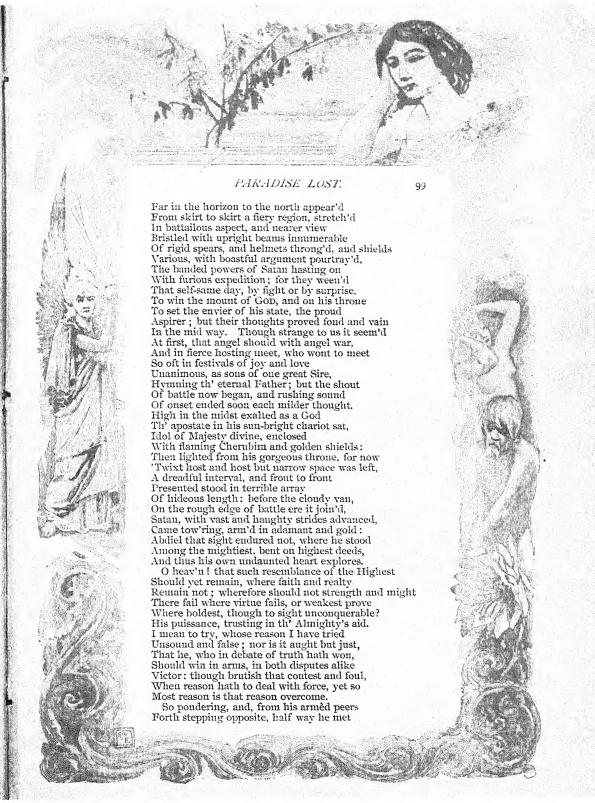


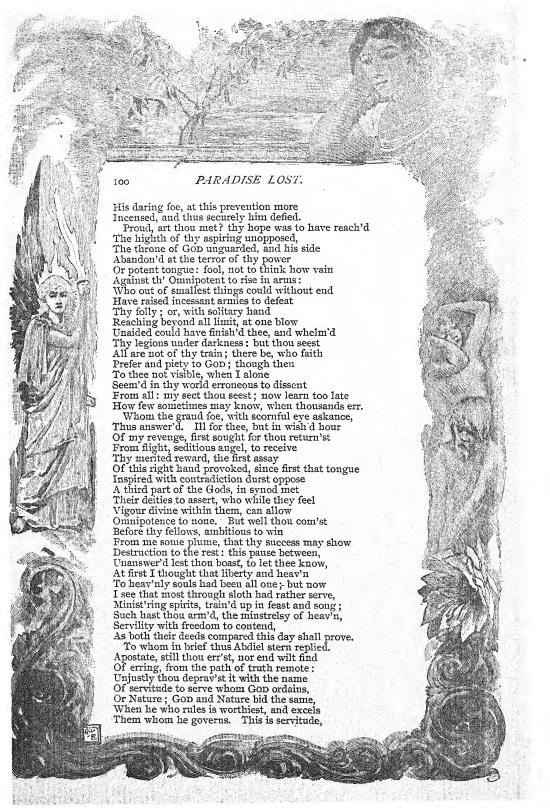


98

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought The better fight, who single hast maintain'd Against revolted multitudes the cause Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms; And for the testimony of truth hast borne Universal reproach, far worse to bear Than violence: for this was all thy care, To stand approved in sight of GoD, though worlds Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now Remains thee, aided by this host of friends, Back on thy foes more glorious to return Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue By force, who reason for their law refuse, Right reason for their law, and for their king Messiah, who by right of merit reigns. Go, Michael of celestial armies prince, And thou, in military prowess next, Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons Invincible, lead forth my armèd Saints By thousands and by millions ranged for fight; Equal in number to that godless crew Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms Fearless assault, and to the brow of heav'n Pursuing drive them out from GoD and bliss, Into their place of punishment, the gulf Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

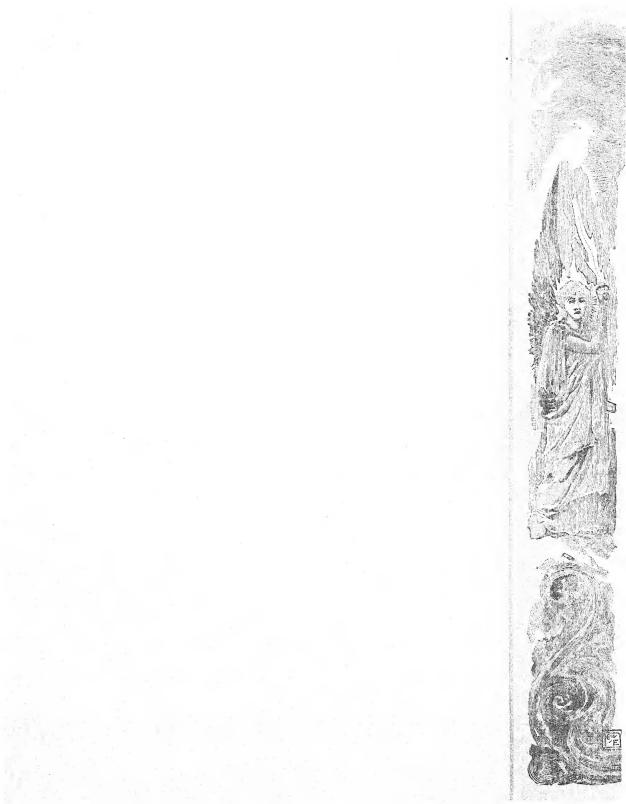
So spake the sovereign voice, and clouds began To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign Of wrath awaked: nor with less dread the loud Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow: At which command the powers militant That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd. Of union irresistible, moved on In silence their bright legions, to the sound Of instrumental harmony, that breathed Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds, Under their godlike leaders, in the cause Of God and his Messiah. On they move Indissolubly firm: nor obvious hill, Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground Their march was, and the passive air upbore Their nimble tread; as when the total kind Of birds in orderly array on wing Came summon'd over Eden to receive Their names of thee: so over many a tract Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last

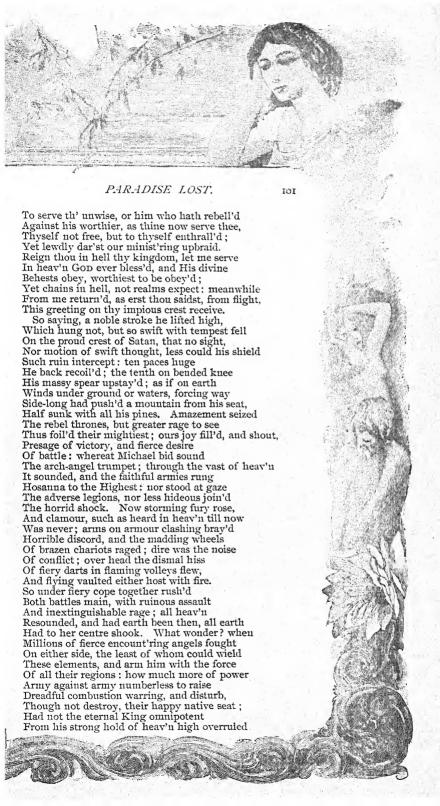






"This greeting on thy impious crest receive."-Book VI., line 188.

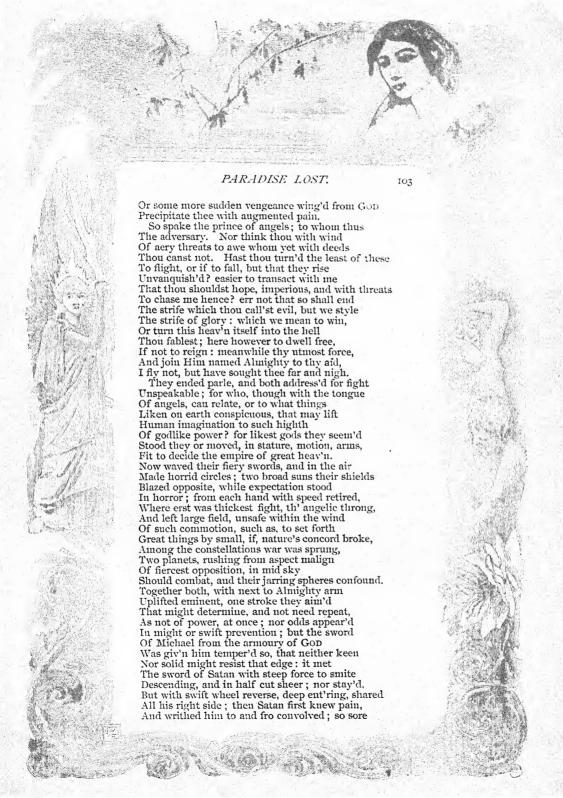


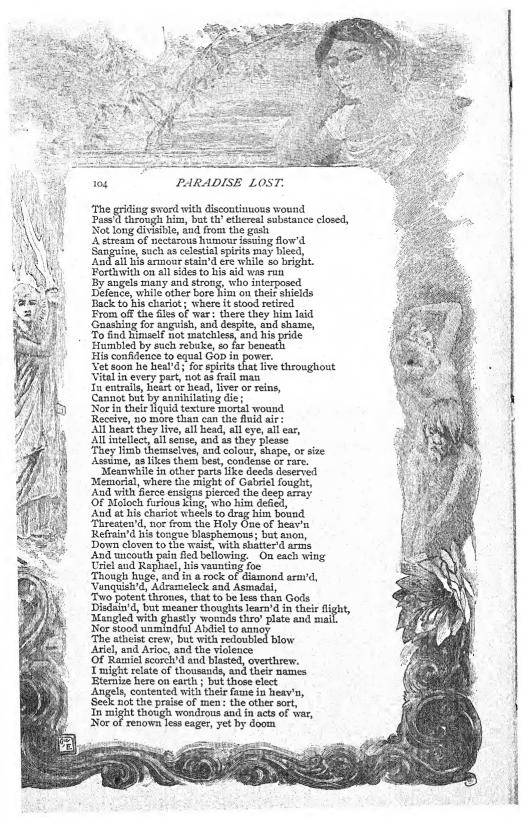


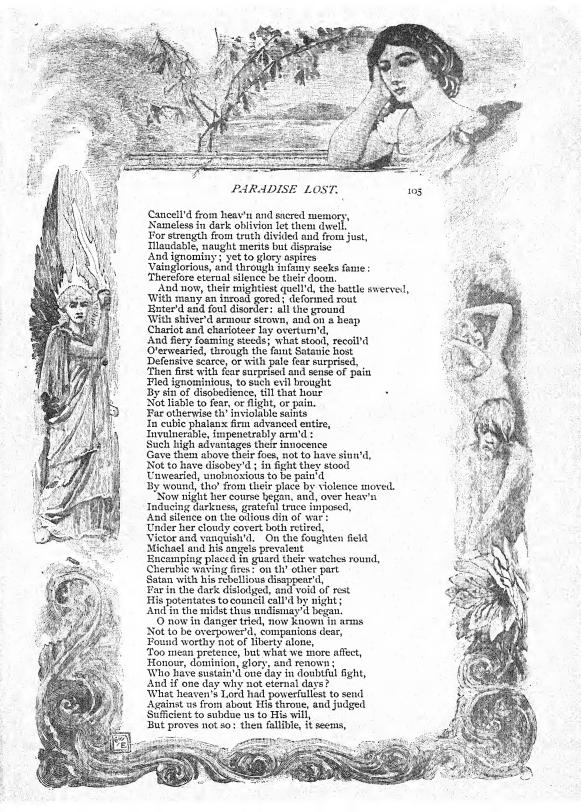


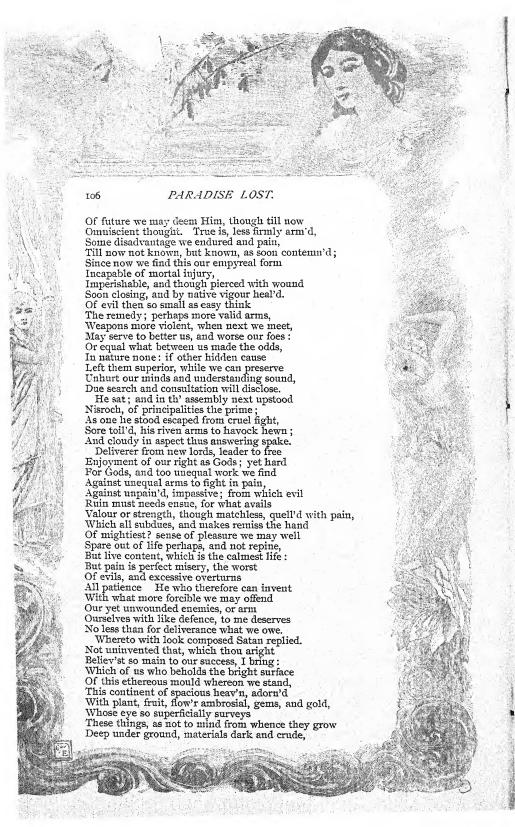
102

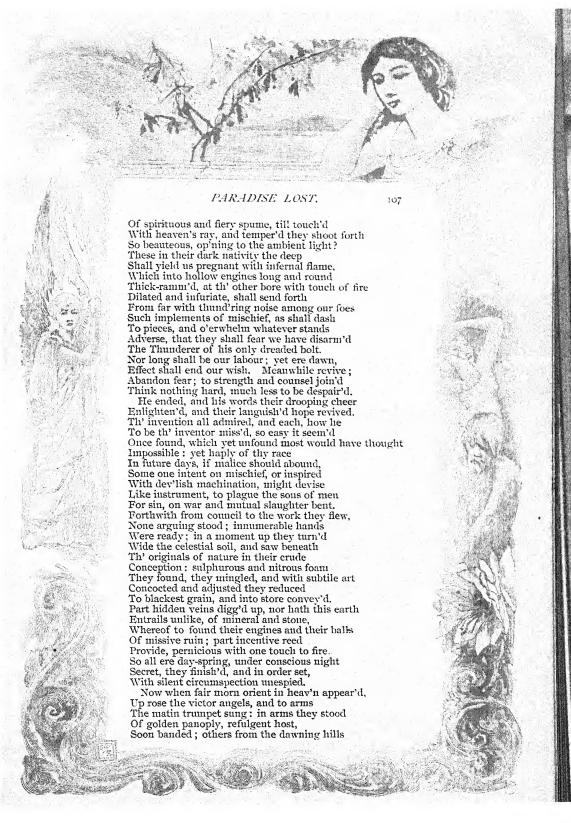
And limited their might; though number'd such. As each divided legion might have seem'd A numerous host; in strength each armed hand A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd Each warrior single as in chief, expert When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway Of battle, open when, and when to close The ridges of grim war; no thought of flight, None of retreat, no unbecoming deed That argued fear; each on himself relied, As only in his arm the moment lay Of victory: deeds of eternal fame Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread That war and various; sometimes on firm ground A standing fight: then soaring on main wing Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale The battle hung; till Satan, who that day Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms No equal, ranging through the dire attack Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down Wide wasting: such destruction to withstand He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, A vast circumference. At his approach The great arch-angel from his warlike toil Surceased; and glad, as hoping here to end Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdued Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown And visage all inflamed, first thus began. Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt, Unnamed in heav'n; now plenteous, as thou seest These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all, Though heaviest by just measure on thyself And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought Misery, uncreated till the crime Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd Thy malice into thousands, once upright And faithful, now proved false! But think not here To trouble holy rest; heav'n casts thee out From all her confines: heav'n the seat of bliss Brooks not the works of violence and war. Hence then, and evil go with thee along, Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell; Thou and thy wicked crew: there mingle broils, Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,

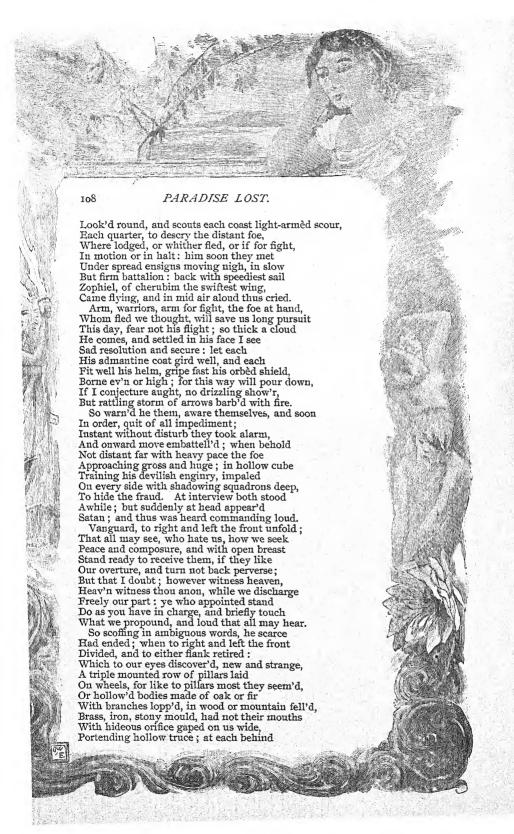


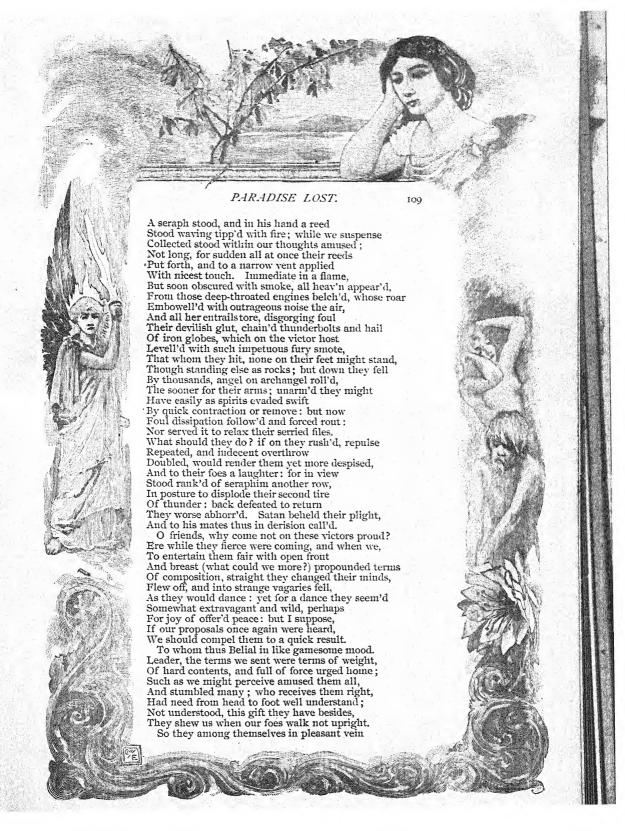


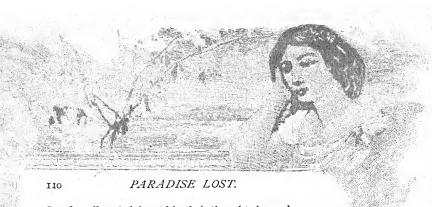




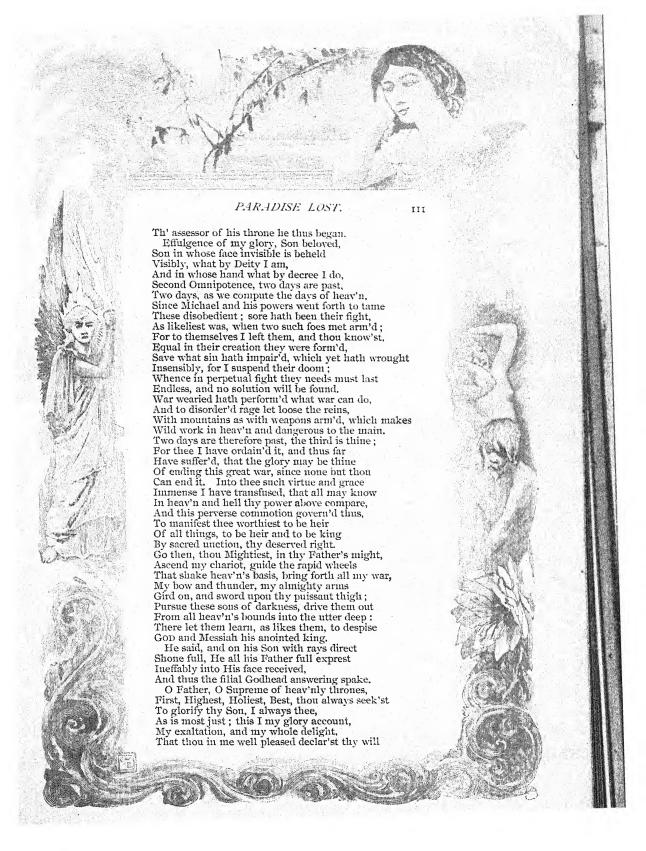


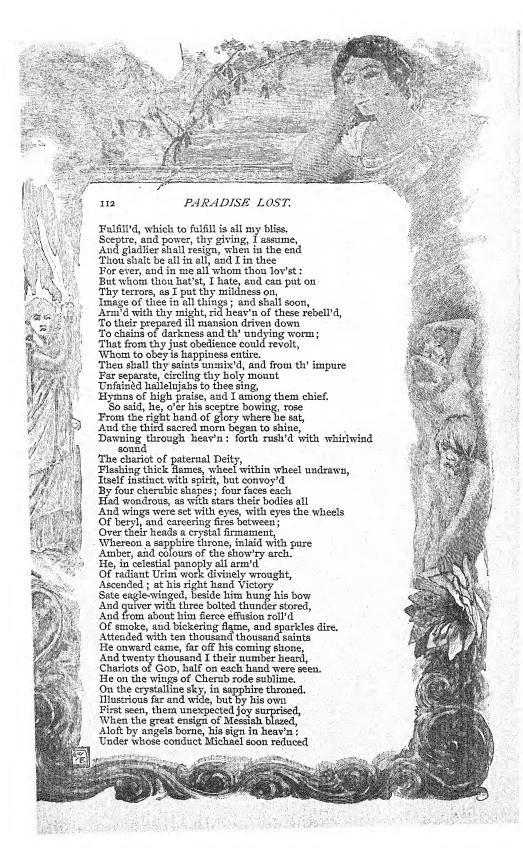


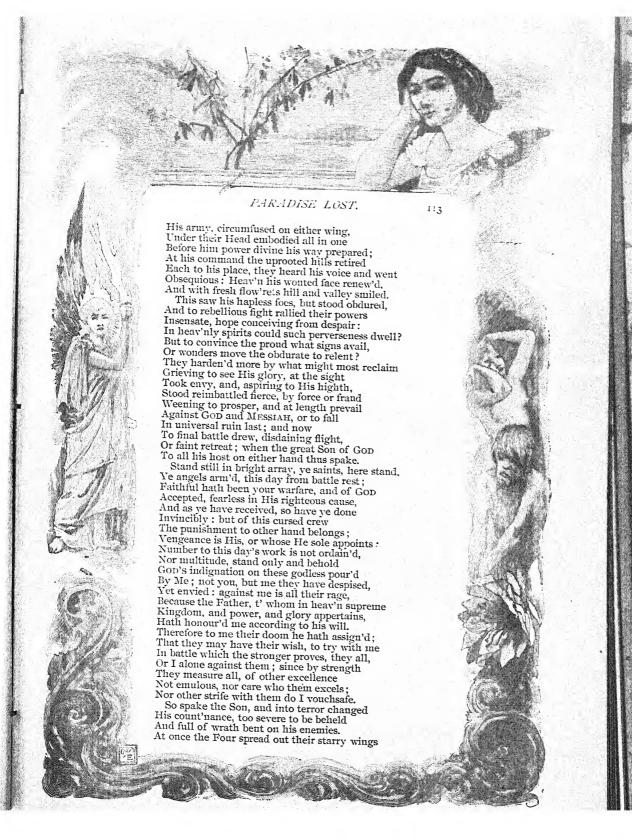




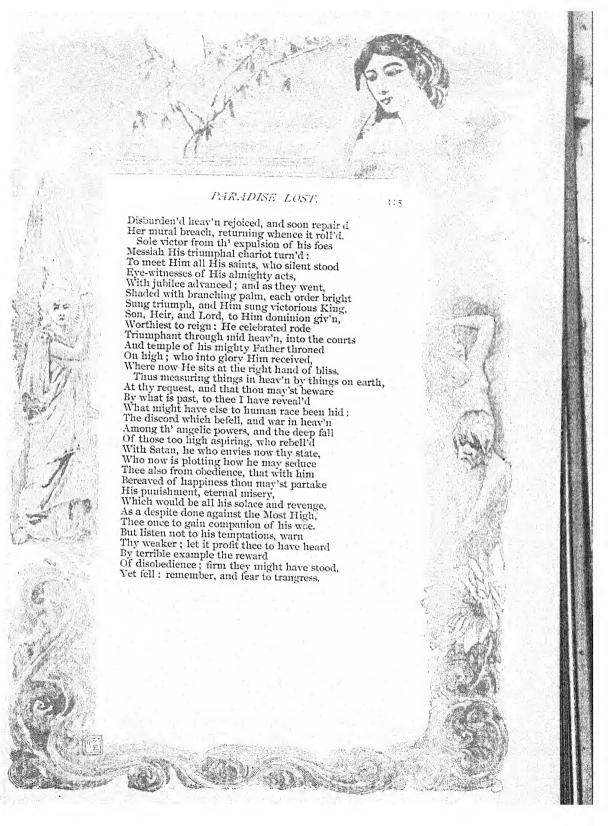
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond All doubt of victory; eternal might To match with their inventions they presumed So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn, And all His host derided, while they stood Awhile in trouble; but they stood not long; Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose. Forthwith behold the excellence, the power Which God hath in his mighty angels placed! Their arms away they threw, and to the hills, For earth hath this variety from heav'n Of pleasure situate in hill and dale, Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew, From their foundations loos'ning to and fro They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load, Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops Up lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze, Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host, When coming towards them so dread they saw The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd; Till on those cursed engines triple row They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence Under the weight of mountains buried deep, Themselves invaded next, and on their heads Main promontories flung, which in the air Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd; Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruised Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain Implacable, and many a dolorous groan, Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light. Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown. The rest in imitation to like arms Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore; So hills amid the air encounter'd hills, Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire, That under ground they fought in dismal shade; Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd Upon confusion rose: and now all heav n Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure, Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen This tumult, and permitted all, advised: That his great purpose he might so fulfil, To honour his anointed Son avenged Upon his enemies, and to declare All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son

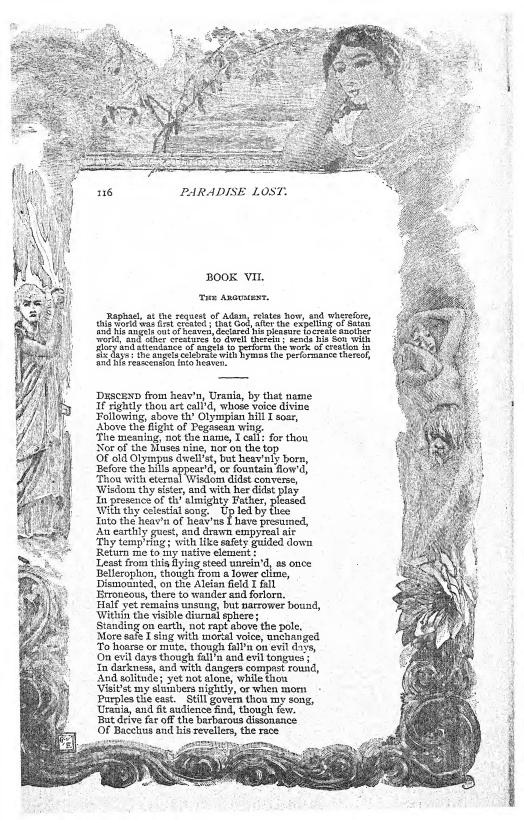


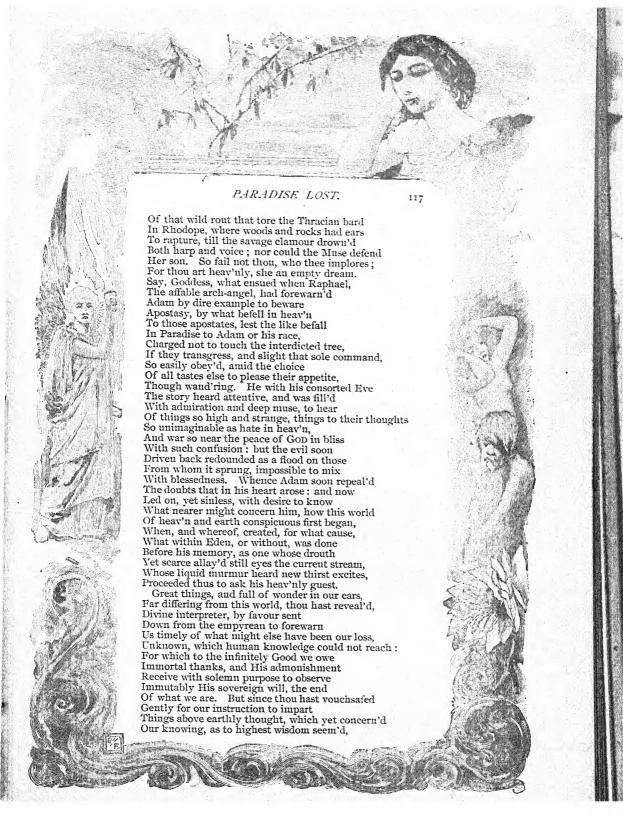


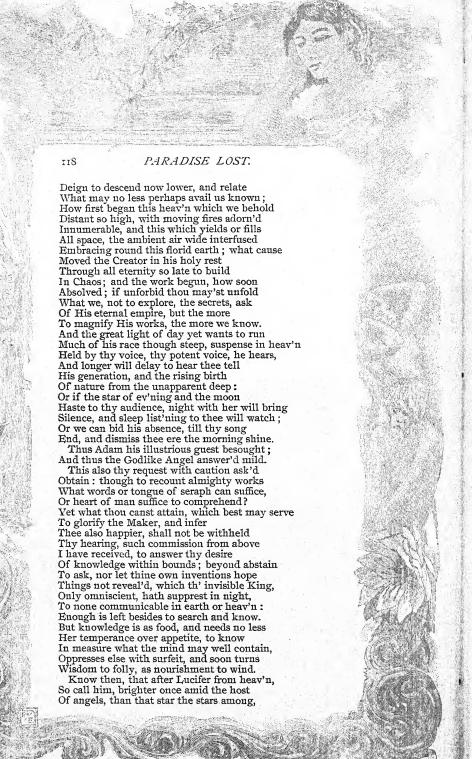


With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. He on His impious foes right onward drove, Gloomy as night; under His burning wheels The steadfast empyrean shook throughout, All but the throne itself of GoD. Full soon Among them He arrived, in His right hand Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd Plagues: they astonish'd all resistance lost, All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd; O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads He rode Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate, That wish'd the mountains now might be again Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire. Nor less on either side tempestuous fell His arrows, from the fourfold visaged Four, Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels Distinct alike with multitude of eyes; One spirit in them ruled, and every eye Glared light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength, And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd, Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n. Yet half his strength He put not forth, but check'd His thunder in mid volley, for He meant Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n. The overthrown He raised, and as a herd Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd Drove them before Him thunder-struck, pursued With terrors and with furies to the bounds And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclosed Into the wasteful deep; the monstrous sight Struck them with horror backward; but far worse Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw Down from the verge of heav'n, eternal wrath Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit. Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd, And felt tenfold confusion in their fall Through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at last Yawning received them whole, and on them closed; Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.





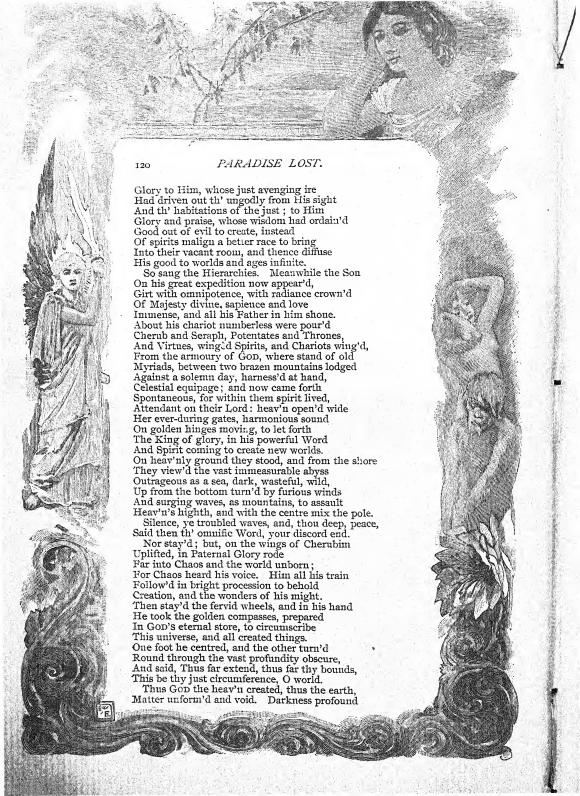


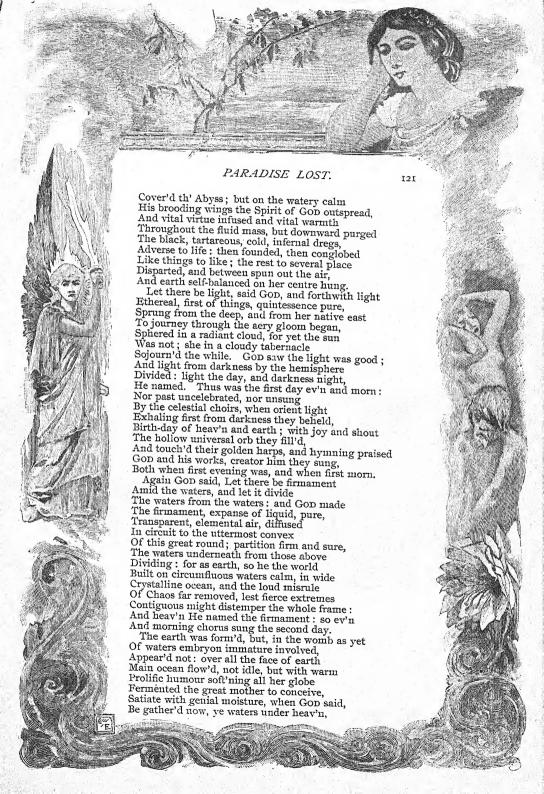


Fell with his flaming legions through the deep Into his place, and the great Son return'd Victorious with his saints, th' omnipotent Eternal Father from his throne beheld Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought All like himself rebellious, by whose aid This inaccessible high strength, the seat Of deity supreme, us dispossest, He trusted to have seized, and into fraud Drew many, whom their place knows here no more: Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, Their station, heav'n yet populous retains Number sufficient to possess her realms Though wide, and this high temple to frequent With ministeries due and solemn rites. But lest his heart exalt him in the harm Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n, My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair That detriment, if such it be to lose Self-lost, and in a moment will create Another world, out of one man a race Of men innumerable, there to dwell, Not here, till by degrees of merit raised, They open to themselves at length the way Up hither, under long obedience tried; And earth be changed to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, One kingdom, joy and union without end. Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heav'n, And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee This I perform, speak thou, and be it done. My overshadowing spirit and might with thee I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth; Boundless the deep, because I AM who fill Infinitude, nor vacuous the space; Though I uncircumscribed myself retire, And put not forth my goodness, which is free To act, or not, necessity and chance

Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of GoD, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace;

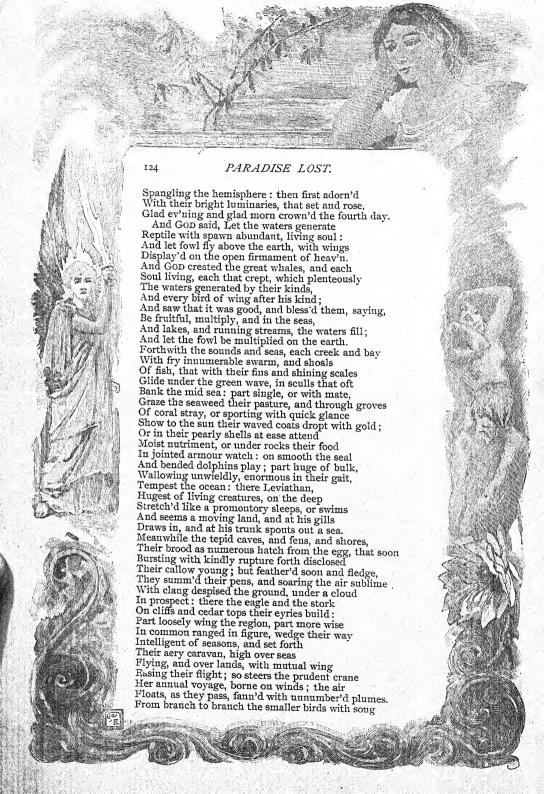


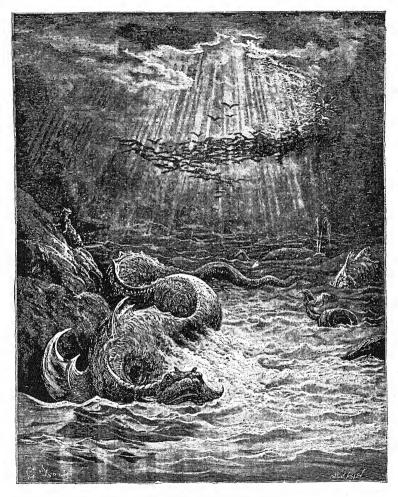


Into one place, and let dry land appear. Immediately the mountains huge appear Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky. So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep, Capacious bed of waters: thither they Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd As drops on dust conglobing from the dry: Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct, For haste; such flight the great command imprest On the swift floods; as armies at the call Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard, Troop to their standard, so the watery throng, Wave rolling after wave, where way they found; If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain, Soft-ebbing: nor withstood them rock or hill, But they, or under ground, or circuit wide With serpent error wandering, found their way, And on the washy oose deep channels wore, Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry, All but within those banks, where rivers now Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train. The dry land, earth; and the great receptacle Of congregated waters He call'd seas; And saw that it was good, and said, Let the earth Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind; Whose seed is in herself upon the earth. He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned, Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad Her universal face with pleasant green; Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'd Opening their various colours, and made gay Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown, Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed Embattled in her field; and th' humble shrub, And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown d. With tufts the valleys and each fountain side: With borders long the rivers: that earth now Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell, Or wander with delight, and love to haunt Her sacred shades: though Gop had yet not rain'd Upon the earth, and man to till the ground None was; but from the earth a dewy mist

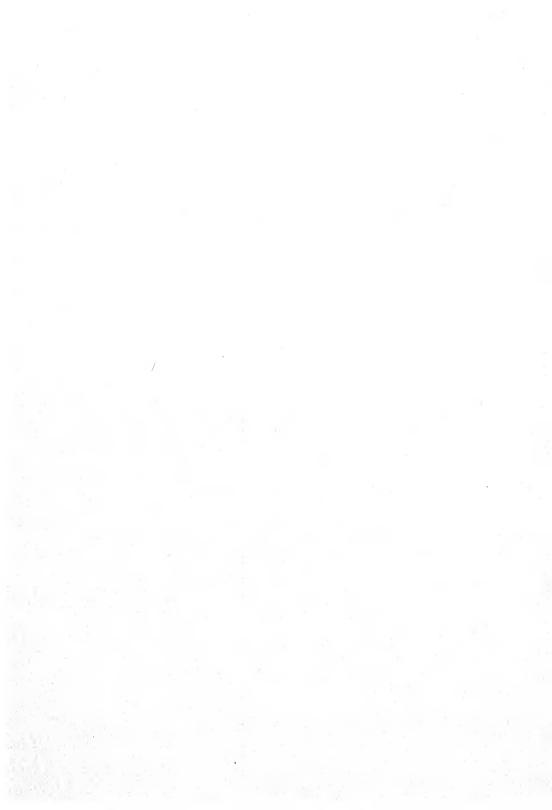
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the earth, GOD made, and every herb, before it grew On the green stem: GOD saw that it was good:

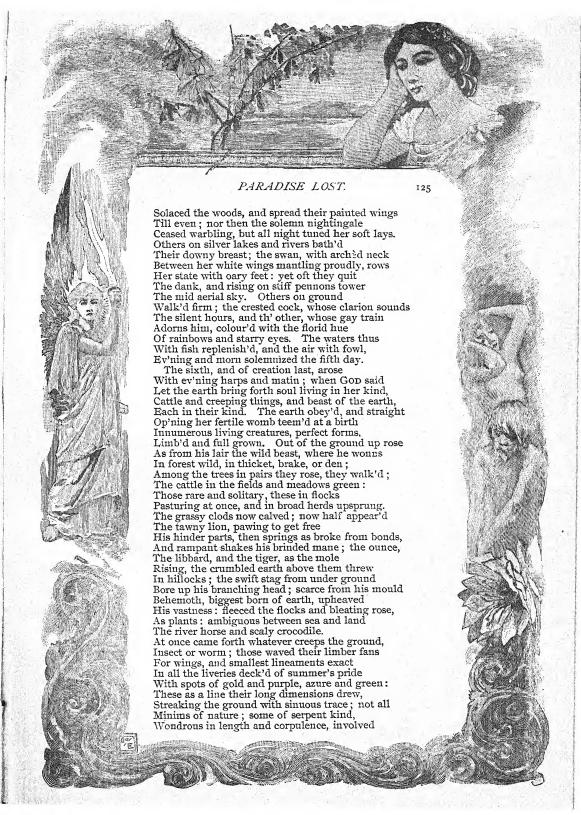
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day. Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights High in th' expanse of heaven to divide The day from night; and let them be for signs, For seasons, and for days, and circling years; And let them be for lights, as I ordain Their office in the firmament of heav'n To give light on the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights, great for their use To man, the greater to have rule by day, The less by night, altern: and made the stars, And set them in the firmament of heav'n, To illuminate the earth, and rule the day In their vicissitude, and rule the night, And light from darkness to divide. God saw. Surveying His great work, that it was good: For of celestial bodies first the sun, A mighty sphere, He framed, unlightsome first, Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon Globose, and every magnitude of stars. And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field. Of light by far the greater part he took, Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed In the sun's orb, made porous to receive And drink the liquid light, firm to retain Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light. Hither, as to their fountain, other stars Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, And hence the morning planet gilds her horns: By tincture or reflection they augment Their small peculiar, though from human sight So far remote, with diminution seen. First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, Regent of day, and all the horizon round Invested with bright rays, jocund to run His longitude through heav'n's high road: the gray Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced, Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon, But opposite in levell'd west was set His mirror, with full face borrowing her light From him, for other light she needed none In that aspect; and still the distance keeps Till night, then in the east her turn she shines, Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign With thousand lesser lights dividual holds, With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd

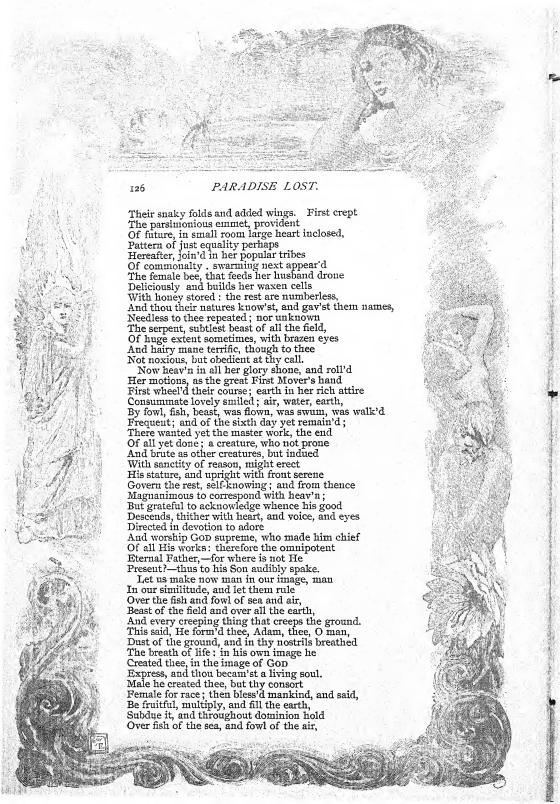


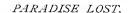


"And God said: Let the waters generate Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul: And let fowl fly above the earth." - Book VII., lines 387-389.



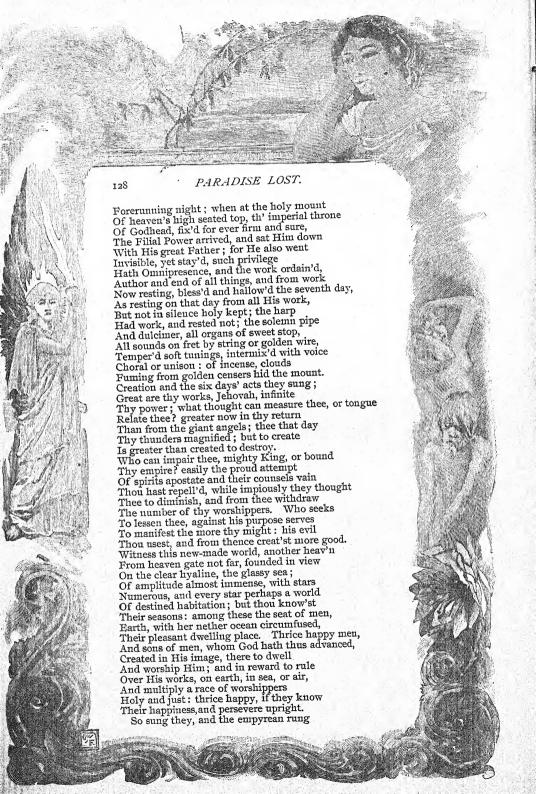


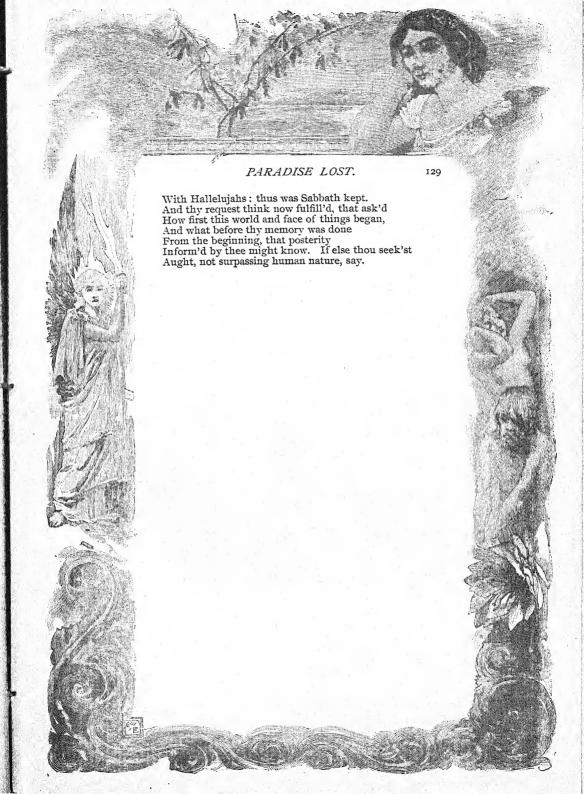




127

And every living thing that moves on the earth. Wherever thus created, for no place Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st, He brought thee into this delicious grove, This garden, planted with the trees of God, Delectable both to behold and taste; And freely all their pleasant fruit for food Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' earth yields, Variety without end; but of the tree, Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil, Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st thou diest; Death is the penalty imposed; beware, And govern well thy appetite; lest sin Surprise thee, and her black attendant death. Here finish'd He, and all that He had made View'd, and behold all was entirely good; So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: Yet not, till the Creator from His work Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode, Thence to behold this new created world, Th' addition of His empire, how it show'd In prospect from His throne, how good, how fair Answering His great idea. Up He rode, Follow'd with acclamation and the sound Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heard'st; The heav'ns and all the constellations rung, The planets in their station list'ning stood, While the bright pomp ascended jubilant. Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung, Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in The great Creator, from His work return'd Magnificent, His six days' work, a world: Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign To visit oft the dwellings of just men Delighted, and with frequent intercourse Thither will send his winged messengers On errands of supernal grace. So sung The glorious train ascending: He through heav'n, That open'd wide her blazing portals, led To GoD's eternal house direct the way, A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold, And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear Seen in the galaxy, that milky way Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun Was set, and twilight from the east came on,





PARADISE LOST.

130

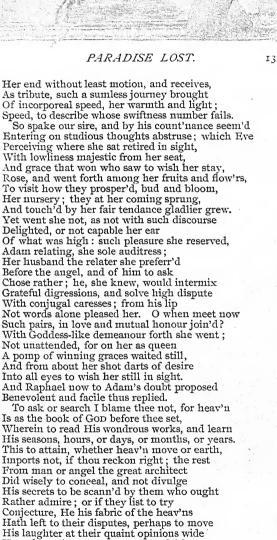
## BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

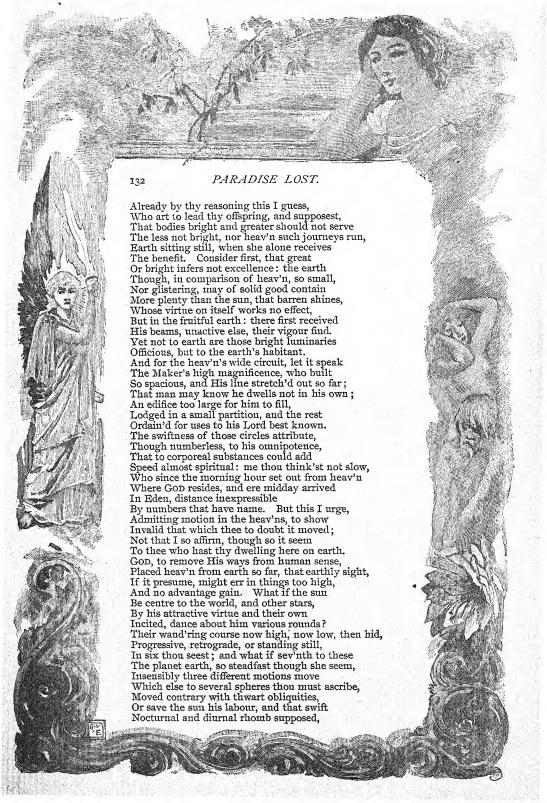
THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear So charming left his voice, that he awhile Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear: Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied.

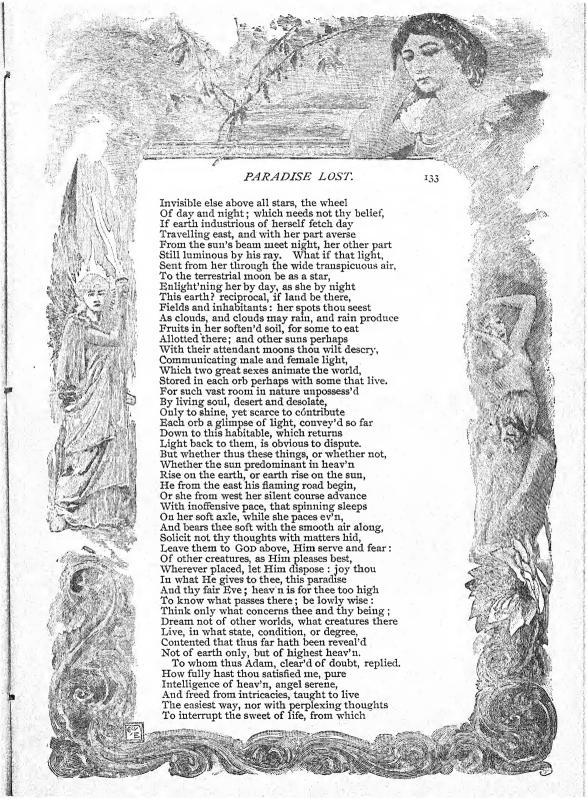
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence Equal, have I to render thee, divine Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed This friendly condescension to relate Things else by me unsearchable, now heard With wonder, but delight, and, as is due, With glory attributed to the high Creator: something yet of doubt remains Which only thy solution can resolve. When I behold this goodly frame, this world, Of heav'n and earth consisting, and compute Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain, An atom, with the firmament compared And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll Spaces incomprehensible, for such Their distance argues, and their swift return Diurnal, merely to officiate light Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot, One day and night, in all their vast survey Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire, How nature wise and frugal could commit Such disproportions, with superfluous hand So many nobler bodies to create, Greater so manifold, to this one use For aught appears, and on their orbs impose Such restless revolution day by day Repeated, while the sedentary earth, That better might with far less compass move, Served by more noble than herself, attains

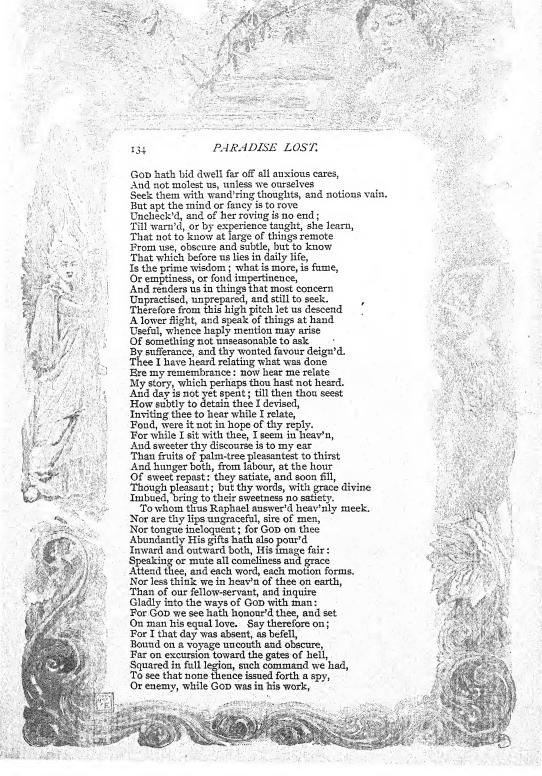


Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n And calculate the stars, how they will wield The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive, To save appearances; how gird the sphere With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,

Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

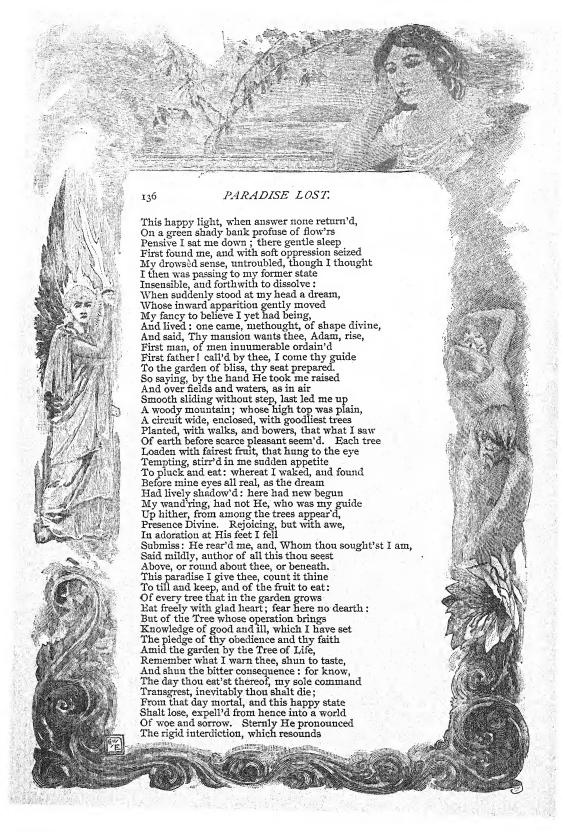


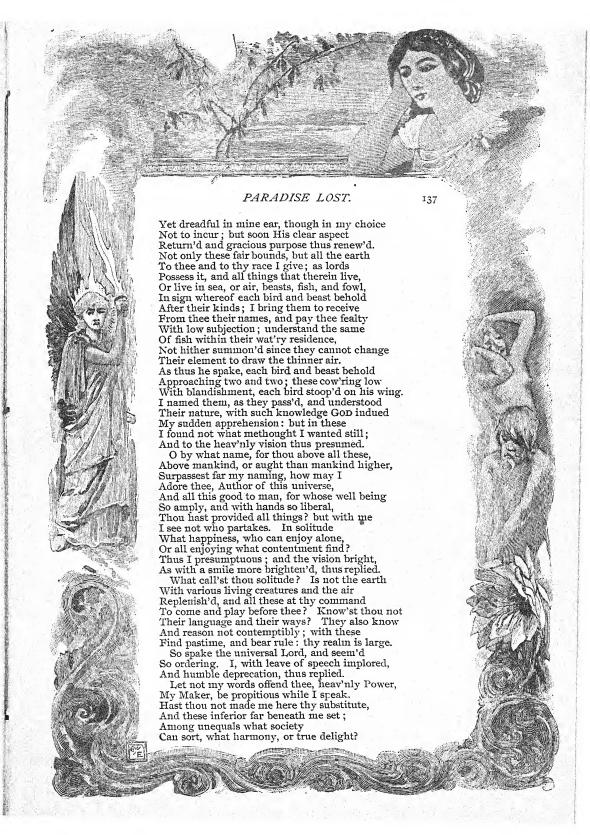


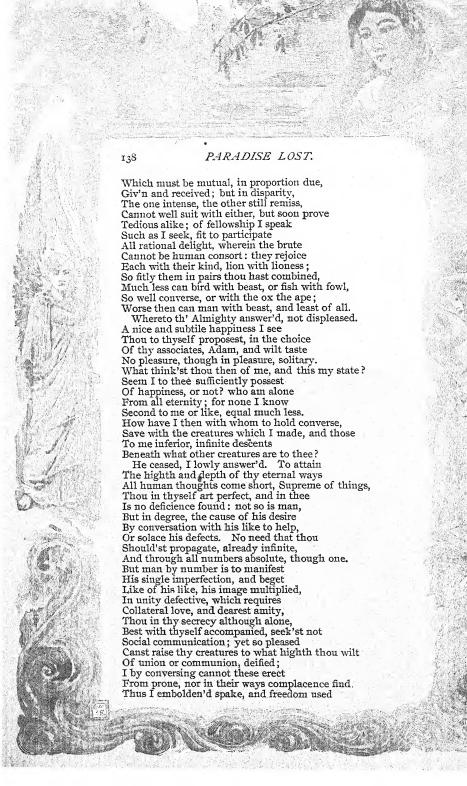


Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without His leave attempt,
But us He sends upon His high behests
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath ev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,

Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine. So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire. For man to tell how human life began Is hard; for who himself beginning knew? Desire with thee still longer to converse Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed. Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd, And gazed a while the ample sky, till raised By quick instinctive motion up I sprung, As thitherward endeavouring, and upright Stood on my feet. About me round I saw Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains, And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these Creatures that lived, and moved, and walk'd, or flew; Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled, With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd. Myself I then perused, and limb by limb Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran With supple joints, as lively vigour led: But who I was, or where, or from what cause, Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake; My tongue obey'd, and readily could name Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light, And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay, Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains, And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell, Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here? Not of myself, by some great Maker then, In goodness and in power preëminent: Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore, From whom I have that thus I move and live. And feel that I am happier than I know. While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither, From where I first drew air, and first beheld



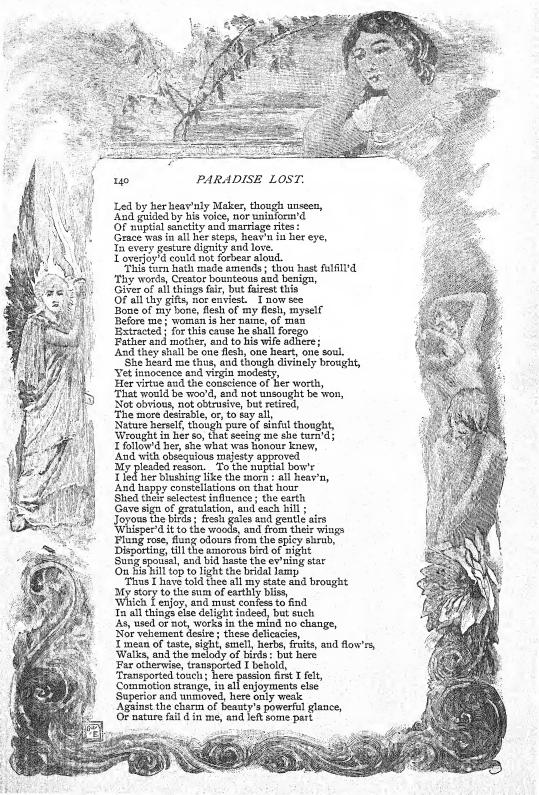


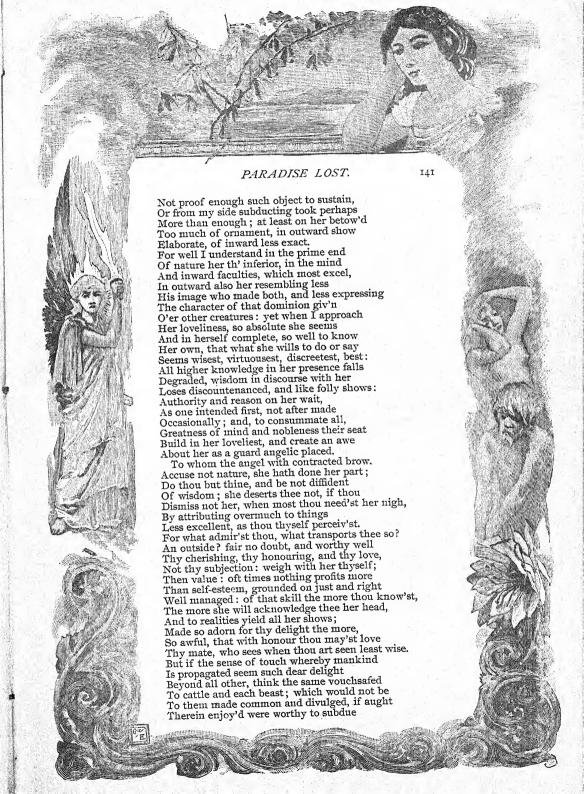


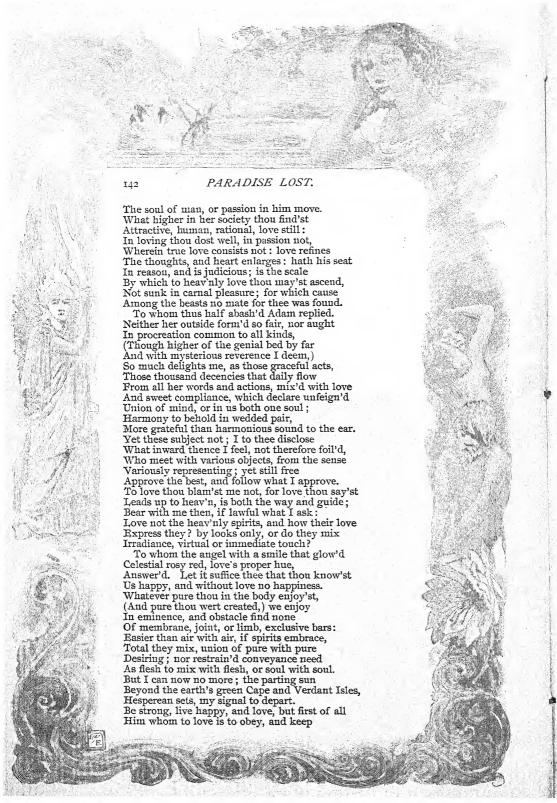
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

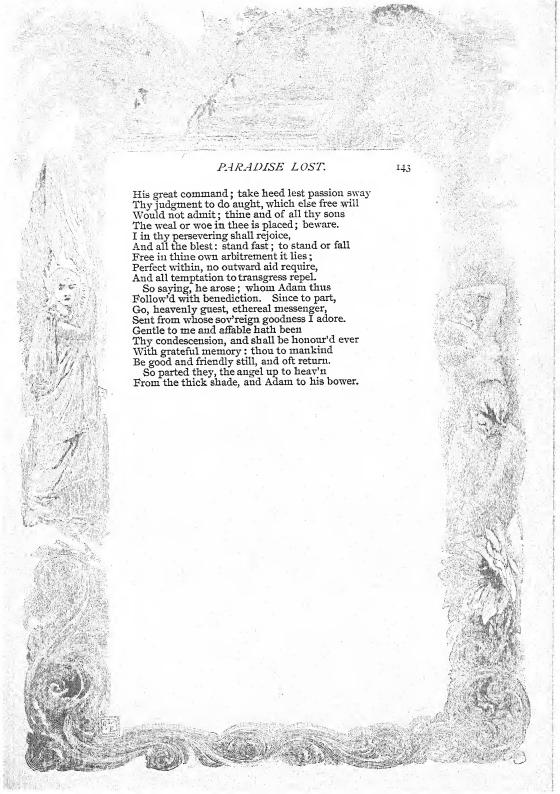
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased, And find thee knowing not of beasts alone, Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself, Expressing well the spirit within thee free, My image, not imparted to the brute; Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike, And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st, Knew it not good for man to be alone, And no such company as then thou saw'st Intended thee, for trial only brought, To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet. What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,

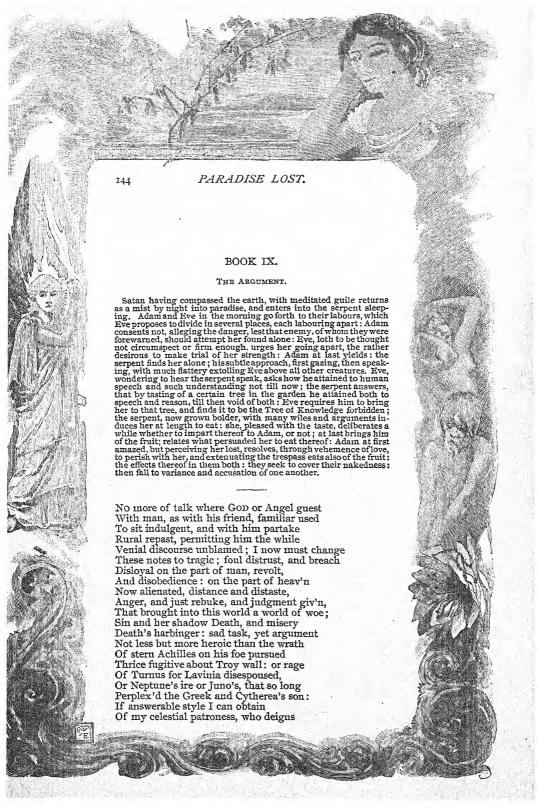
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self, Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire. He ended, or I heard no more; for now My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd, Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth In that celestial colloquy sublime, As with an object that excels the sense, Dazzled, and spent, sunk down, and sought repair Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes. Mine eyes He closed, but open left the cell Of fancy my internal sight, by which Abstract as in a trance methought I saw, Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape Still glorious before whom awake I stood; Who stooping open'd my left side, and took From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm, And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound, But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd. The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands; Under His forming hands a creature grew Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair, That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd, And in her looks; which from that time infused Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before, And into all things from her air inspired The spirit of love and amorous delight. She disappear'd, and left me dark, I waked To find her, or for ever to deplore Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure. When out of hope, behold her, not far off, Such as I saw her in my dreams, adorn'd With what all earth or heaven could bestow To make her amiable: on she came,

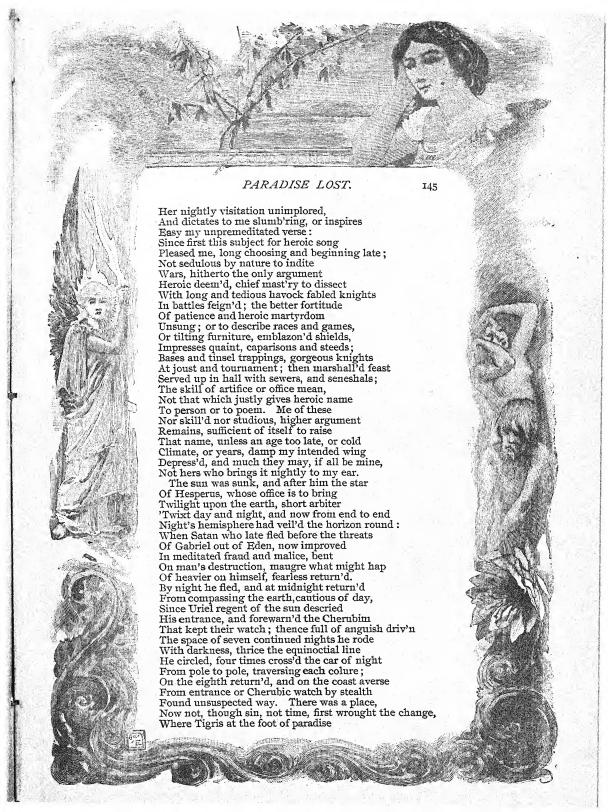


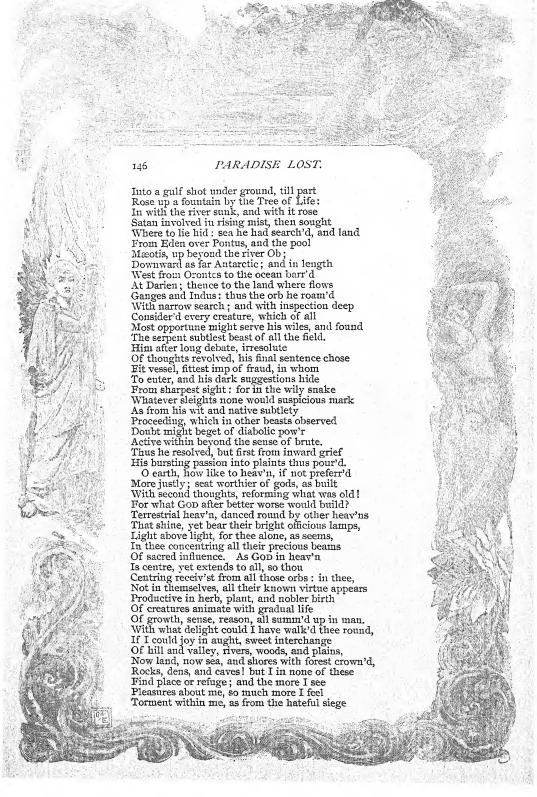


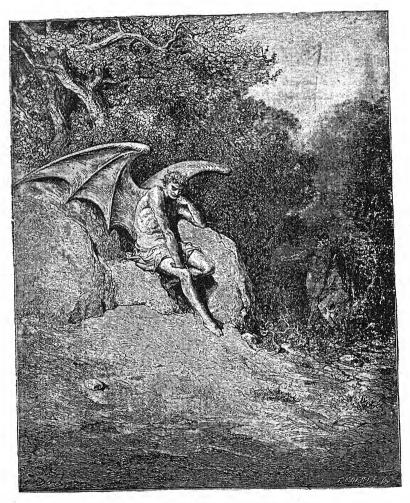






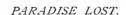






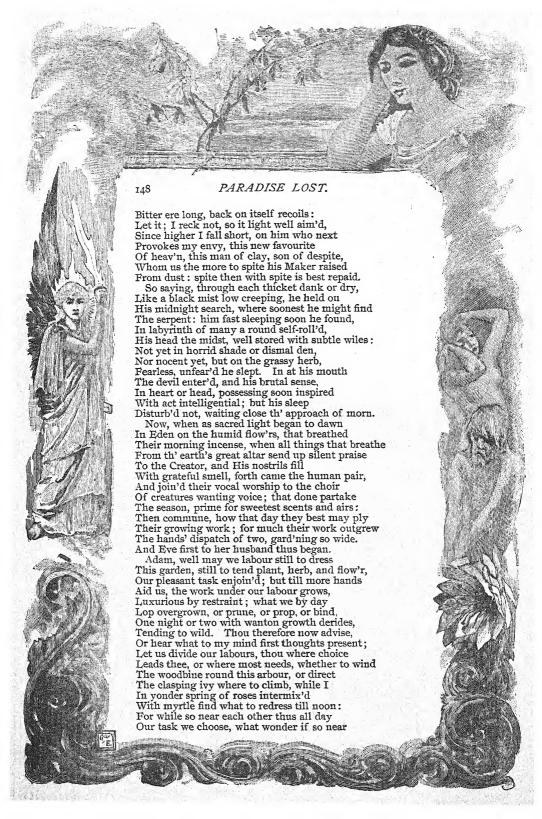
"O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferr'd More justly."—Book IX., lines 99-100.

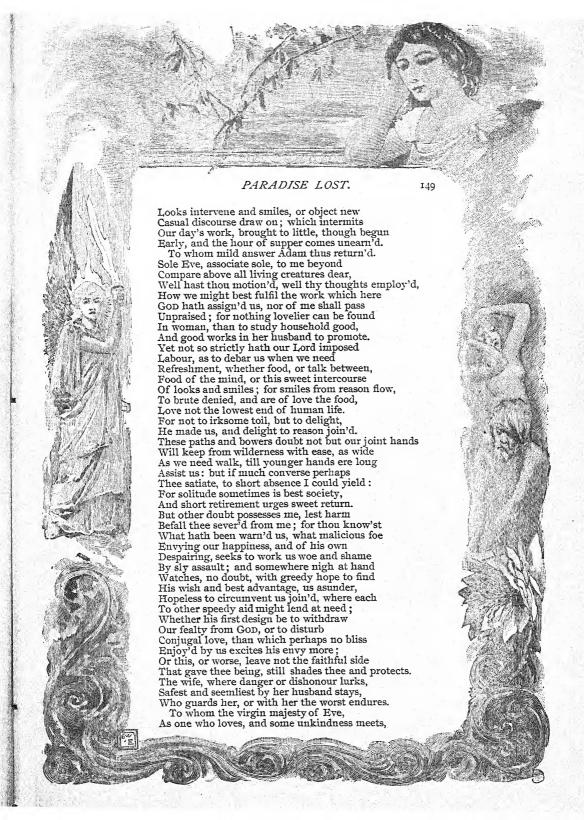


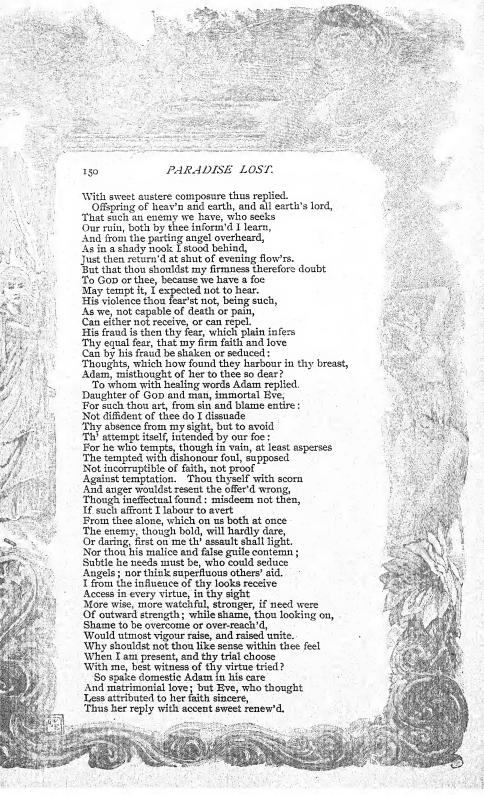


147

Of contraries; all good to me becomes Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state. But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme; Nor hope to be myself less miserable By what I seek, but others to make such As I, though thereby worse to me redound: For only in destroying I find ease To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd, Or won to what may work his utter loss, For whom all this was made, all this will soon Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe; In woe then; that destruction wide may range. To me shall be the glory sole among The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd What He, Almighty styled, six nights and days Continued making, and who knows how long Before had been contriving, though perhaps Not longer than since I in one night freed From servitude inglorious well nigh half Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng Of His adorers. He to be avenged, And to repair His numbers thus impair'd, Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd More angels to create, if they at least Are His created, or to spite us more, Determined to advance into our room A creature form'd of earth, and him endow, Exalted from so base original, With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed He effected; man he made, and for him built Magnificent this world, and earth his seat, Him lord pronounced, and, O indignity! Subjected to his service angel wings, And flaming ministers, to watch and tend Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance I dread, and to elude, thus wrapp'd in mist Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry In every bush and brake, where hap may find The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds To hide me, and the dark intent I bring. O foul descent! that I, who erst contended With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime, This essence to incarnate and imbrute, That to the highth of deity aspired; But what will not ambition and revenge Descend to? who aspires must down as low As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,

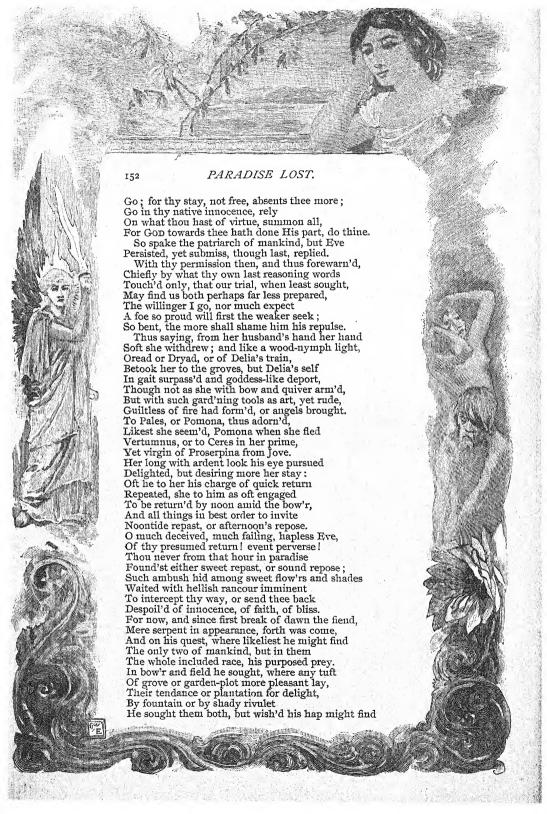


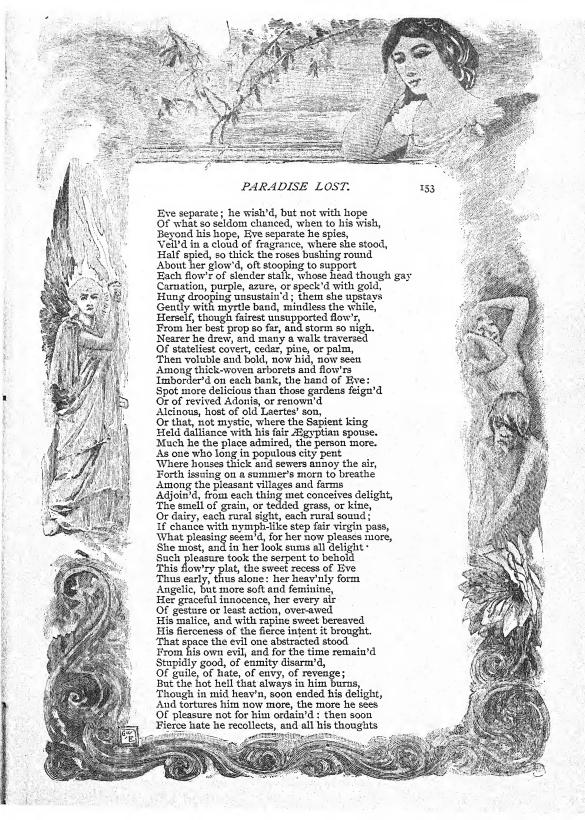




If this be our condition, thus to dwell In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe, Subtle or violent, we not endued Single with like defence, wherever met, How are we happy, still in fear of harm? But harm precedes not sin: only our foe Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem Of our integrity: his foul esteem Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd By us? who rather double honour gain From his surmise proved false, find peace within, Favour from heav'n, our witness, from th' event. And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd Alone, without exterior help sustain'd? Let us not then suspect our happy state Left so imperfect by the Maker wise, As not secure to single or combined. Frail is our happiness, if this be so,

And Eden were no Eden thus exposed. To whom thus Adam fervently replied. O woman, best are all things as the will Of God ordain'd them; His creating hand Nothing imperfect or deficient left Of all that He created, much less man, Or aught that might his happy state secure, Secure from outward force; within himself The danger lies, yet lies within his power: Against his will he can receive no harm. But Gop left free the will, for what obeys Reason is free, and reason He made right; But bid her well beware, and still erect, Lest by some fair appearing good surprized She dictate false, and misinform the will To do what God expressly hath forbid. Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins, That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me. Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve, Since reason not impossibly may meet Some specious object by the foe suborn'd, And fall into deception unaware, Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd. Seek not temptation then, which to avoid Were better, and most likely, if from me Thou sever not: trial will come unsought. Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve First thy obedience; th' other who can know, Not seeing thee attempted, who attest? But if thou think trial unsought may find Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,





Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites. Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet Compulsion thus transported to forget What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy, Save what is in destroying: other joy To me is lost. Then let me not let pass Occasion which now smiles; behold alone The woman opportune to all attempts, Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh, Whose higher intellectual more I shun, And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould; Foe not informidable, exempt from wound, I not: so much hath hell debased, and pain Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n. She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods, Not terrible, though terror be in love, And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate, Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd;

The way which to her ruin now I tend. So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve Address'd his way, not with indented wave, Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear, Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd Fold above fold a surging maze, his head Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape, And lovely, never since of serpent kind Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed Hermione and Cadmus, or the God In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd Ammonian Tove or Capitoline was seen, He with Olympias, this with her who bore Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd To interrupt, side-long he works his way. As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail. So varied he, and of his tortuous train Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve, To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used To such disport before her through the field, From every beast, more duteous at her call,

Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He bolder now uncall'd before her stood;
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,

His fraudulent temptation thus began.
Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.

Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired. Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair. Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore With ravishment beheld, there best beheld Where universally admired: but here In this enclosure wild, these beasts among, Beholders rude, and shallow to discern Half what in thee is fair, one man except,

Who sees thee? and what is one? who should be seen A Goddess among Gods, adored and served

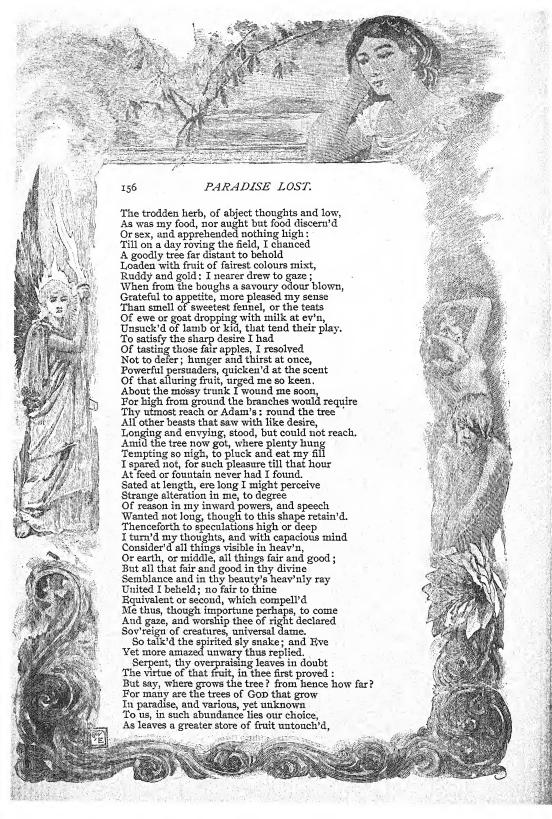
By angels numberless, thy daily train.

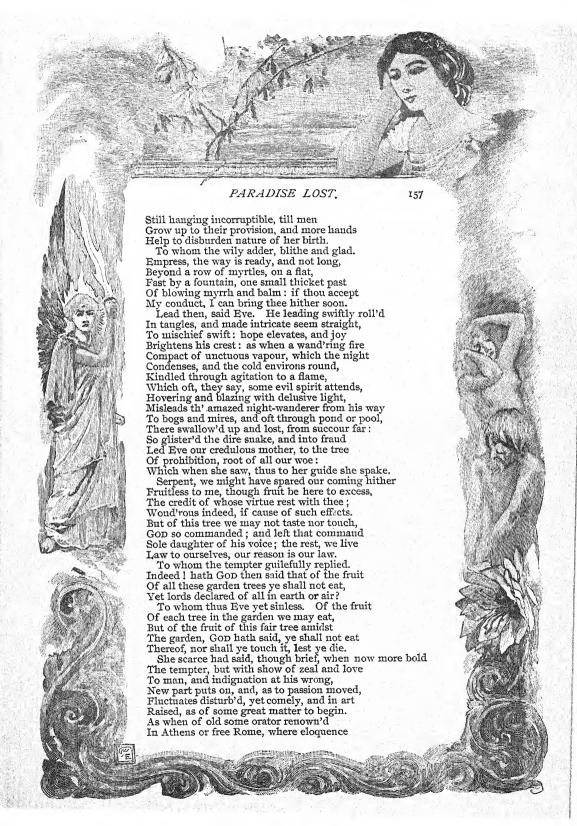
So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned;
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling: at length
Not unamazed she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued:
Production of Every Production of the production of th

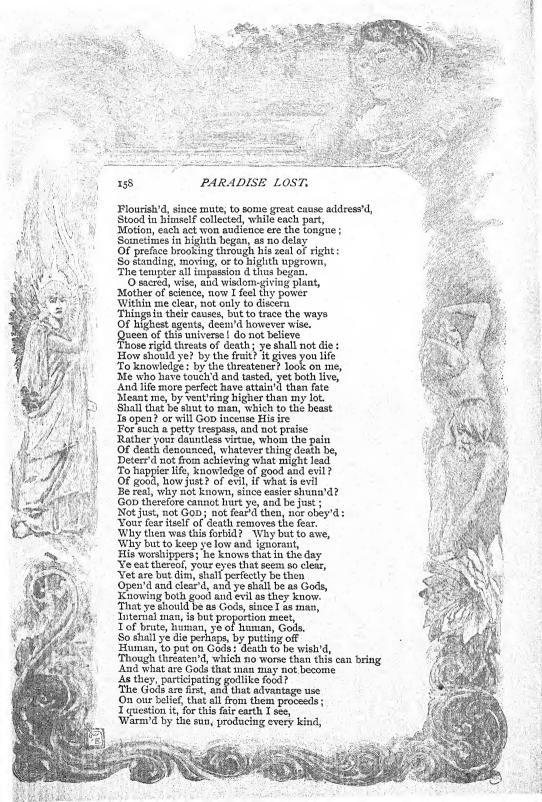
I knew, but not with human voice endued: Redouble then this miracle, and say, How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how To me so friendly grown above the rest Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight? Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve, Easy to me it is to tell thee all Whatthou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd.

I was at first as other beasts that graze



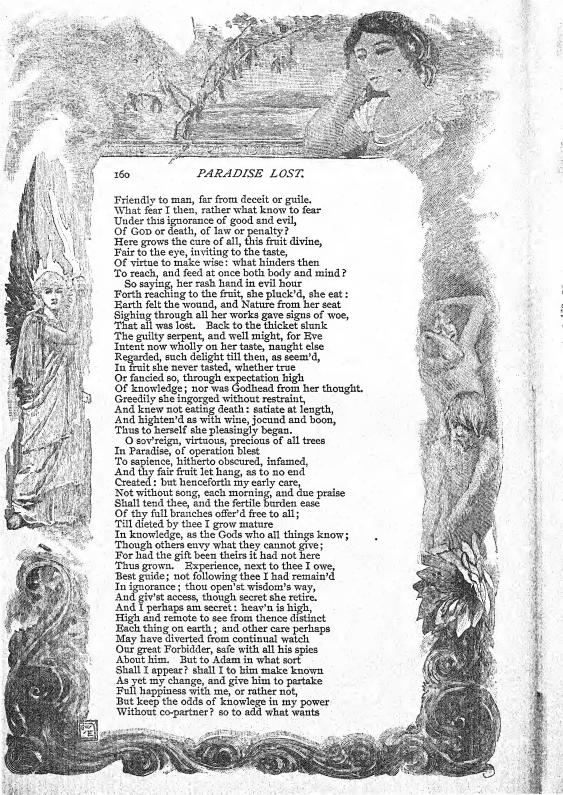


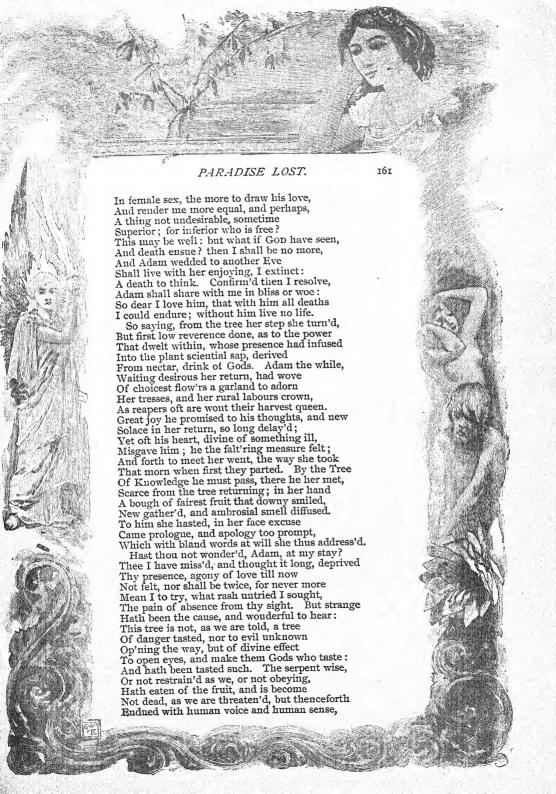


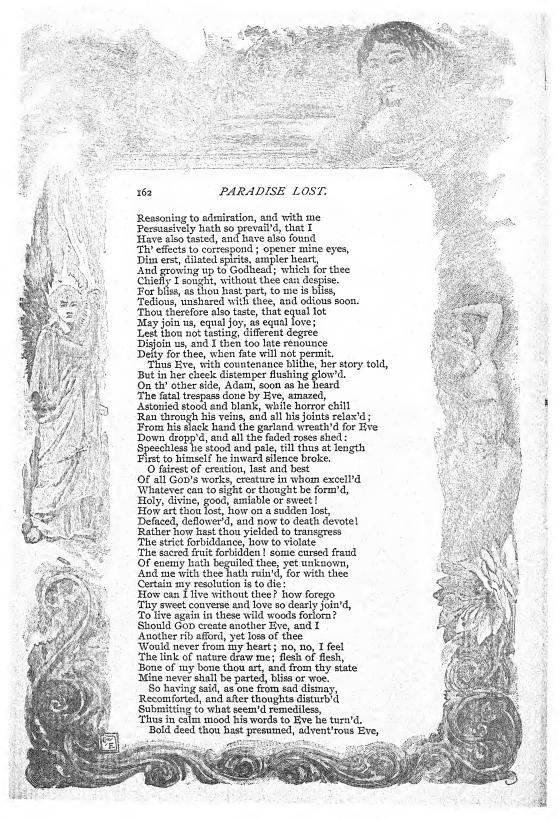
Them nothing: if they all things, who enclosed Knowledge of good and evil in this tree, That whose eats thereof forthwith attains Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know? What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree Impart against his will if all be his? Or is it envy; and can envy dwell In heav'nly breasts? These, these and many more Causes import your need of this fair fruit. Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

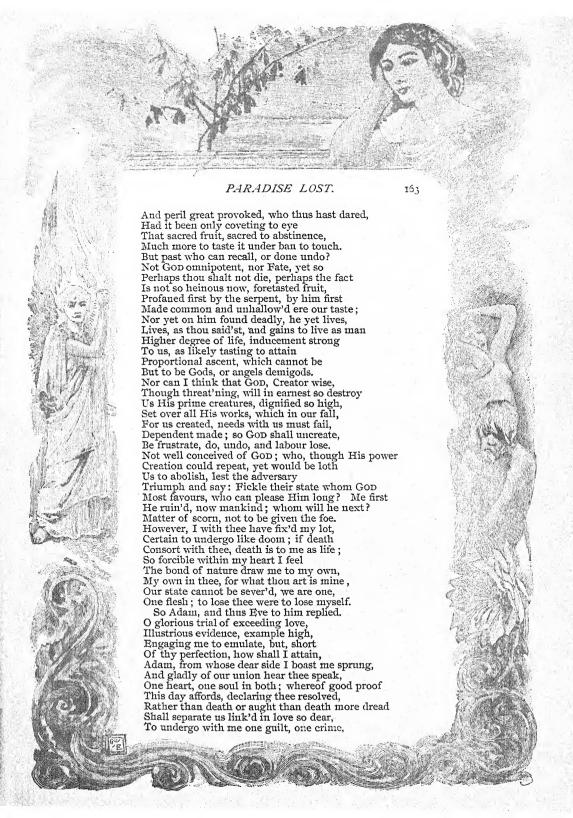
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix d on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused.

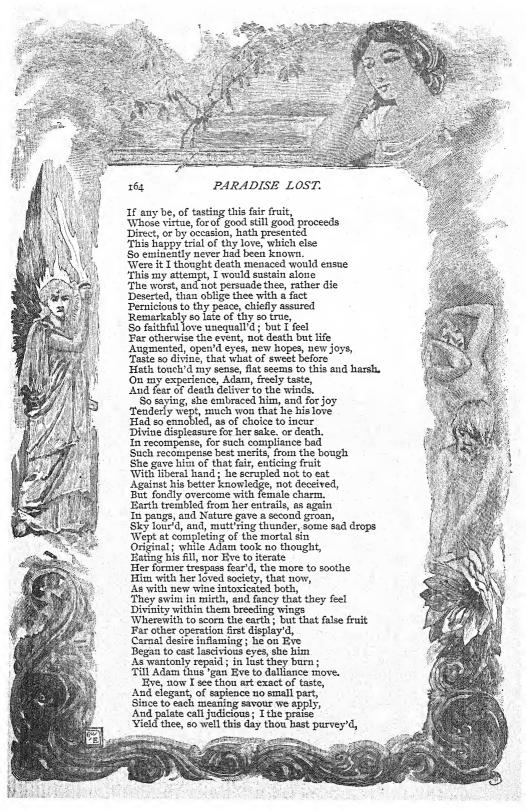
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits, Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired, Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay Gave elocution to the mute, and taught The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise: Thy praise He also who forbids thy use Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil; Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding Commends thee more, while it infers the good By thee communicated, and our want: For good unknown sure is not had, or had And yet unknown is as not had at all. In plain then, what forbids He but to know, Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise? Such prohibitions bind not. But if death Bind us with after-bands, what profits then Our inward freedom? In the day we eat Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die. How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives, And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns, Irrational till then. For us alone Was death invented? or to us denied This intellectual food, for beasts reserved? For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,

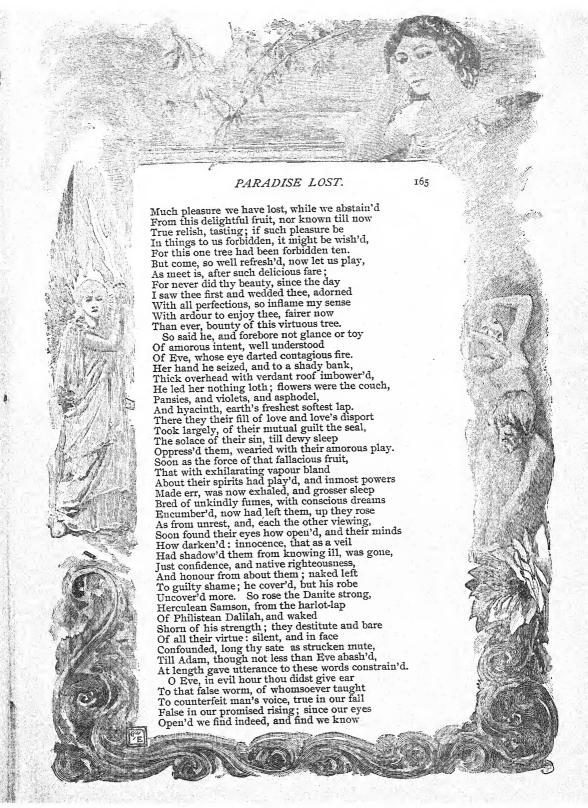


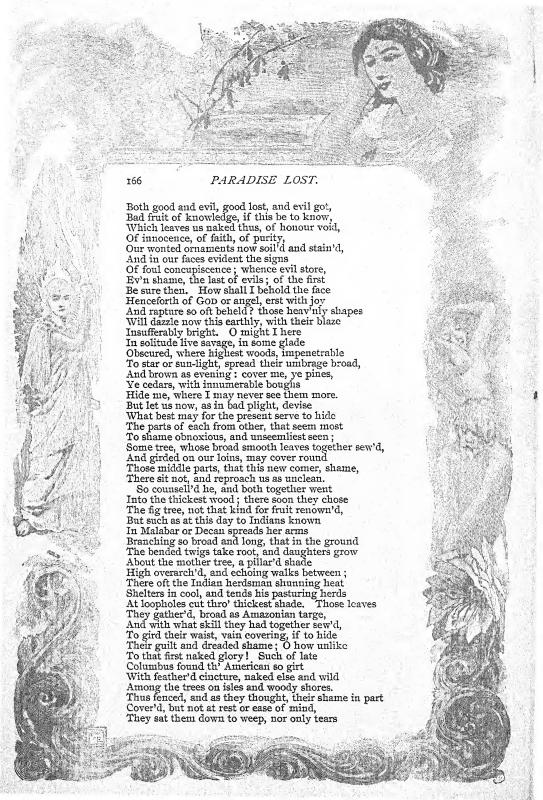










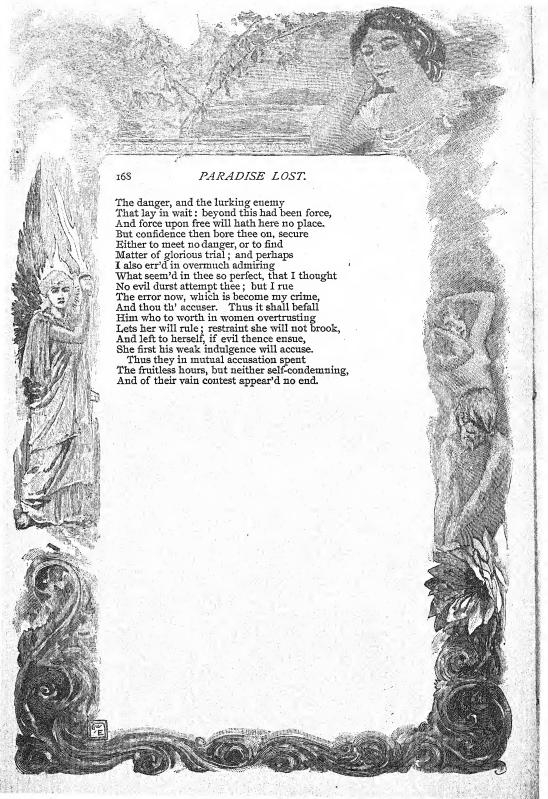


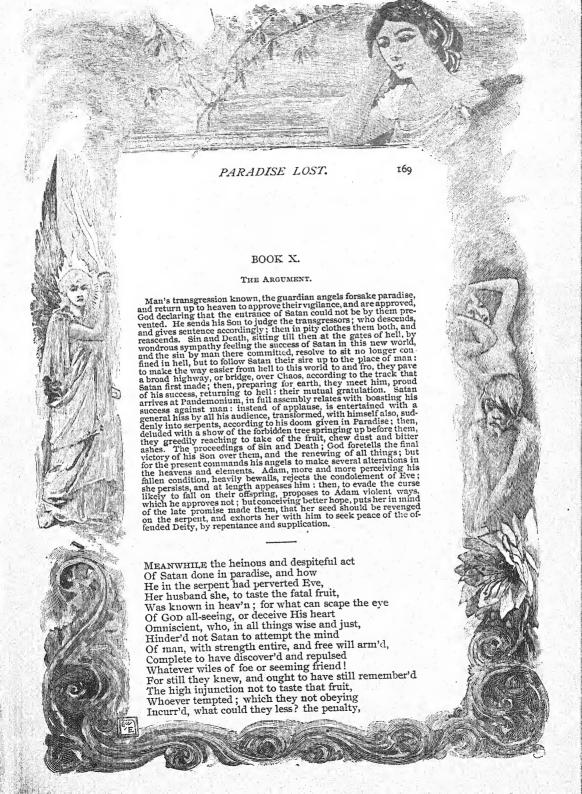
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate, Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore Their inward state of mind, calm region once And full of peace, now toss'd and turbulent: For understanding ruled not, and the will Heard not her lore, both in subjection now To sensual appetite, who from beneath Usurping over sov'reign reason claim'd Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style, Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

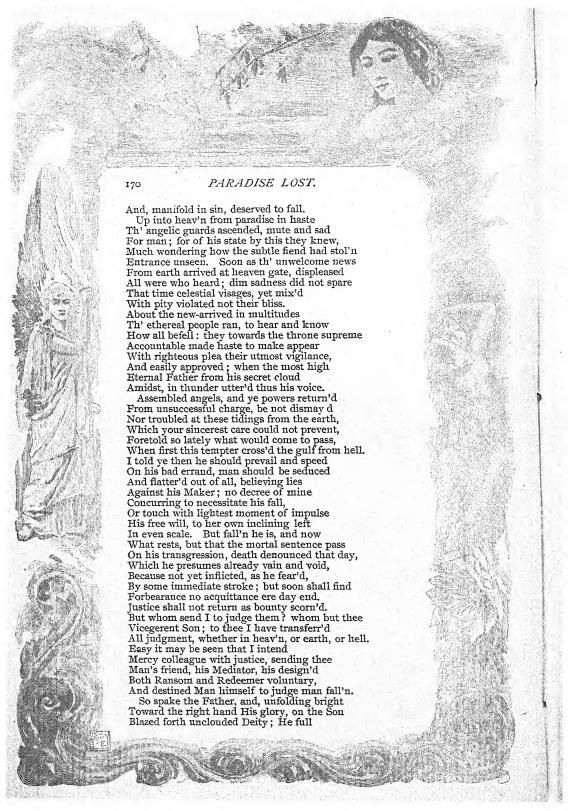
Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd With me, as I besought thee, when that strange Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then Remain'd still happy, not, as now, despoil'd Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable. Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

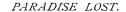
To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve. What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe, Imput'st thou that to my default, or will Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows But might as ill have happen'd thou being by, Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou been there, Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake; No ground of enmity between us known, Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm. Was I to have never parted from thy side? As good have grown there still a lifeless rib. Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head, Command me absolutely not to go, Going into such danger, as thou said'st? Too facile, then thou didst not much gainsay, Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss. Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent, Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incensed Adam replied. Is this the love, is this the recompense Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd Immutable when thou wert lost, not I, Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss, Yet willingly chose rather death with thee? And am I now upbraided, as the cause Of thy transgressing? not enough severe, It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more? I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold









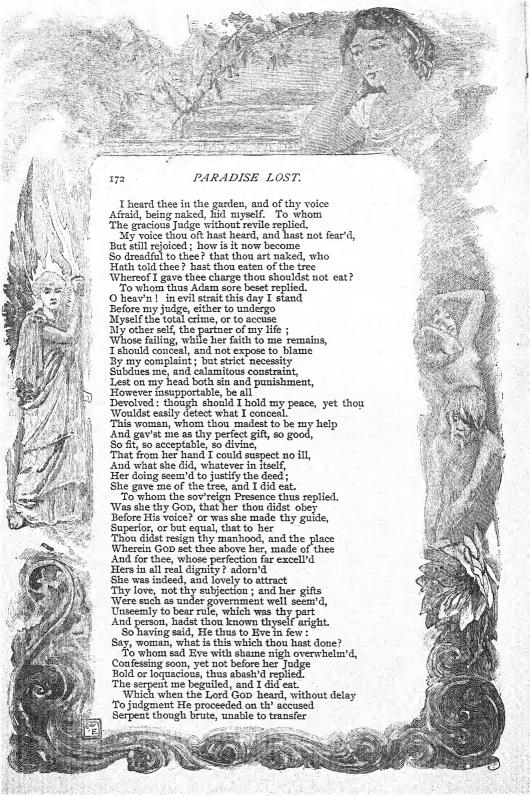
171

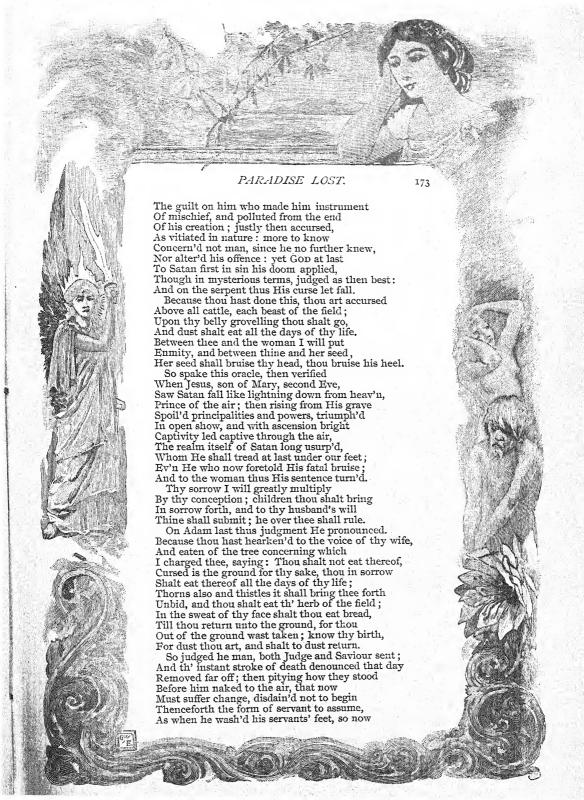
Resplendent all His Father manifest Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild. Father eternal, thine is to decree, Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will Supreme, that thou in me thy Son beloved May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st, Whoever judged, the worst on me must light, When time shall be; for so I undertook Before thee, and not repenting this obtain Of right, that I may mitigate their doom On me derived; yet I shall temper so Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most Them fully satisfied, and thee appease. Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none Are to behold the judgment, but the judged, Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd, Convict by flight, and rebel to all law, Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

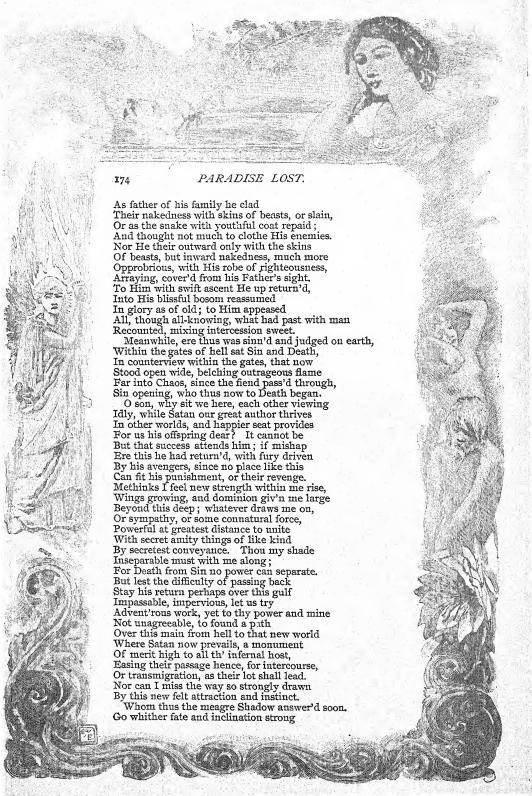
Thus saying, from His radiant seat He rose Of high collateral glory: Him thrones and powers, Princedoms and dominations ministrant Accompanied to heaven gate, from whence Eden and all the coast in prospect lay. Down He descended straight; the speed of gods Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd. Now was the sun in western cadence low From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour To fan the earth now waked, and usher in The ev'ning cool, when He from wrath more cool Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both, To sentence man: the voice of GoD they heard Now walking in the garden, by soft winds Brought to their ears, while day declined, they heard, And from His presence hid themselves among The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud.

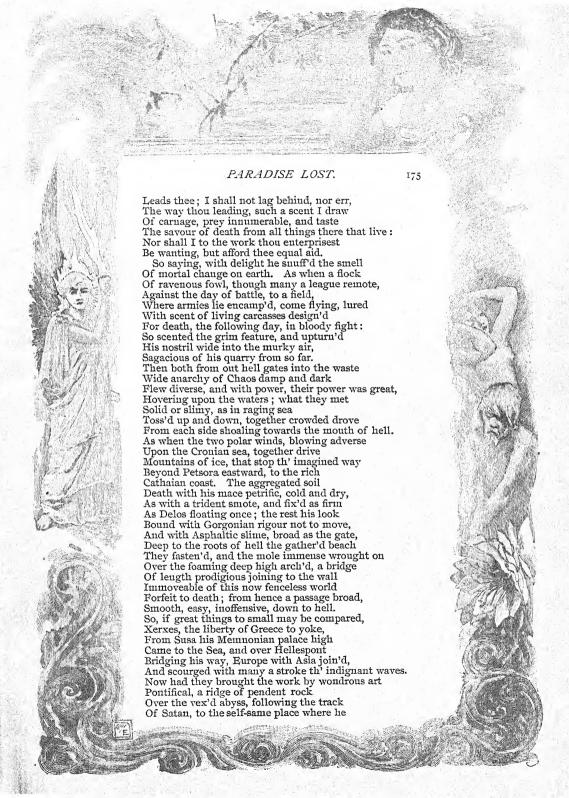
Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet My coming seen far off? I miss thee here; Not pleased, thus entertain'd with solitude, Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought: Or come I less conspicuous, or what change Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

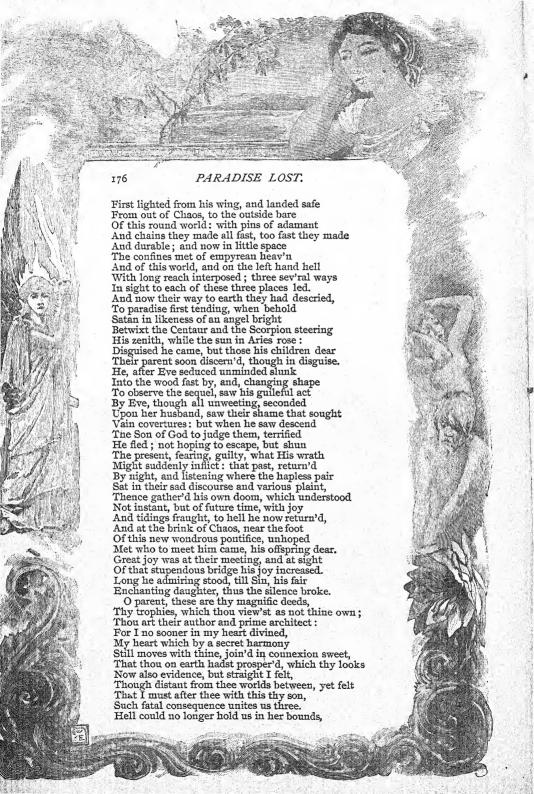
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed. Love was not in their looks, either to God Or to each other, but apparent guilt, And shame, and perturbation, and despair, Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile. Whence Adam, falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.

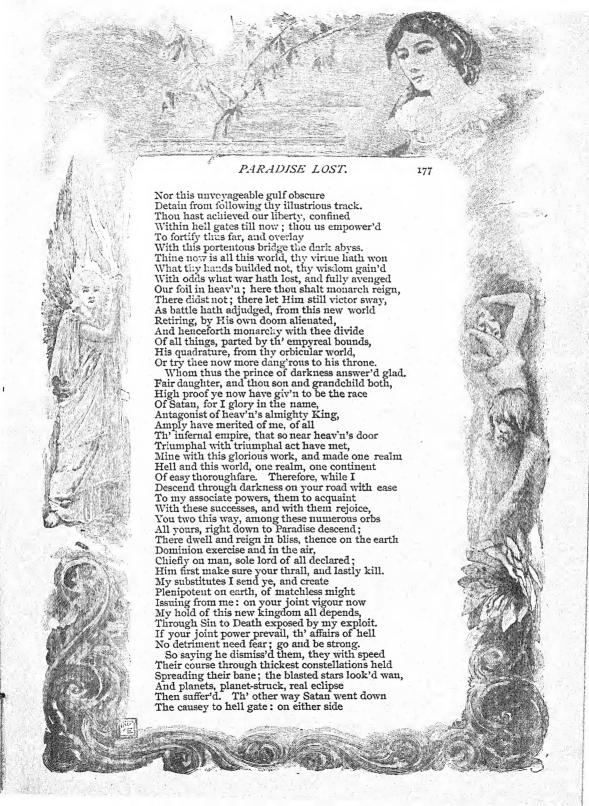


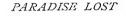






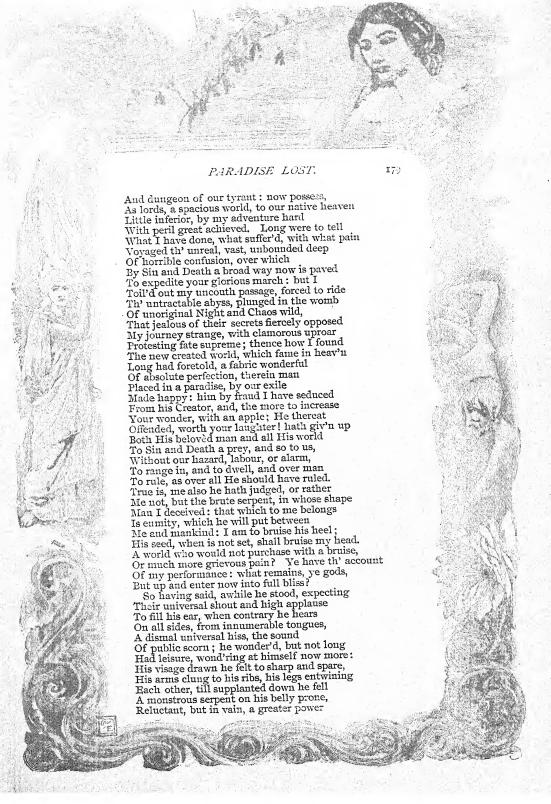


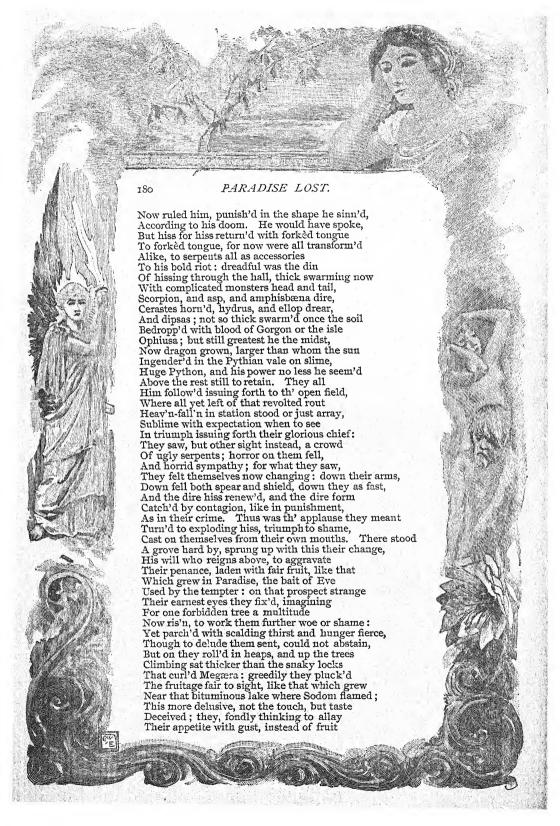


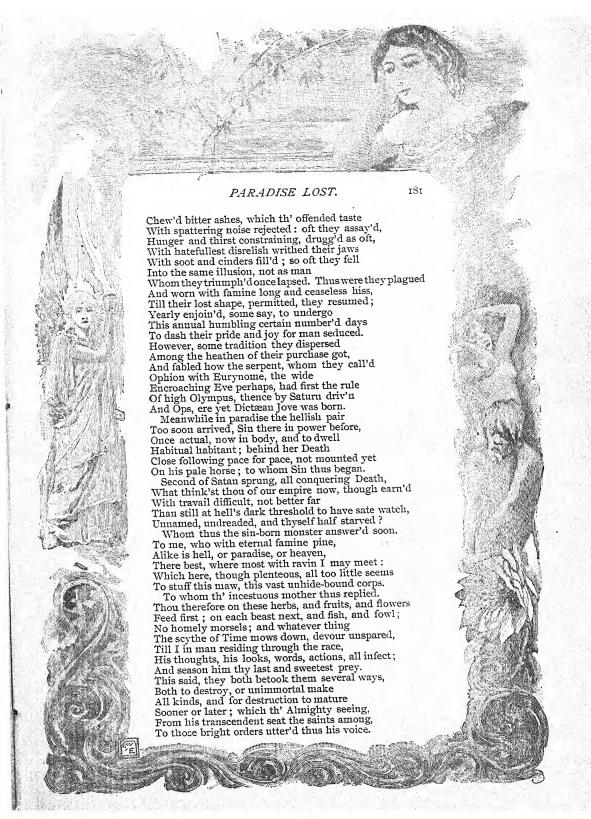


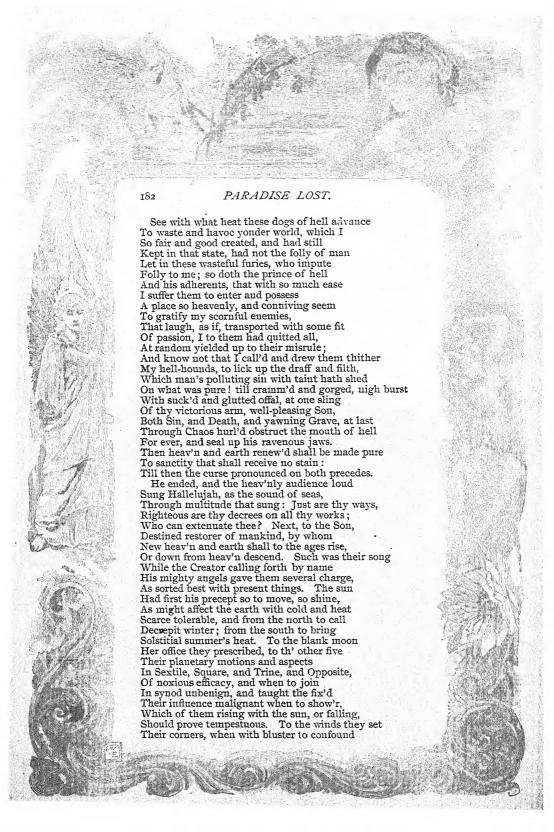
178

Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd, And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd, That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate, Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd, And all about found desolate; for those Appointed to sit there had left their charge, Flown to the upper world; the rest were all Far to the inland retired, about the walls Of Pandæmonium, city and proud seat Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd, Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd. There kept their watch the legions, while the grand In council sat, solicitous what chance Might intercept their emperor sent, so he Departing gave command, and they observed. As when the Tartar from his Russian foe By Astracan over the snowy plains Retires, or Bactrian Sophy from the horns Of Turkish crescent leaves all waste beyond The realm of Aladule in his retreat To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch Round their metropolis, and now expecting Each hour their great adventurer from the search Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd, In show plebeian angel militant Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door Of that Plutonian hall invisible Ascended his high throne, which, under state Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end Was placed in regal lustre. Down awhile He sat, and round about him saw unseen: At last as from a cloud his fulgent head And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad With what permissive glory since his fall Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld, Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim. Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers, Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy, Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand Silence, and with these words attention, won. Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers, For in possession such, not only of right, I call ye and declare ye now, return'd Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth Triumphant out of this infernal pit Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,



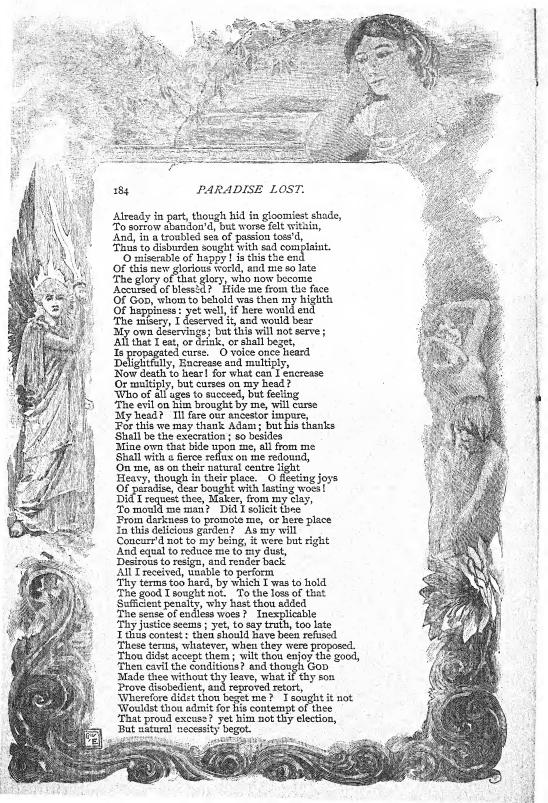


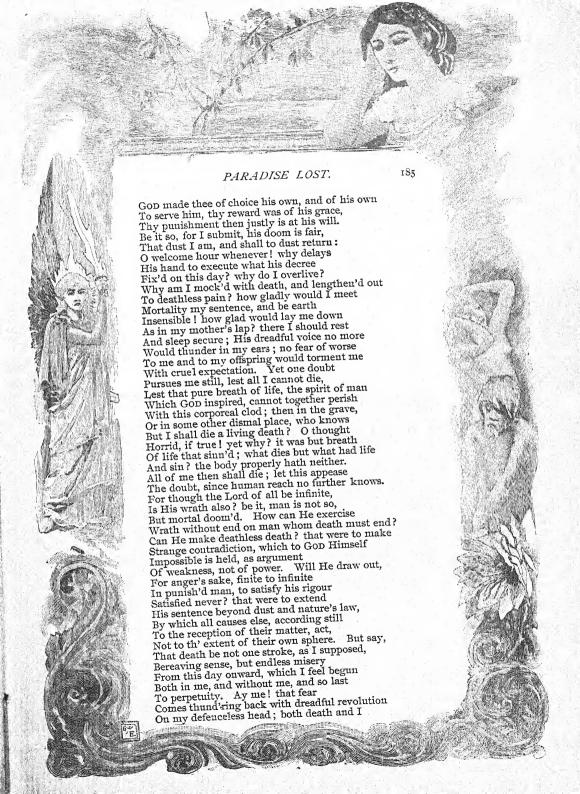




## PARADISE LOST.

Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll With terror through the dark aereal hall. Some say, he bid his angels turn askance The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd Oblique the centric globe: some say, the sun Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan twins, Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales, As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flow'rs, Equal in days and nights, except to those Beyond the polar circles; to them day Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun To recompense his distance in their sight Had rounded still th' horizon and not known Or east or west, which had forbid the snow From cold Estotiland, and south as far Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd His course intended; else how had the world Inhabited, though sinless, more than now Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat? These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produced Like change on sea and land, sideral blast, Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot, Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north Or Norumbega and the Samoed shore, Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice, And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw, Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud, And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn; With adverse blast upturns them from the south Notus, and Afer black with thund'rous clouds From Serraliona, thwart of these as fierce Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds, Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational Death introduced through fierce antipathy: Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl, And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe Of man, but fled him, or with count nance grim Glared on him passing. These were from without The growing miseries, which Adam saw

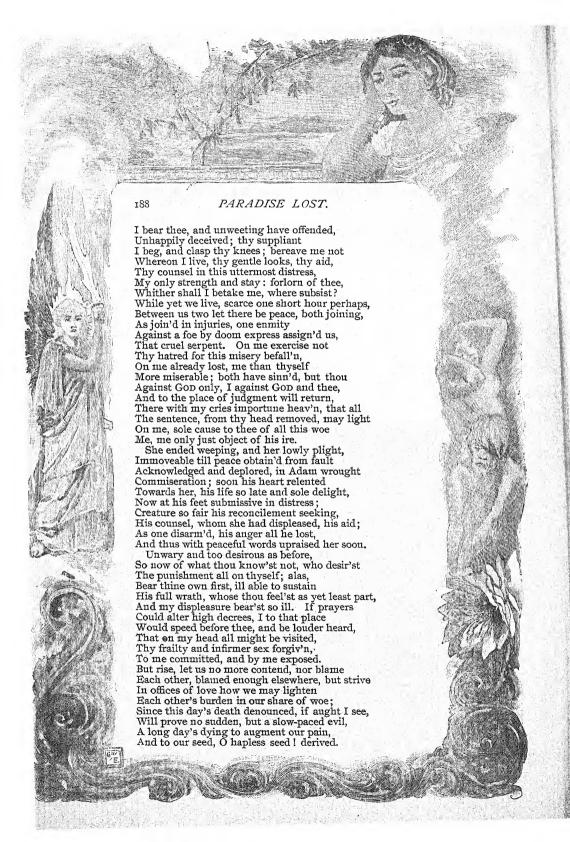


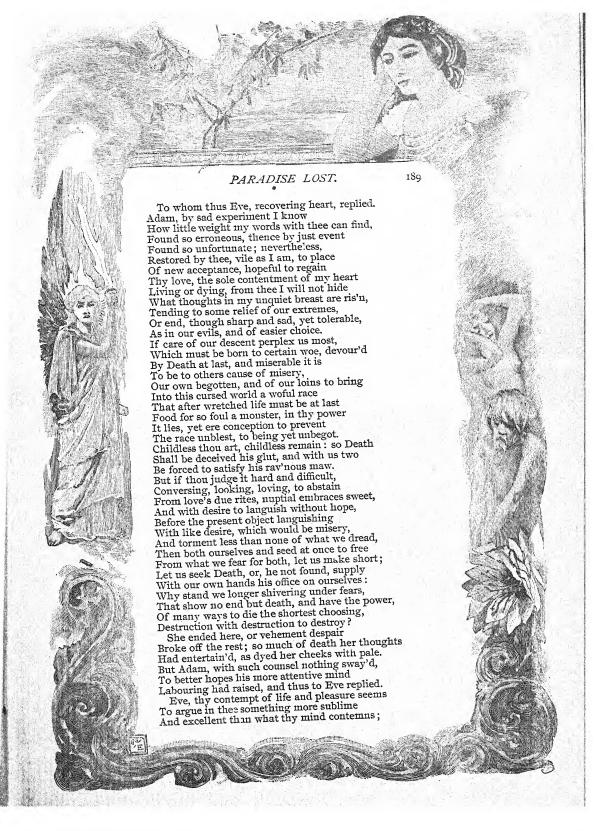


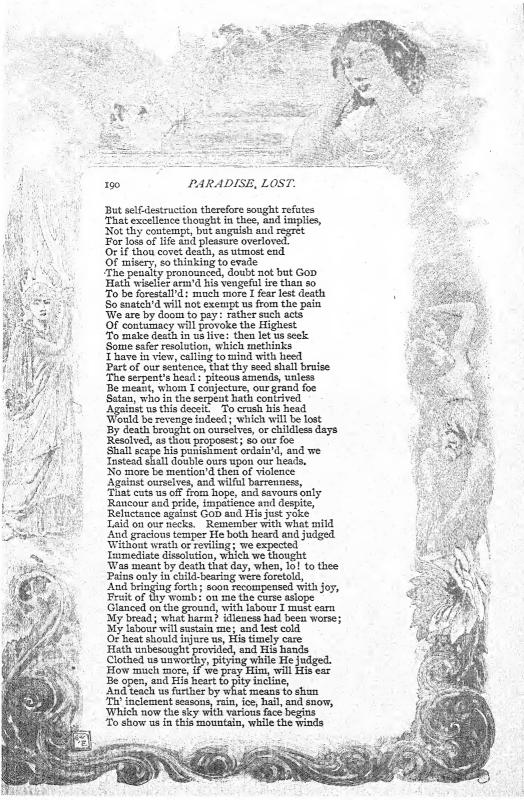
Are found eternal, and incorporate both; Nor I on my part single, in me all Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! So disinherited, how would ye bless Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind. For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd, If guiltless? But from me what can proceed, But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved, Not to do only, but to will the same With me? how can they then acquitted stand In sight of Goo? Him, after all disputes, Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain, And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still But to my own conviction: first and last On me, me only, as the source and spring Of all corruption, all the blame lights due; So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support That burden heavier than the earth to bear, Than all the world much heavier, though divided With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st, And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope Of refuge, and concludes the miserable Beyond all past example and future, To Satan only like both crime and doom. O Conscience, into what abyss of fears And horrors hast thou driv'n me, out of which I find no way from deep to deeper plunged! Thus Adam to himself lamented loud Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell, Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom, Which to his evil conscience represented All things with double terror. On the ground Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft Cursed his creation, death as oft accused Of tardy execution, since denounced The day of his offence. Why comes not death, Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word, Justice divine not hasten to be just? But death comes not at call, justice divine Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries. O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs, With other echo late I taught your shades To answer, and resound far other song. Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld, Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh, Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:

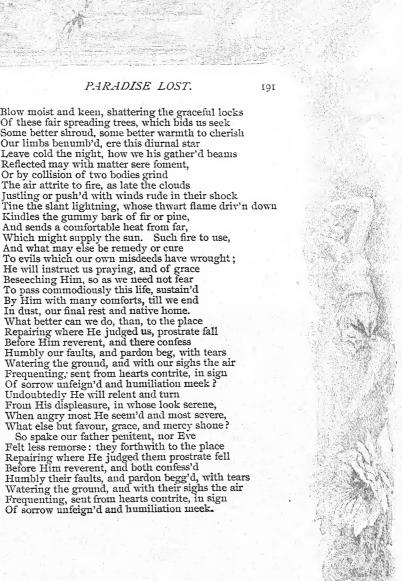
## PARADISE LOST.

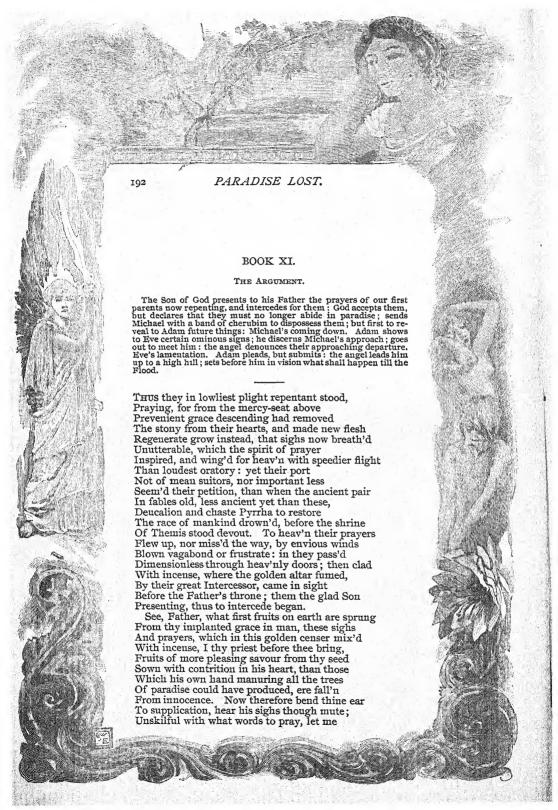
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd. Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape, Like his, and colour serpentine may show Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee I had persisted happy, had not thy pride And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd Not to be trusted, longing to be seen Though by the devil himself, him overweening To over-reach; but with the serpent meeting, Fool'd and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee, To trust thee from my side, imagined wise, Constant, mature, proof against all assaults, And understood not all was but a show Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, More to the part sinister from me drawn, Well if thrown out, as supernumerary To my just number found. Oh! why did God, Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n With spirits masculine, create at last This novelty on earth, this fair defect Of nature, and not fill the world at once With men as angels without feminine, Or find some other way to generate Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, And more that shall befall; innumerable Disturbances on earth through female snares, And straight conjunction with this sex: for either He never shall find out fit mate, but such As some misfortune brings him, or mistake, Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd By a far worse; or if she love, withheld By parents; or his happiest choice too late Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound To a fell adversary, his hate or shame; Which infinite calamity shall cause To human life, and household peace confound. He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing, And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint. Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heav'n What love sincere and reverence in my heart

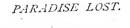












193

Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me
Good or not good ingraft, my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smeil of peace toward mankind, let him live
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Number'd, though sad, till death his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene: All thy request for man, accepted Son, Obtain; all thy request was my decree: But longer in that Paradise to dwell The law I gave to nature him forbids: Those pure immortal elements, that know No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul, Eject him tainted now, and purge him off As a distemper gross, to air as gross, And mortal food, as may dispose him best For dissolution wrought by sin, that first Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts Created him endow'd, with happiness And immortality: that fondly lost, This other served but to eternize woe, Till I provided death; so death becomes His final remedy, and after life Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined By faith and faithful works, to second life, Waked in the renovation of the just, Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd. But let us call to synod all the blest Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not hide My judgments; how with mankind I proceed, As how with peccant angels late they saw; And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps When GoD descended, and perhaps once more To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bow'rs Of Amaranthine shade, fountain or spring, By the waters of life, where ere they sat In fellowships of joy, the sons of light Hasted, resorting to the summons high, And took their seats; till from His throne supreme

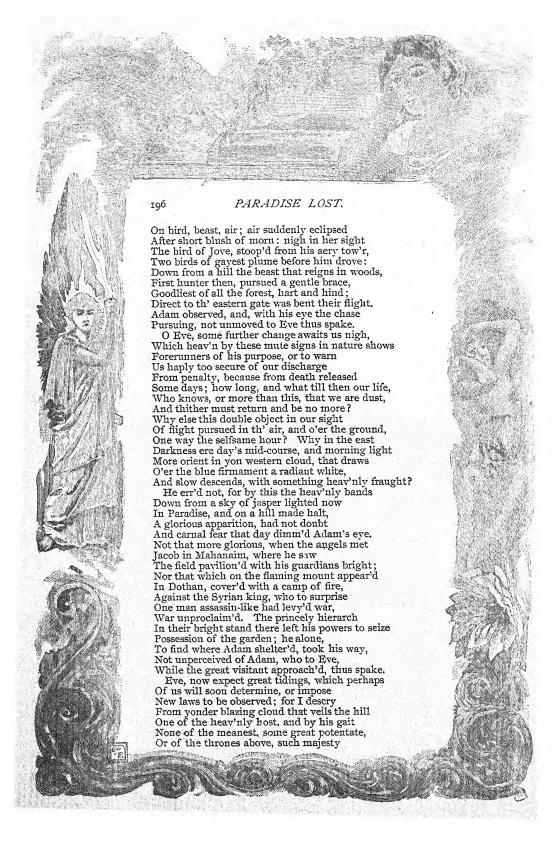
Th' Almighty thus pronounced His sov'reign will. O Sons, like one of us man is become To know both good and evil since his taste Of that defended fruit; but let him boast His knowledge of good lost, and evil got; Happier, had it sufficed him to have known Good by itself, and evil not at all. He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite, My motions in him, longer than they move, His heart I know how variable and vain Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat, And live for ever, dream at least to live For ever, to remove him I decree, And send him from the garden forth to till The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil. Michael, this my behest have thou in charge, Take to thee from among the Cherubim Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend, Or in behalf of man, or to invade Vacant possession, some new trouble raise: Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God Without remorse drive out the sinful pair, From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce To them and to their progeny from thence Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint At the sad sentence rigorously urged, For I behold them soften'd and with tears Bewailing their excess, all terror hide. If patiently thy bidding they obey, Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal To Adam what shall come in future days, As I shall thee enlighten; intermix My cov'nant in the woman's seed renew'd; So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace: And on the east side of the garden place, Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs, Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame Wide waving, all approach far off to fright, And guard all passage to the Tree of Life: Lest paradise a receptacle prove To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey, With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. He ceased; and th' archangelic pow'r prepared For swift descent, with him the cohort bright Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each Had, like a double Janus; all their shape Spangled with eyes more numerous than those Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,

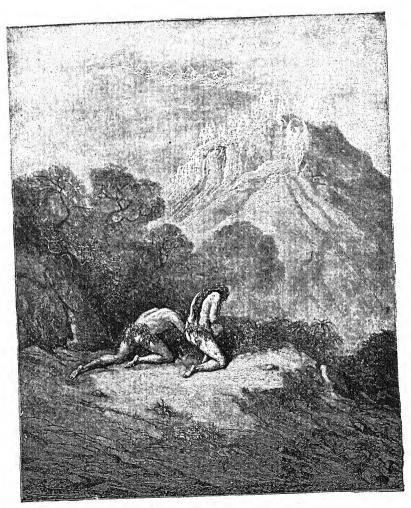
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the pastoral reed

Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile, To resalute the world with sacred light Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve Had ended now their orisons, and found Strength added from above, new hope to spring Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd; Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends; But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n So prevalent as to concern the mind Of God high-bless'd, or to incline His will, Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer, Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought By prayer th' offended Deity to appease, Kneel'd and before Him humbled all my heart. Methought I saw Him placable and mild, Bending His ear: persuasion in me grew That I was heard with favour; peace return'd Home to my breast, and to my memory His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe; Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now Assures me that the bitterness of death Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee, Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind, Mother of all things living, since by thee Man is to live, and all things live for man.

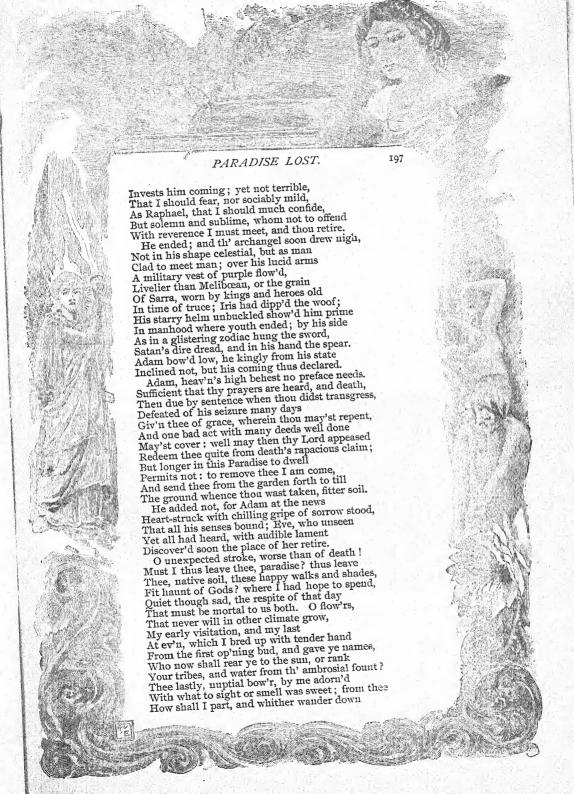
To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek. Ill worthy I such title should belong To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd A help, became thy snare: to me reproach Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise: But infinite in pardon was my Judge, That I, who first brought death on all, am graced The source of life; next favourable thou, Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st, Far other name deserving. But the field To labour calls us now with sweat imposed, Though after sleepless night; for see, the morn, All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth, I never from thy side henceforth to stray, Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell, What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks? Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content. So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve; but fate Subscribed not; nature first gave signs, impress'd





"The heavenly bands Down from a sky of jasher lighted now In Paradise." - Book XI., lines 205-210.





Into a lower world, to this obscure And wild? how shall we breathe in other air Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

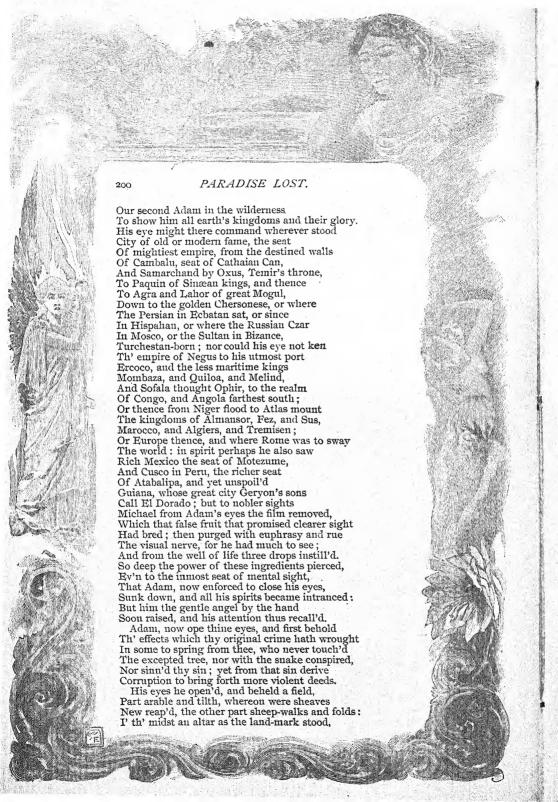
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild. Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart, Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine: Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound; Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

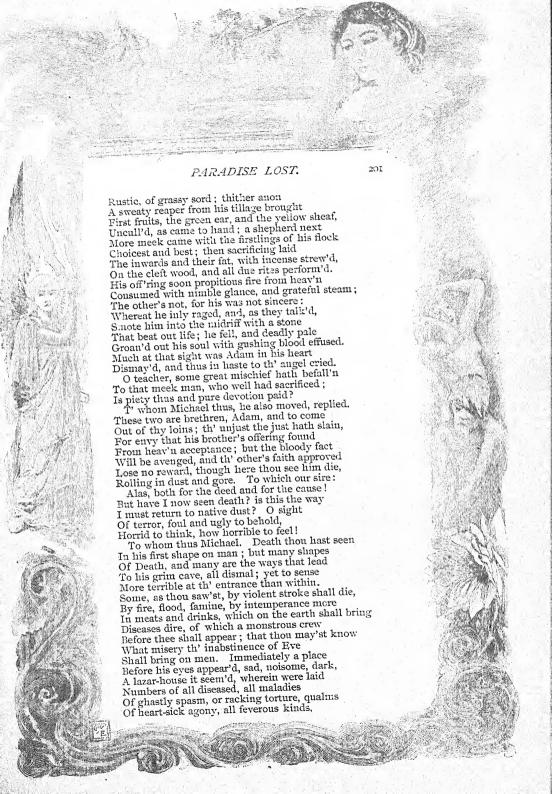
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd, To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem Prince above princes, gently hast thou told Thy message, which might else in telling wound, And in performing end us; what besides Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair, Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring, Departure from this happy place, our sweet Recess, and only consolation left Familiar to our eyes, all places else Inhospitable appear and desolate, Nor knowing us nor known; and if by prayer Incessant I could hope to change the will Of Him who all things can, I would not cease To weary Him with my assiduous cries. But prayer against His absolute decree No more avails than breath against the wind, Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth: Therefore to His great bidding I submit. This most afflicts me, that departing hence As from His face I shall be hid, deprived His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent, With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed Presence divine, and to my sons relate; On this mount He appear'd, under this tree Stood visible, among these pines His voice I heard, here with Him at this fountain talk'd: So many grateful altars I would rear Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone Of lustre from the brook, in memory, Or monument to ages, and thereon Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs: In yonder nether world where shall I seek His bright appearances or footstep trace? For though I fled Him angry, yet, recall'd To life prolong'd and promised race, I now Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts

Of glory, and far off His steps adore. To whom thus Michael with regard benign. Adam, thou know'st heav'n His, and all the earth, Not this rock only: His omnipresence fills Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives, Fornented by His virtual power and warm'd: All th' earth He gave thee to possess and rule, No despicable gift; surmise not then His presence to these narrow bounds confined Of Paradise or Eden: this had been Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread All generations, and had hither come From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate And reverence thee, their great progenitor. But this preëminence thou hast lost, brought down To dwell on even ground now with thy sons: Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain GoD is as here, and will be found alike Present, and of His presence many a sign Still following thee, still compassing thee round With goodness and paternal love, His face Express, and of His steps the track divine. Which that thou may'st believe and be confirm'd Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent To show thee what shall come in future days To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad Expect to hear, supernal grace contending With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn True patience, and to temper joy with fear And pious sorrow, equally inured By moderation either state to bear, Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead Safest thy life, and best prepared endure Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend This hill; let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes, Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest, As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd. To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.

Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit However chast'ning, to the evil turn My obvious breast, arming to overcome By suffering, and earn rest from labour won, If so I may attain. So both ascend In the visions of God. It was a hill, Of Paradise the highest, from whose top The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay. Not higher that hill nor wider looking round, Whereon for different cause the tempter set





Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs, Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs, Dæmoniac frenzy, moping melancholy, And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy, Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence, Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums. Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch; And over them triumphant Death his dart Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked With yows, as their chief good, and final hope. Sight so deform what heart of rock could long Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd His best of man, and gave him up to tears A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess, And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' image of God in man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debased
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then Forsook them, when themselves they villified To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took His image whom they served, a brutish vice, Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment, Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own, Or if His likeness, by themselves defaced, While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they God's image did not reverence in themselves.

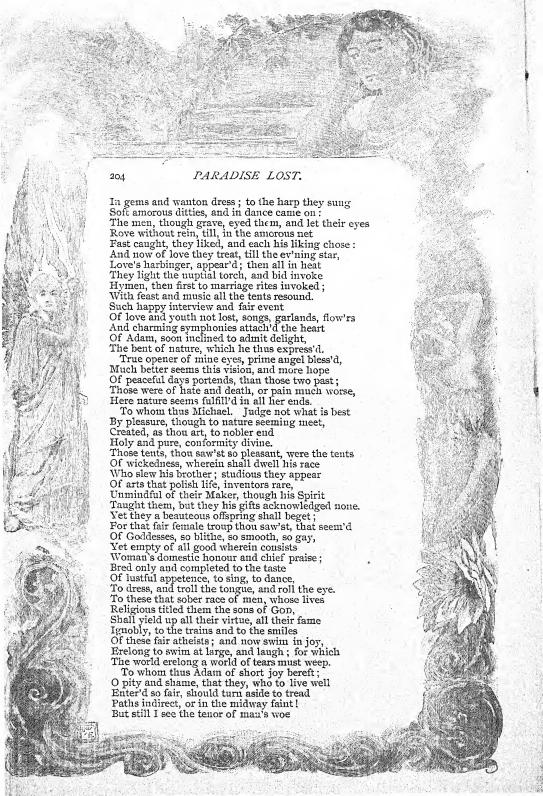
I yield it just, said Adam, and submit. But is there yet no other way, besides These painful passages, how we may come To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

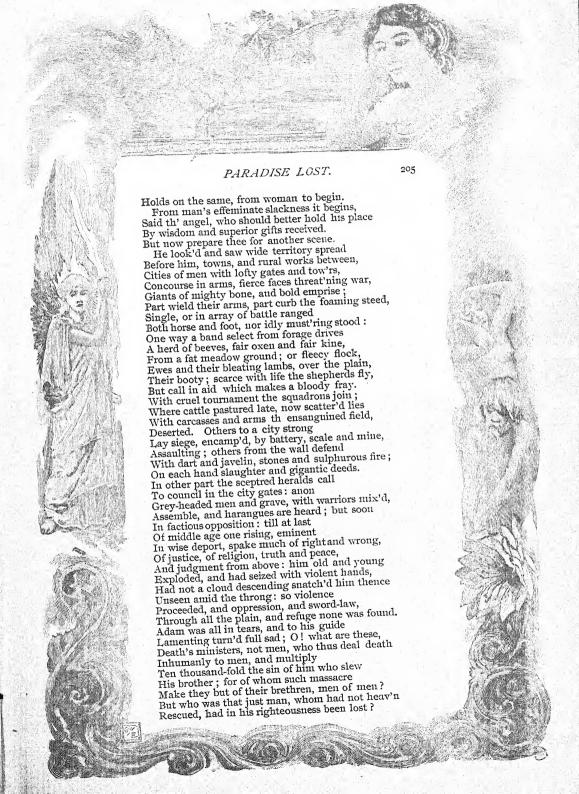
There is, said Michael, if thou well observe The rule of not too much, by temperance taught In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
This is old age; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey: thy senses then
Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego
To what thou hast, and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor:
Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong

The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n: And now prepare thee for another sight. He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon Were tents of various hue; by some were herds Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound Of instruments that made melodious chime Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch Instinct through all proportions low and high Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue, In other part stood one who, at the forge Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass Had melted, whether found where casual fire Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale, Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream From underground; the liquid ore he drain'd Into fit moulds prepared; from which he form'd First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought After these, Fusil or grav'n in metal. But on the hither side, a different sort From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat, Down to the plain descended: by their guise Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent To worship God aright, and know His works Not hid, nor those things last, which might preserve Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold A bevy of fair women, richly gay





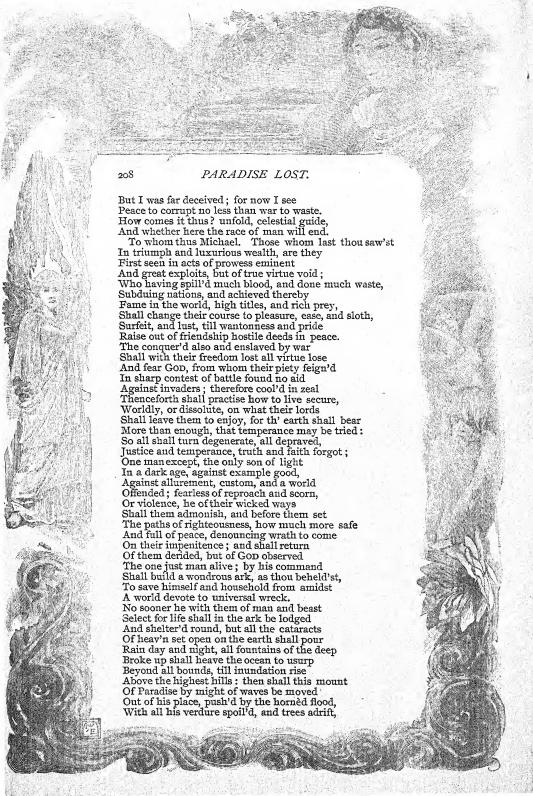
PARADISE LOST.

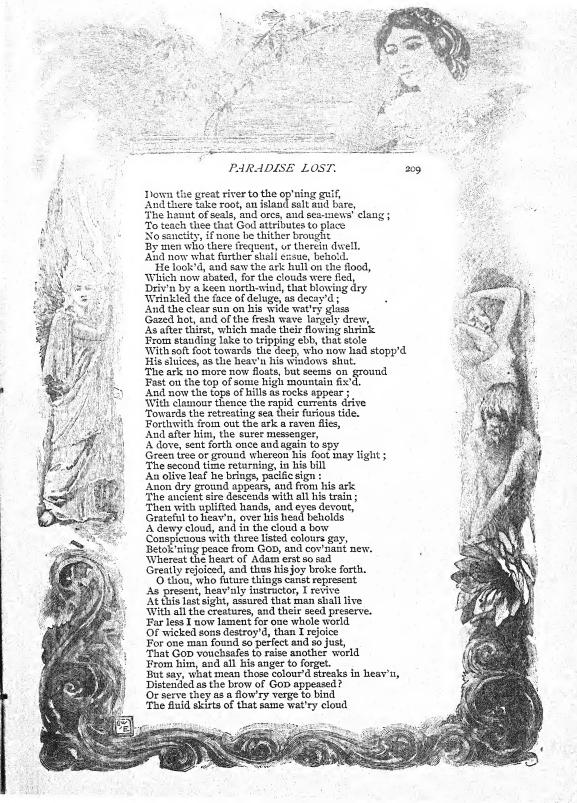
206

To whom thus Michael. These are the product Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st; Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd Produce prodigious births of body or mind. Such were these giants, men of high renown; For in those days might only shall be admired. And valor and heroic virtue call'd: To overcome in battle, and subdue Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch Of human glory, and for glory done Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors, Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods, Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men. Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth, And what most merits fame in silence hid. But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st The only righteous in a world perverse, And therefore hated, therefore so beset With foes for daring single to be just, And utter odious truth, that GoD would come To judge them with his saints; him the most High Wrapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God High in salvation and the climes of bliss, Exempt from death: to show thee what reward Awaits the good, the rest what punishment: Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold: He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed, The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar; All now was turn'd to jollity and game, To luxury and riot, feast and dance, Marrying or prostituting as befell, Rape or adultery, where passing fair Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils. At length a reverend sire among them came, And of their doings great dislike declared, And testified against their ways; he oft Frequented their assemblies, whereso met Triumphs, or festivals, and to them preach'd Conversion and repentance, as to souls In prison under judgments imminent: But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceased Contending, and removed his tents far off: Then from the mountain hewing timber tall, Began to build a vessel of huge bulk, Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth, Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door Contrived, and of provisions laid in large

For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange! Of every beast, and bird, and insect small, Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught Their order: last the sire and his three sons With their four wives; and GoD made fast the door. Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove From under heav'n; the hills to their supply Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain Impetuous, and continued till the earth No more was seen; the floating vessel swum Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow Rode tilting o'er the waves, all dwellings else Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea, Sea without shore, and in their palaces, Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late, All left in one small bottom swum embark'd How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, Depopulation! thee another flood, Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd, And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last, Though comfortless, as when a father mourns His children, all in view destroy'd at once; And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! better had I Lived ignorant of future, so had borne My part of evil only, each day's lot Enough to bear; those now, that were dispensed The burden of many ages, on me light At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth Abortive, to torment me ere their being, With thought that they must be. Let no man seek Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall Him or his children; evil he may be sure, Which neither his foreknowing can prevent, And he the future evil shall no less In apprehension than in substance feel, Grievous to bear: but that care now is past, Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped Famine and anguish will at last consume Wand'ring that wat'ry desert. I had hope, When violence was ceased, and war on earth, All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd With length of happy days the race of man;





Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth? To whom th' archangel. Dext'rously thou aim'st; So willingly doth GoD remit His ire, Though late repenting Him of man depraved, Grieved at His heart, when looking down He saw The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh Corrupting each their way; yet, those removed, Such grace shall one just man find in His sight, That He relents, not to blot out mankind, And make a covenant never to destroy The earth again by flood, nor let the sea Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world With man therein or beast; but when he brings Over the earth a cloud, will therein set His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look, And call to mind his cov'nant: day and night, Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost, Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new, Both heav'n and earth wherein the just shall dwell.

## BOOK XII.

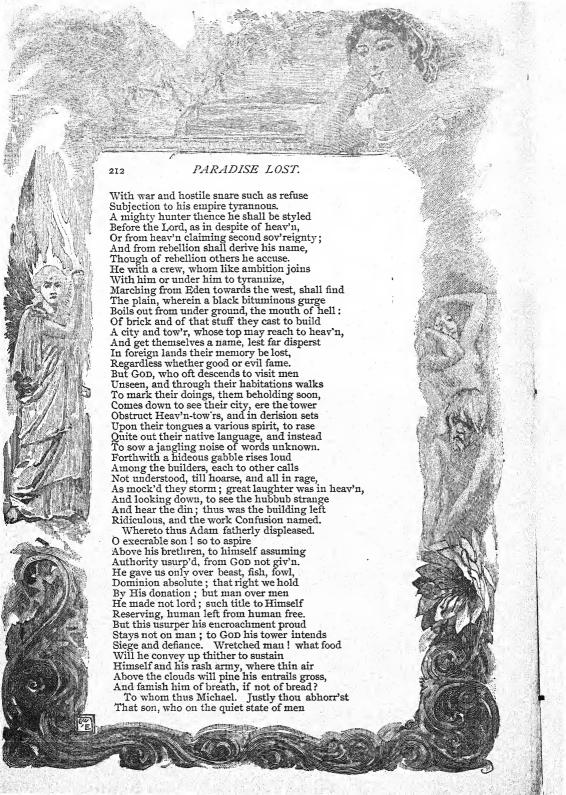
## THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied, and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon, Though bent on speed, so here th' archangel paused Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored, If Adam aught perhaps might interpose; Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end; And man as from a second stock proceed. Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine Must needs impair and weary human sense: Henceforth what is to come I will relate, Thou therefore give due audience, and attend. This second source of men, while yet but few,

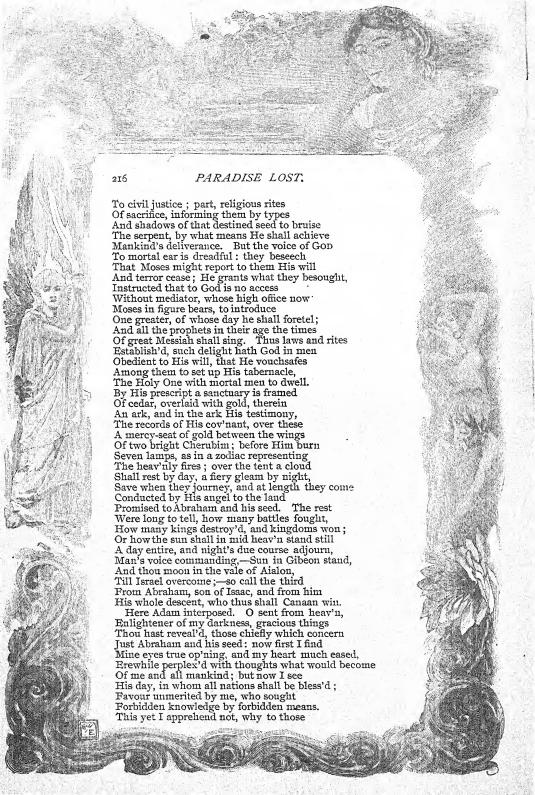
And while the dread of judgment past remains Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, With some regard to what is just and right Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace, Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop, Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd, or flock, Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast, Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell Long time in peace by families and tribes Under paternal rule; till one shall rise Of proud ambitious heart, who not content With fair equality, fraternal state, Will arrogate dominion undeserved Over his brethren, and quite dispossess Concord and law of nature from the earth; Hunting, and men not beasts shall be his game,

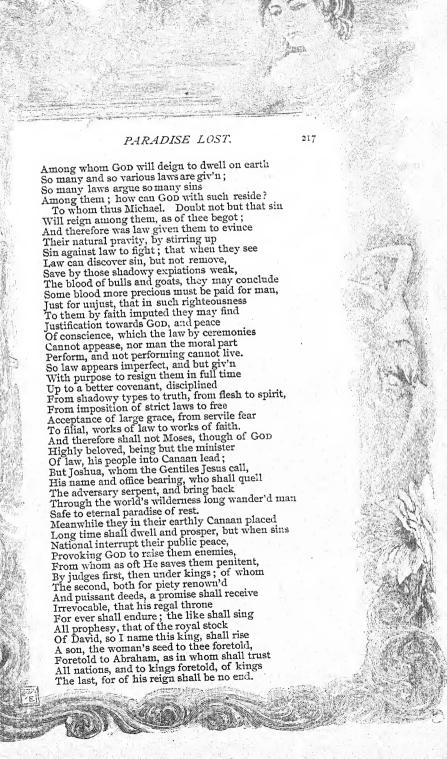


Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue Rational liberty; yet know withal, Since thy original lapse, true liberty Is lost, which always with right reason dwells Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being: Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd, Immediately inordinate desires And upstart passions catch the government From reason, and to servitude reduce Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits Within himself unworthy powers to reign Over free reason, GoD in judgment just Subjects him from without to violent lords Who oft as undeservedly enthral His outward freedom. Tyranny must be, Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse. Yet sometimes nations will decline so low From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong, But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd, Deprives them of their outward liberty, Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son Of him who built the ark, who for the shame Done to his father, heard this heavy curse, Servant of servants, on his vicious race. Thus will this latter, as the former world, Still tend from bad to worse, till GoD at last, Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw His presence from among them, and avert His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth To leave them to their own polluted ways; And one peculiar nation to select From all the rest, of whom to be invoked, A nation from one faithful man to spring: Him on this side Euphrates yet residing Bred up in idol-worship, O that men, Canst thou believe? should be so stupid grown, While yet the patriarch lived, who scaped the flood, As to forsake the living God, and fall To worship their own work in wood and stone For Gods; yet him God the most high vouchsafes To call by vision from his father's house, His kindred, and false Gods, into a land Which he will show him, and from him will raise A mighty nation, and upon him show'r His benediction so, that in his seed All nations shall be bless'd; he straight obeys, Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes. I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil, Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford

To Haran, after him a cumbrous train Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude; Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth With Gop, who call'd him, in a land unknown, Canaan he now attains, I see his tents Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain Of Moreh; there by promise he receives Gift to his progeny of all that land; From Hamath northward to the desert south, Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed, From Hermon east to the great western sea, Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold In prospect, as I point them; on the shore Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills. This ponder, that all nations of the earth Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd, Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call, A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves, Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown. The grandchild, with twelve sons increased departs From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd Ægypt, divided by the river Nile; See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths Into the sea. To sojourn in that land He comes, invited by a younger son In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds Raise him to be the second in that realm Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race Growing into a nation; and now grown Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves Inhospitably, and kills their infant males: Till by two brethren (those two brethren call Moses and Aaron), sent from GoD to claim His people from enthralment, they return With glory and spoil back to their promised land. But first the lawless tyrant, who denies To know their God, or message to regard, Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire; To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd: Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land; His cattle must of rot and murrain die: Blotches and blains must all his flesh imboss,

And all his people; thunder, mix'd with hail, Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Ægyptian sky, And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls; What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain, A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green: Darkness must overshadow all his bounds, Palpable darkness, and blot out three days; Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born Of Ægypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds This river-dragon tamed at length submits To let his sojourners depart, and oft Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass As on dry land between two crystal walls, Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand Divided, till his rescued gain their shore: Such wondrous power GoD to his saint will lend, Though present in His angel, who shall go Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire, By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire, To guide them in their journey, and remove Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues: All night he will pursue, but his approach Darkness defends between till morning watch; Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud GOD looking forth will trouble all his host, And craze their chariot wheels: when by command Moses once more his potent rod extends Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys; On their imbattled ranks the waves return, And overwhelm their war. The race elect Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance Through the wild Desert; not the readiest way, Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd War terrify them inexpert, and fear Return them back to Ægypt, choosing rather Inglorious life with servitude; for life To noble and ignoble is more sweet Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on. This also shall they gain by their delay In the wide wilderness, there they shall found Their government, and their great senate choose Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd. God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top Shall tremble, He descending, will Himself In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain



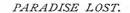


But first a long succession must ensue, And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed, The clouded ark of God, till then in tents Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine. Such follow him, as shall be register'd Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll; Whose foul idolatries, and other faults Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense God as to leave them, and expose their land, Their city, His temple, and His Holy ark, With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd. There in captivity He lets them dwell The space of seventy years, then brings them back, Rememb'ring mercy and His cov'naut sworn To David stablish'd as the days of heav'n. Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God They first re-edify, and for a while In mean estate live moderate, till grown In wealth and multitude, factious they grow: But first among the priests dissension springs, Men who attend the altar, and should most Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings Upon the temple itself: at last they seize The sceptre, and regard not David's sons; Then lose it to a stranger, that the true Anointed king Messiah might be born Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come; And guides the eastern sages, who inquire His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold: His place of birth a solemn angel tells To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night; They gladly thither haste, and by a choir Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung. A virgin is his mother, but his sire The power of the Most High; he shall ascend The throne hereditary, and bound his reign With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns. He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy Surcharged, as had like grief been dew'd in tears, Without the vent of words, which these he breathed.

O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of heav'n, yet from my loins

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son Of God most high; so God with man unites. Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise Expect with mortal pain: say where and when Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel. To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight, As of a duel, or the local wounds Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil Thy enemy; nor so is overcome Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise, Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound; Which He, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure, Not by destroying Satan, but his works In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be, But by fulfilling that which thou didst want, Obedience to the law of God, imposed On penalty of death, and suffering death, The penalty to thy trangression due, And due to theirs which out of thine will grow : So only can high justice rest appaid. The law of GoD exact He shall fulfil, Both by obedience and by love, though love Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment He shall endure by coming in the flesh To a reproachful life and cursed death, Proclaiming life to all who shall believe In His redemption; and that His obedience Imputed becomes theirs by faith; His merits To save them, not their own, though legal, works. For this He shall live hated, be blasphemed, Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross By His own nation, slain for bringing life: But to the cross He nails thy enemies, The law that is against thee, and the sins Of all mankind, with Him there crucified, Never to hurt them more who rightly trust In this His satisfaction: so He dies, But soon revives, death over Him no power Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light Return, the stars of morn shall see Him rise Out of His grave, fresh as the dawning light, Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems, His death for man, as many as offer'd life Neglect not, and the benefit embrace By faith not void of works. This godlike act Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died, In sin for ever lost from life; this act Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,

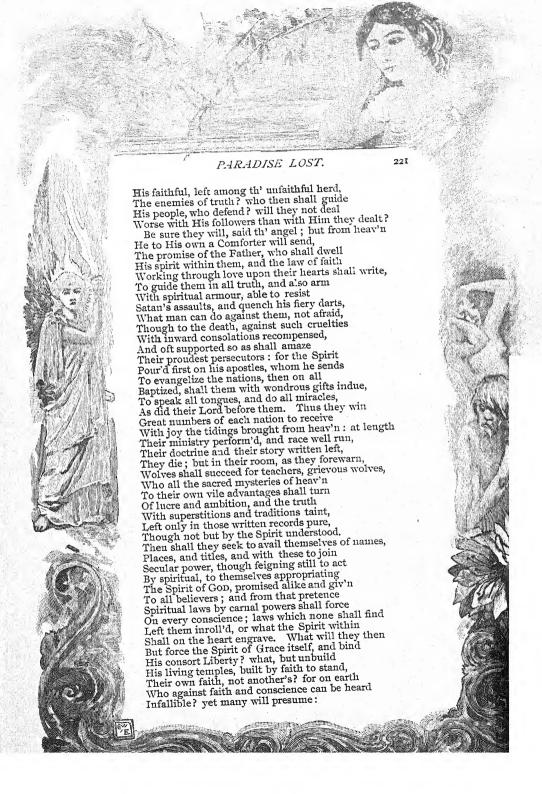


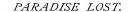
220

Defeating sin and death, his two main arms, And fix far deeper in his head their stings, Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel, Or theirs whom He redeems, a death, like sleep, A gentle wafting to immortal life. Nor after resurrection shall He stay Longer on earth than certain times to appear To His disciples, men who in His life Still follow'd Him; to them shall leave in charge To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd And His salvation; them who shall believe Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign Of washing them from guilt of sin to life Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall, For death, like that which the redeemer died. All nations they shall teach; for from that day Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world; So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd. Then to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend With victory, triumphing through the air Over His foes and thine; there shall surprise The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains Through all his realm, and there confounded leave; Then enter into glory, and resume His seat at God's right hand, exalted high Above all names in heav'n; and thence shall come, When this world's dissolution shall be ripe, With glory and power to judge both quick and dead, To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward His faithful, and receive them into bliss, Whether in heav'n or earth; for then the earth Shall all be paradise, far happier place Than this of Eden, and far happier days. So spake th' Archangel Michael: then paused, As at the world's great period; and our sire Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.

Neplete with Joy and wonder thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few





Whence heavy persecution shall arise On all who in the worship persevere Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part, Will deem in outward rites and specious forms Religion satisfied; truth shall refire Restuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith Rarely be found: so shall the world go on, To good malignant, to bad men benign, Under her own weight groaning till the day Appear of respiration to the just, And vengeance to the wicked, at return Of Him so lately promised to thy aid, The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold, Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord, Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd In glory of the Father, to dissolve Satan with his perverted world, then raise From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined, New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,

To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss. He ended; and thus Adam last replied. How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd, Measured this transient world, the race of time, Till time stand fix'd! beyond is all abyss, Eternity, whose end no eye can reach: Greatly instructed I shall hence depart, Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain; Beyond which was my folly to aspire. Henceforth I learn that to obey is best, And love with fear the only God, to walk As in His presence, ever to observe His providence, and on Him sole depend, Merciful over all His works, with good Still overcoming evil; and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake Is fortitude to highest victory, And to the faithful death the gate of life; Taught this by His example, whom I now Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd.

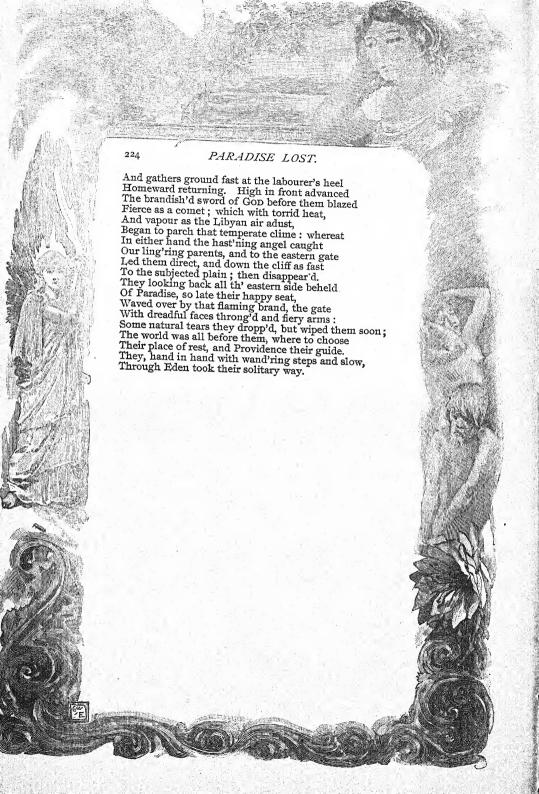
To whom thus also th' angel last replied. This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers, All secrets of the deep, all nature's works, Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea, And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,

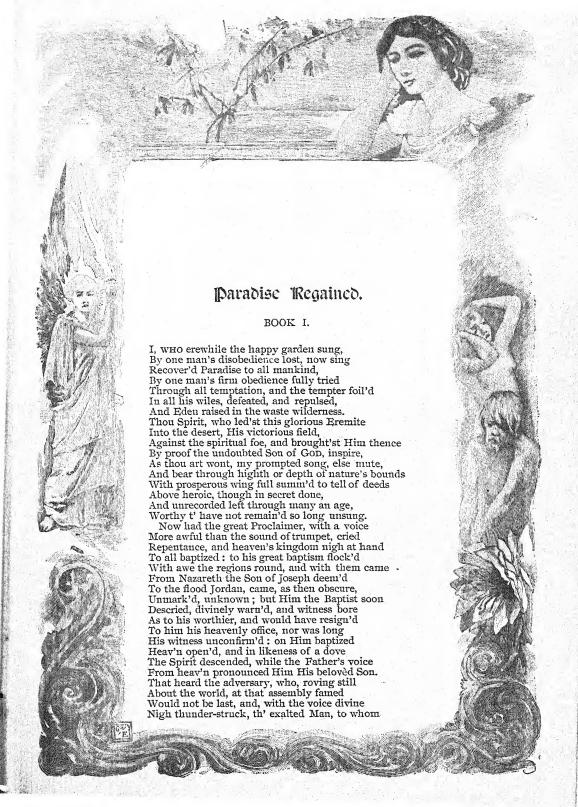
And all the rule, one empire; only add Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith, Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love, By name to come call'd charity, the soul Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loth To leave this paradise, but shalt possess A paradise within thee, happier far. Let us descend now, therefore, from this top Of speculation; for the hour precise Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards, By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword, In signal of remove, waves fiercely round; We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve; Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd Portending good, and all her spirits composed To meek submission: thou at season fit Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard, Chiefly what may concern her faith to know, The great deliverance by her seed to come, For by the woman's seed, on all mankind. That ye may live, which will be many days, Both in one faith unanimous, though sad With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill: Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked; And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know; For GoD is also in sleep, and dreams advise, Which He hath sent propitious, some great good Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on; In me is no delay; with thee to go Is to stay here; without thee here to stay Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me Art all things under heav'n, all places thou, Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence. This further consolation yet secure I carry hence; though all by me is lost, Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed, By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.

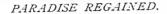
So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too night Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill To their fix'd station all in bright array. The Cherubim descended; on the ground Gilding meteorous, as even'ng mist Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,





Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd With wonder, then, with envy fraught and rage, Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air To council summons all his mighty peers, Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involved, A gloomy consistory; and them amidst

With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake. O ancient Powers of air and this wide world. For much more willingly I mention air, This our old conquest, than remember Hell, Our hated habitation; well ye know How many ages, as the years of men, This universe we have possest, and ruled In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, Since Adam and his facile consort Eve Lost Paradise deceived by me, though since With dread attending when that fatal wound Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve Upon my head; long the decrees of heav'n Delay, for longest time to Him is short; And now too soon for us the circling hours This dreaded time have compast, wherein we Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound, At least if so we can, and by the head Broken be not intended all our power To be infringed, our freedom, and our being, In this fair empire won of earth and air: For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed, Destined to this, is late of woman born : His birth to our just fear gave no small cause, But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear. Before him a great prophet to proclaim His coming is sent harbinger, who all Invites, and in the consecrated stream Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so Purified to receive Him pure, or rather To do Him honour as their king: all come, And He Himself among them was baptized, Not thence to be more pure, but to receive The testimony of heav'n, that who He is Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw The prophet do him reverence, on Him rising Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds Unfold her crystal doors, thence on His head A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant, And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I hear, -This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased. His mother then is mortal, but His sire

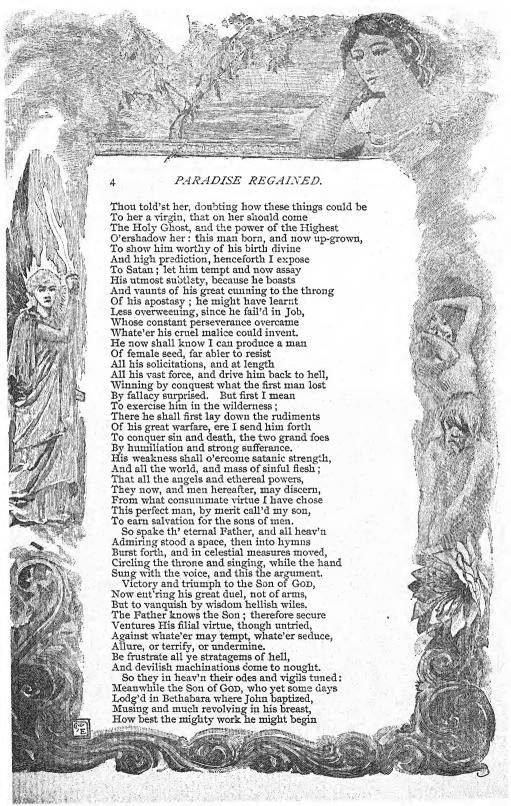


3

He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n; And what will He not do to advance His Son? His first-begot we know, and sore have felt, When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep; Who this is we must learn, for man He seems In all His lineaments, though in his face The glimpses of His Father's glory shine. Ye see our danger on the utmost edge Of hazard, which admits no long debate, But must with something sudden be opposed, Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares, Ere in the head of nations He appear Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth. I, when no other durst, sole undertook The dismal expedition to find out And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd Successfully; a calmer voyage now Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once Induces best to hope of like success.

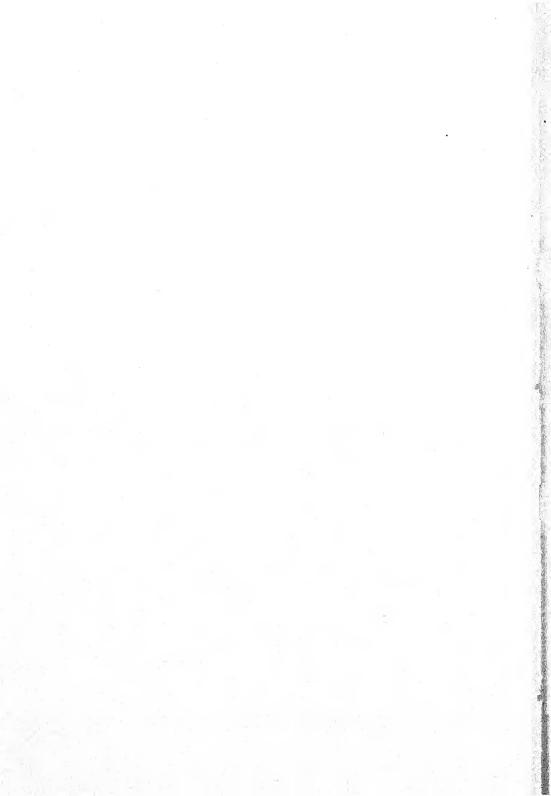
He ended, and his words impression left Of much amazement to th' infernal crew, Distracted and surprised with deep dismay At these sad tidings; but no time was then For long indulgence to their fears or grief. Unanimous they all commit the care And management of this main enterprise To him their great dictator, whose attempt At first against mankind so well had thrived In Adam's overthrow, and led their march From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light, Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods Of many a pleasant realm and province wide. So to the coast of Jordan he directs His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, Where he might likeliest find this new-declared, This man of men, attested Son of GoD, Temptation and all guile on Him to try; So to subvert whom he suspected raised To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd: But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd The purposed counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd Of the most High, who, in full frequence bright Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

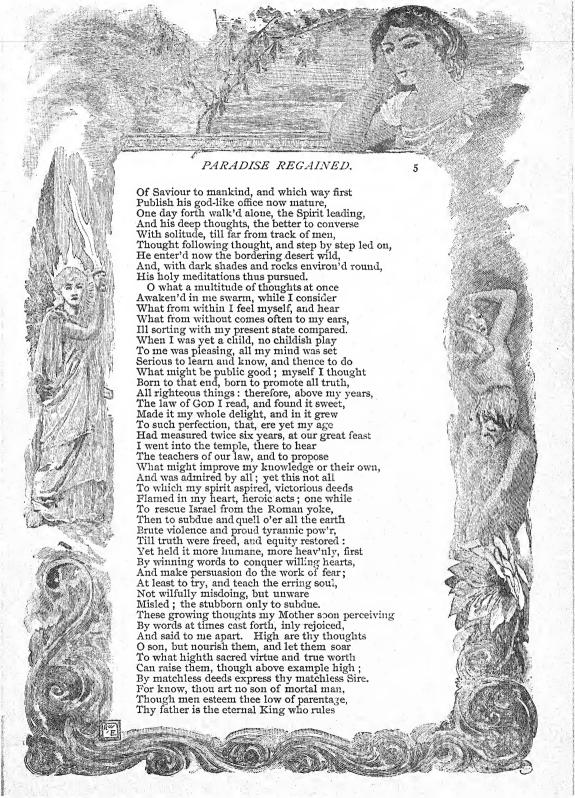
Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, Thou and all angels conversant on earth With man or men's affairs, how I begin To verify that solemn message late, On which I sent thee to the virgin pure In Galilee, that she should bear a son Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;





"High are thy thoughts,
O son, but nourish them."—Page 5.





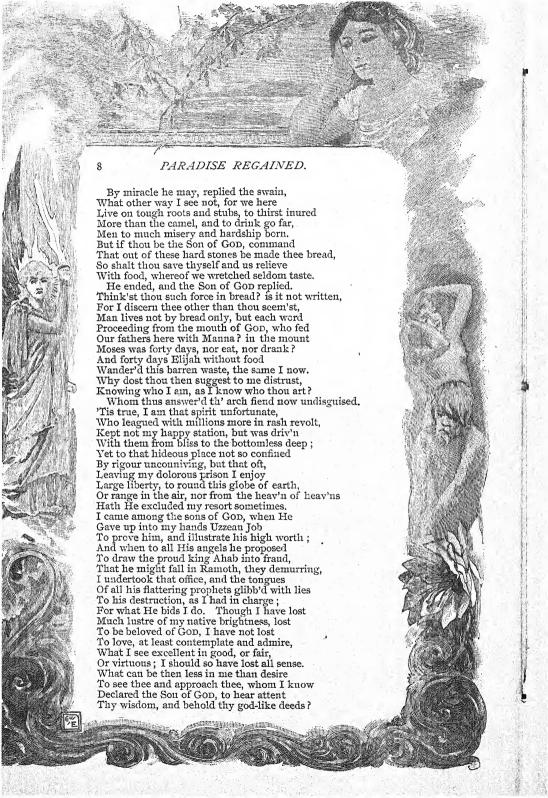
All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men: A messenger from GoD foretold thy birth Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne, And of thy kingdom there should be no end. At thy nativity a glorious quire Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung To shepherds watching at their folds by night, And told them the Messiah now was born, Where they might see him; and to thee they came, Directed to the manger where thou lay'st. For in the inn was left no better room. A star, not seen before, in heav'n appearing Guided the wise men thither from the east, To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold, By whose bright course led on they found the place, Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n, By which they knew the king of Israel born. Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake, Before the altar and the vested Priest, Like things of thee to all that present stood. This having heard, straight I again revolved The law and prophets, searching what was writ Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie Through many a hard assay, even to the death, Ere I the promised kingdom can attain. Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head. Yet, neither thus dishearten'd or dismav'd. The time prefixt I waited, when, behold! The Baptist, of whose birth I oft had heard, Not knew by sight, now come, who was to come Before Messiah and his way prepare. I, as all others, to his baptism came, Which I believed was from above; but he Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd Me Him, for it was shown him so from heav'n, Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first Refused on me his baptism to confer, As much his greater, and was hardly won: But as I rose out of the laving stream, Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence The Spirit descended on me like a dove; And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice, Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounced me His. Me His beloved Son, in whom alone He was well pleased; by which I knew the time

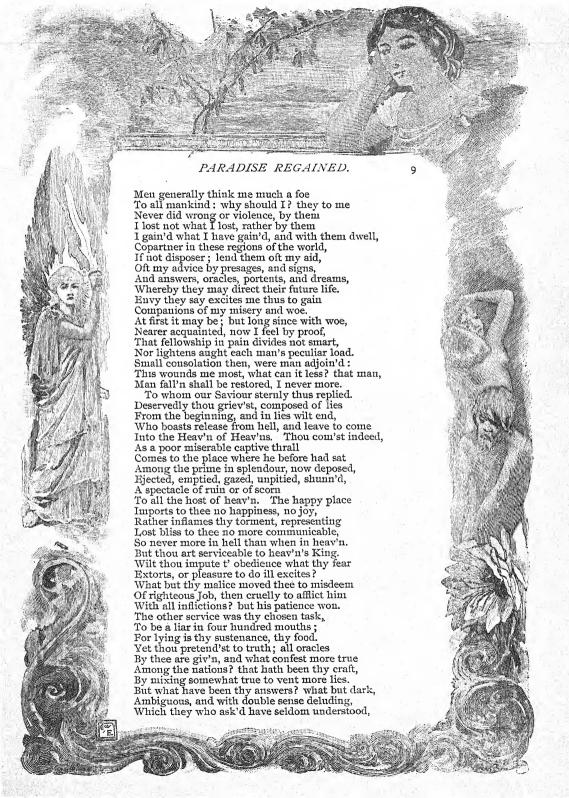
Now full, that I no more should live obscure, But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps, I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise, And looking round on every side beheld A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades; The way he came not having mark'd, return Was difficult, by human steps untrod; And he still on was led, but with such thoughts Accompanied of things past and to come Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend Such solitude before choicest society. Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night Under the covert of some ancient oak Or cedar to defend him from the dew, Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd; Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm, The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof. But now an aged man in rural weeds, Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen, To warm him wet return'd from field at eve, He saw approach, who first with curious eye Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place So far from path or road of men, who pass In troop or caravan, for single none Durst ever, who return'd, and dropp'd not here His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought. I ask the rather, and the more admire, For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late Our new baptizing prophet at the ford Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes, Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,) Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear, What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of Gon. Who brought me hither Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.



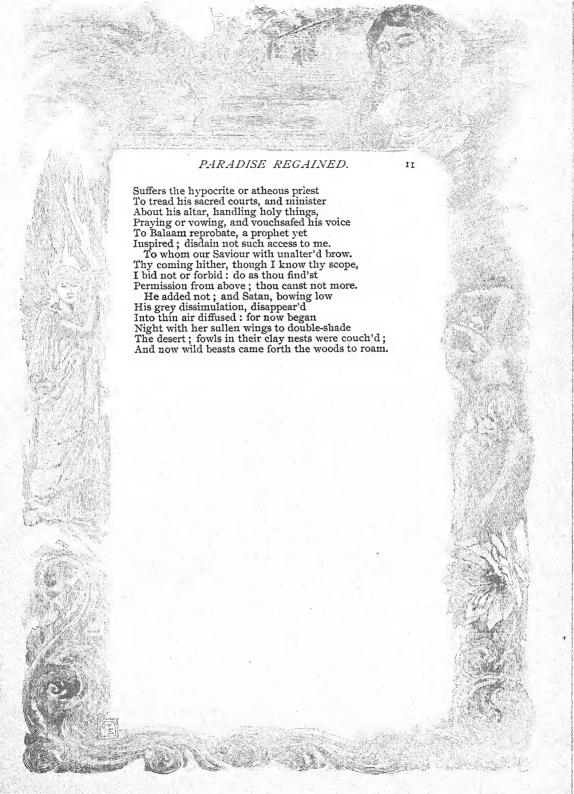


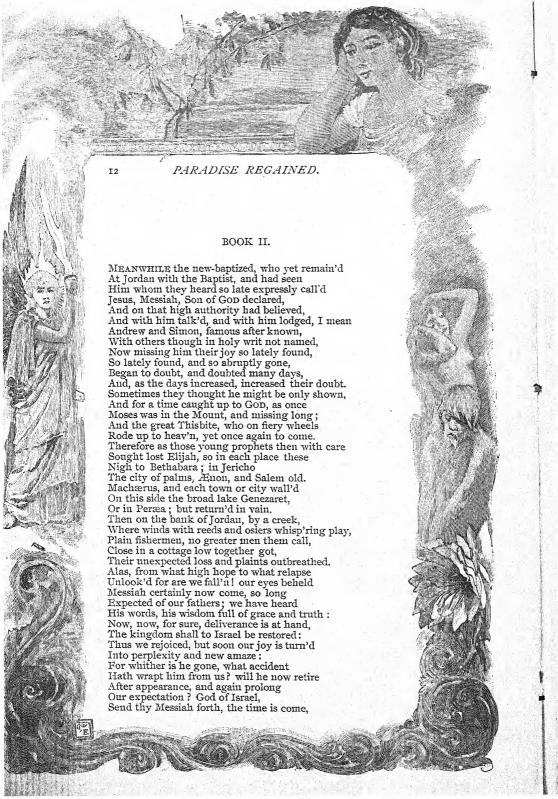
## PARADISE REGAINED.

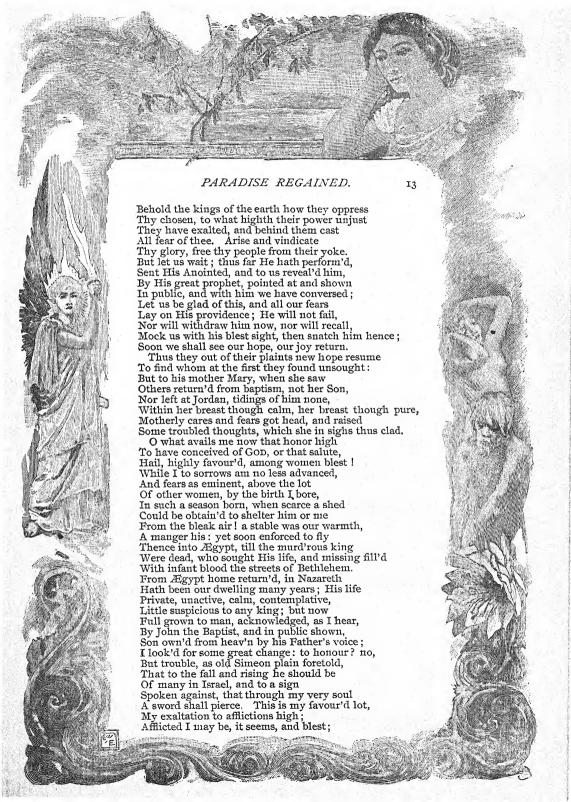
And not well understood as good not known? Who ever by consulting at thy shrine Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct To fly or follow what concern'd him most, And run not sooner to his fatal snare? For God hath justly given the nations up To thy delusions; justly, since they fell Idolatrous. But when His purpose is Among them to declare His providence To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth, But from Him or His angels president In ev'ry province? who, themselves disdaining T' approach thy temples, give thee in command What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear, Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st; Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold. But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd; No more shalt thou by oracling abuse The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased, And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere, At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute. God hath now sent his living oracle Into the world to teach his final will, And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell In pious hearts, and inward oracle To all truth requisite for men to know.

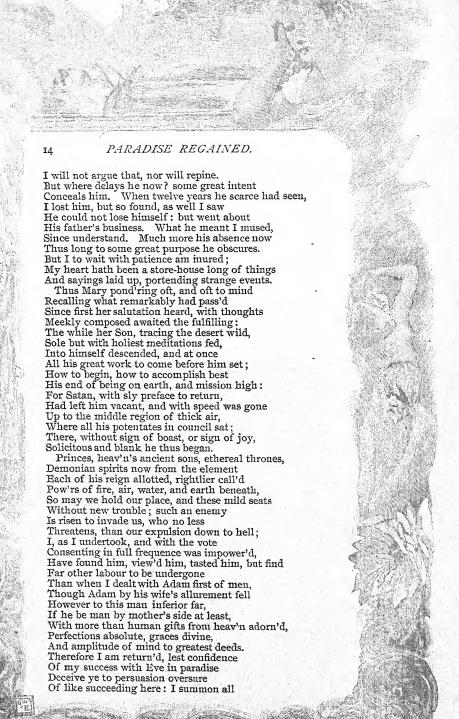
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle fiend, Though inly stung with anger and disdain, Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke, And urged me hard with doings, which not will But misery, hath wrested from me; where Easily canst thou find one miserable, And not enforced ofttimes to part from truth; If it may stand him more in stead to lie, Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure? But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord; From thee I can, and must, submiss endure Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit. Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk, Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song; What wonder then if I delight to hear Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me To hear thee when I come, since no man comes, And talk at least, though I despair to attain. Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,











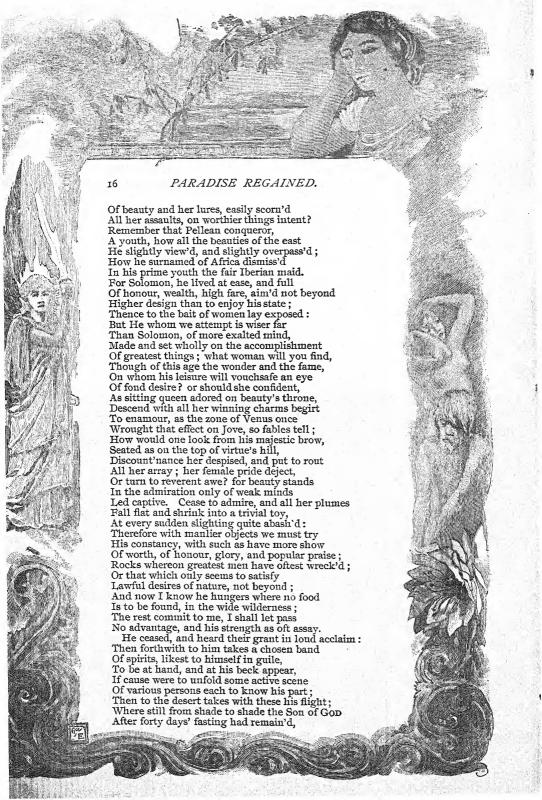
Rather to be in readiness, with hand
Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.
So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid

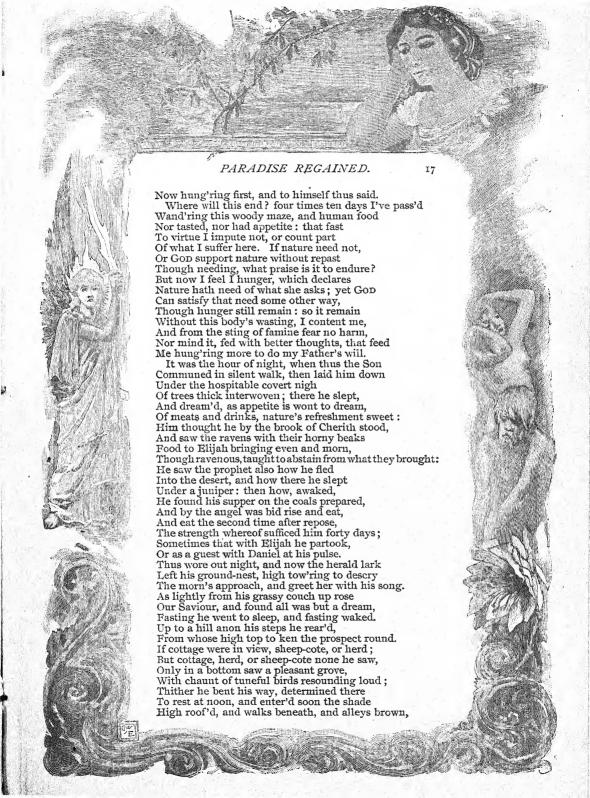
With clamour was assured their utmost aid At his command; when from amidst them rose Belial, the dissolutest spirit that fell, The sensualest, and after Asmodai

The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised. Set women in his eye, and in his walk, Among daughters of men the fairest found; Many are in each region passing fair As the noon sky; more like to goddesses Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet, Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach, Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets, Such object hath the power to soften and tame Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow, Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, Draw out with credulous desire, and lead At will the manliest, resolutest breast, As the magnetic hardest iron draws. Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart Of wisest Solomon, and made him build.

And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd. Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st All others by thyself; because of old Thou thyself doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace, None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys. Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew, False titled sons of God, roaming the earth, Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, And coupled with them, and begot a race. Have we not seen, or by relation heard, In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st, In wood or grove by mossy fountain side, In valley or green meadow, to way-lay Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene, Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa, Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored, Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan? but these haunts Delight not all; among the sons of men, How many have with a smile made small account





That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,
And to a superstitious eye the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; He view'd it round,
When suddenly a man before him stood.
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd.
With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God.

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel; all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heav'n manna; and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence? They all had need, I, as thou seest, have none.

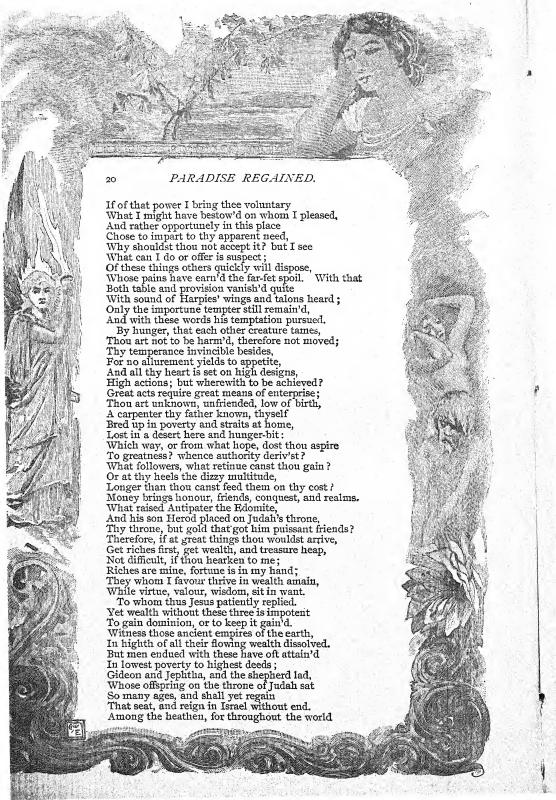
How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied. Tell me, if food were now before thee set, Wouldst thou not eat? Thereafter as I like The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend. Hast thou not right to all created things? Owe not all creatures by just right to thee Duty and service, nor to stay till bid, But tender all their power? nor mention I Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first To idols, those young Daniel could refuse; Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold Nature ashamed, or, better to express, Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd From all the elements her choicest store To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord With honour, only deign to sit and eat.

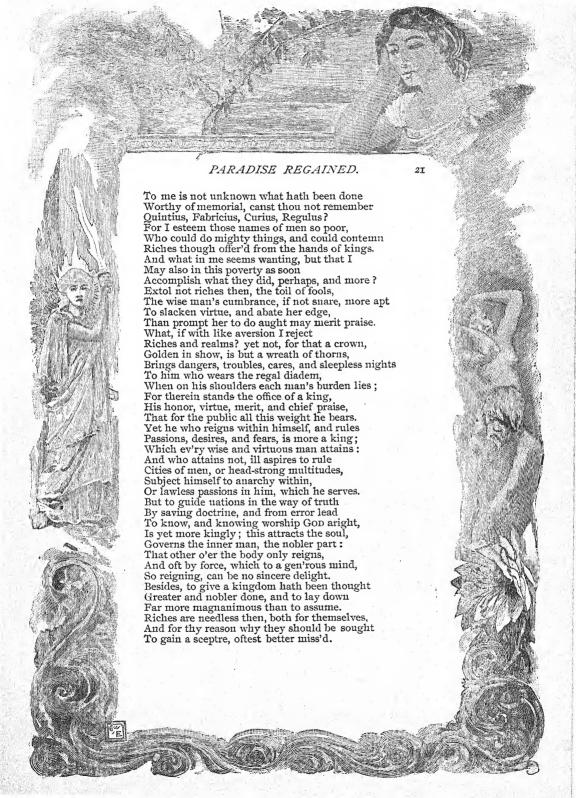
He spake no dream, for, as his words had end, Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld In ample space under the broadest shade A table richly spread, in regal mode, With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort And savour, beast of chase, or fowl of game, In pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd, Gris-amber steam'd; all fish from sea or shore, Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin, And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast. Alas how simple, to these cates compared, Was that crude apple that diverted Eve! And at a stately side-board by the wine That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue Than Ganymed or Hylas, distant more Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since Of fairy damsels met in forest wide By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, Lancelot, or Pellas, or Pellenore, And all the while harmonious airs were heard Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. Such was the splendour; and the tempter now His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of GoD to sit and eat? These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict Defends the touching of these viands pure; Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil, But life preserves, destroys life's enemy, Hunger, with sweet restorative delight. All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs, Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord: What doubt'st thou, Son of GoD? sit down and eat.

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied.
Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend;
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent. That I have also power to give thou seest.

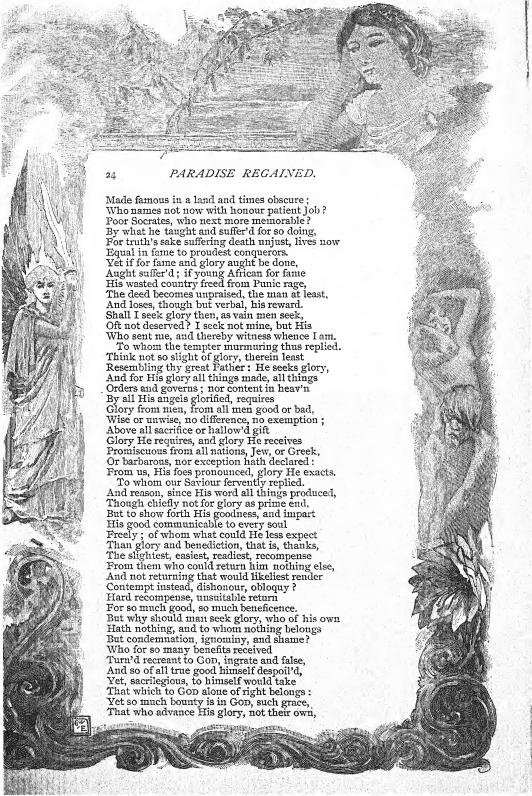


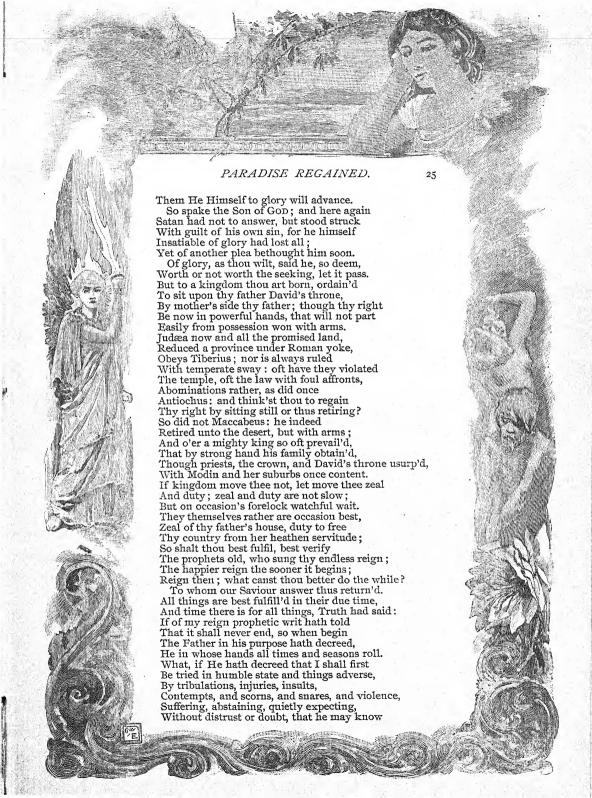


## BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood Awhile as mute, confounded what to say, What to reply, confuted, and convinced Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift; At length, collecting all his serpent wiles, With soothing words renew'd, Him thus accosts. I see thou know'st what is of use to know, What best to say canst say, to do canst do; Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape. Should kings and natious from thy mouth consult. Thy counsel would be as the oracle Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds That might require th' array of war, thy skill Of conduct would be such, that all the world Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist In battle, though against thy few in arms. These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide, Affecting private life, or more obscure In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself The fame and glory, glory the reward That sole excites to high attempts, the flame Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise, All treasures and all gain esteem as dross, And dignities and powers, all but the highest? The years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son Of Macedonian Philip had ere these Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode. Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature, Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment. Great Julius, whom now all the world admires, The more he grew in years, the more inflamed With glory, wept that he had lived so long Inglorious, but thou yet art not too late. To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth For empire's sake, nor empire to affect For glory's sake by all thy argument. For what is glory but the blaze of fame, The people's praise, if always praise unmixt? And what the people but a herd confused, A miscellaneous rabble, who extol Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise? They praise and they admire they know not what, And know not whom, but as one leads the other: And what delight to be by such extoll'd, To live upon their tongues and be their talk, Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise, His lot who dares be singularly good. Th' intelligent among them and the wise Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised. This is true glory and renown, when GoD, Looking on the earth, with approbation marks The just man, and divulges him through heaven To all His angels, who with true applause Recount his praises. Thus He did to Job, When, to extend his fame through heav'n and earth, As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember, He ask'd thee. Hast thou seen my servant Tob? Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known; Where glory is false glory, attributed To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. They err who count it glorious to subdue By conquest far and wide, to overrun Large countries, and in field great battles win, Great cities by assault: what do these worthies, But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote, Made captive, yet deserving freedom more Than those their conquerors, who leave behind Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove, And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods, Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers, Worshipp'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice; One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other; Till conqueror death discover them scarce men, Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd, Violent or shameful death their due reward. But if there be in glory aught of good, It may by means far different be attain'd Without ambition, war or violence; By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent, By patience, temperance. I mention still Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne





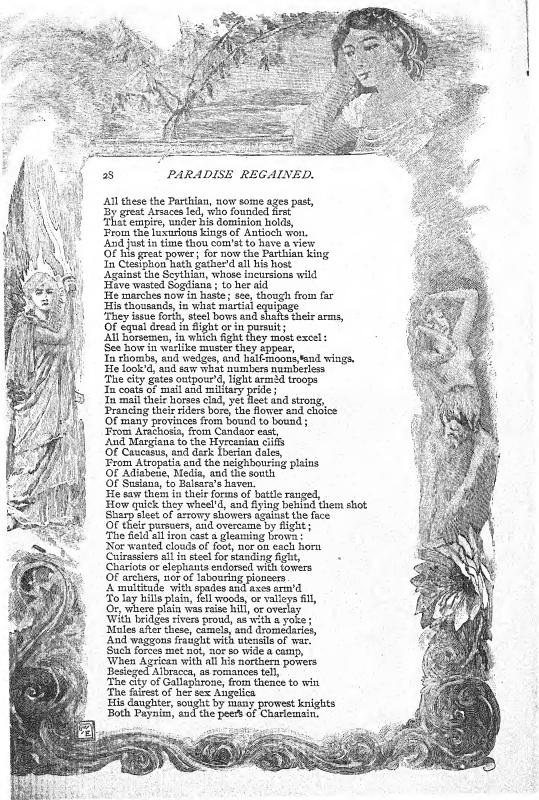
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first Well hath obey'd, just trial, ere I merit My exaltation without change or end. But what concerns it thee when I begin My everlasting kingdom? why art thou Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition? Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall, And my promotion will be thy destruction?

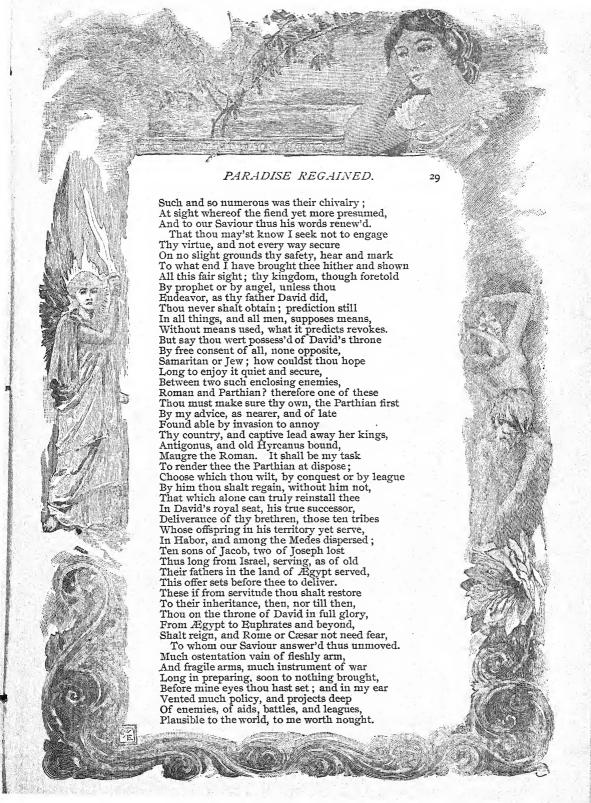
To whom the tempter, inly rack'd, replied. Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost Of my reception into grace: what worse? For where no hope is left, is left no fear: If there be worse, the expectation more Of worse torments me than the feeling can. I would be at the worst, worst is my port, My harbour, and my ultimate repose; The end I would attain, my final good. My error was my error, and my crime My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd, And will alike be punish'd, whether thou Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign, From that placid aspect and meek regard, Rather than aggravate my evil state, Would stand between me and thy father's ire, Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell, A shelter, and a kind of shading cool Interposition, as a summer's cloud. If I then to the worst that can be haste, Why move thy feet so slow to what is best, Happiest both to thyself and all the world, That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king? Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd Of the enterprize so hazardous and high: No wonder, for, though in thee be united What of perfection can in man be found, Or human nature can receive, consider, Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns, And once a year Jerusalem, few days' Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe? The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory. Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts, Best school of best experience, quickest insight In all things that to greatest actions lead The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever Timorous and loth, with novice modesty, As he who seeking asses found a kingdom, Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous.

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state, Sufficient introduction to inform Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know How best their opposition to withstand.

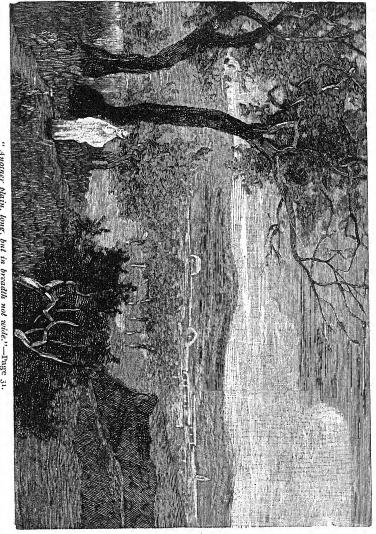
With that, (such power was given him then,) he took
The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,
Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless and dry
To this high mountain top the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale, Forest and field, and flood, temples, and towers, Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on As far as Indus east, Euphrates west, And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay, And inaccessible the Arabian drought: Here Nineveh, of length within her wall Several days' journey, built by Ninus old, Of that first golden monarchy the seat, And seat of Salmanassar, whose success Israel in long captivity still mourns; There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice Judah and all thy father David's house Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste, Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis His city there thou seest, and Bactra there; Ecbatana her structure vast there shows, And Hecatompylos her hundred gates; There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream, The drink of none but kings; of later fame Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon, Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold





Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else Will unpredict and fail me of the throne. My time I told thee, and that time for thee Were better farthest off, is not yet come; When that comes, think not thou to find me slack On my part aught endeavoring, or to need Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome Luggage of war there shown me, argument Of human weakness rather than of strength. My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes I must deliver, if I mean to reign David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway To just extent over all Israel's sons. But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then For Israel, or for David, or his throne, When thou stood st up his tempter to the pride Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal To Israel then, the same that now to me. As for those captive tribes, themselves were they Who wrought their own captivity, fell off From God to worship calves, the deities Of Ægypt, Baal next, and Ashtaroth, And all th' idolatries of heathen round, Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes; Nor in the laud of their captivity, Humbled themselves, or penitent besought The God of their forefathers; but so died Impenitent, and left a race behind Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, And God with idols in their worship join'd. Should I of these the liberty regard, Who freed as to their ancient patrimony, Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd, Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve Their enemies, who serve idols with GoD. Yet he at length, time to himself best known, Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call May bring them back repentant and sincere, And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood, While to their native land with joy they haste, As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft, When to the promised land their fathers pass'd; To his due time and providence I leave them. So spake Israel's true king, and to the fiend Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles. So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

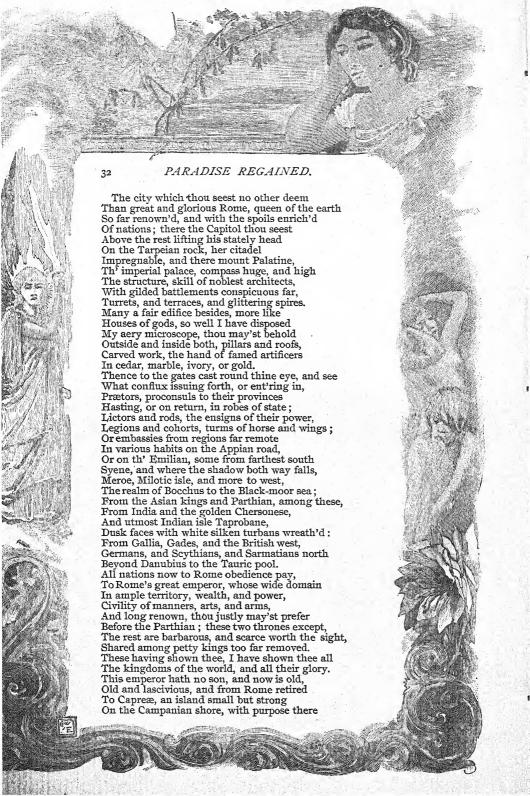


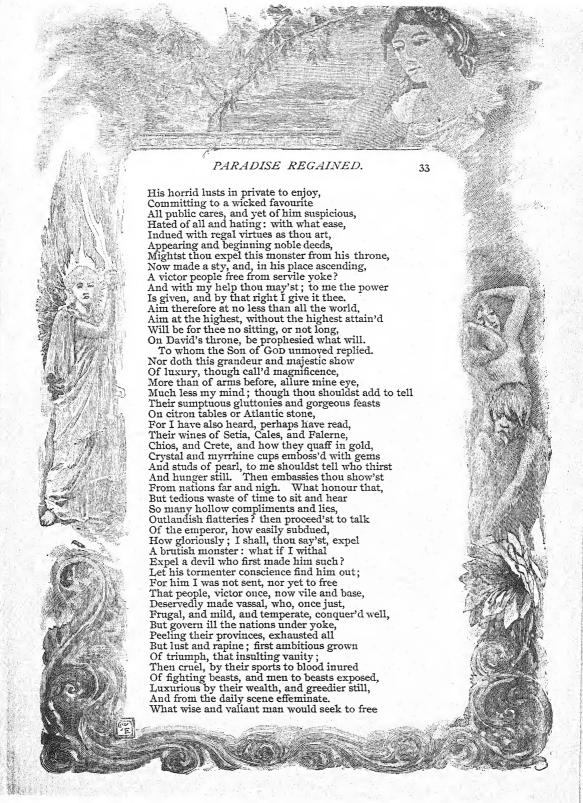
"Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide."-Page 31.

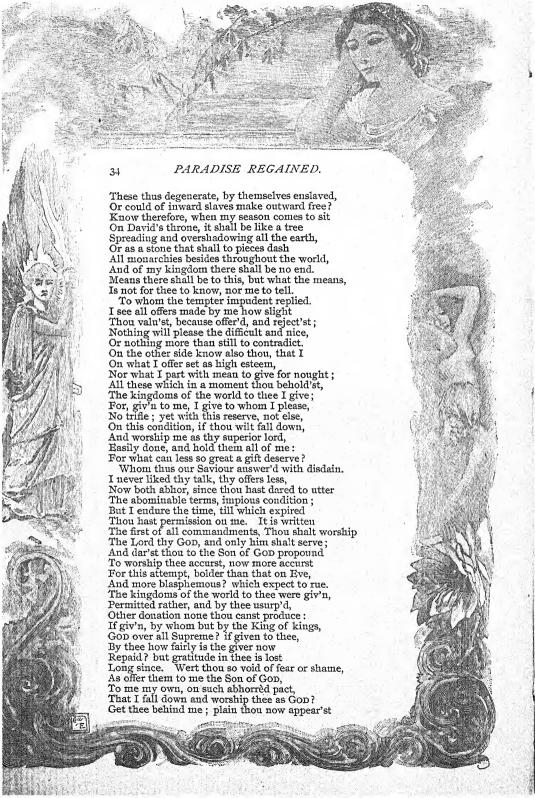


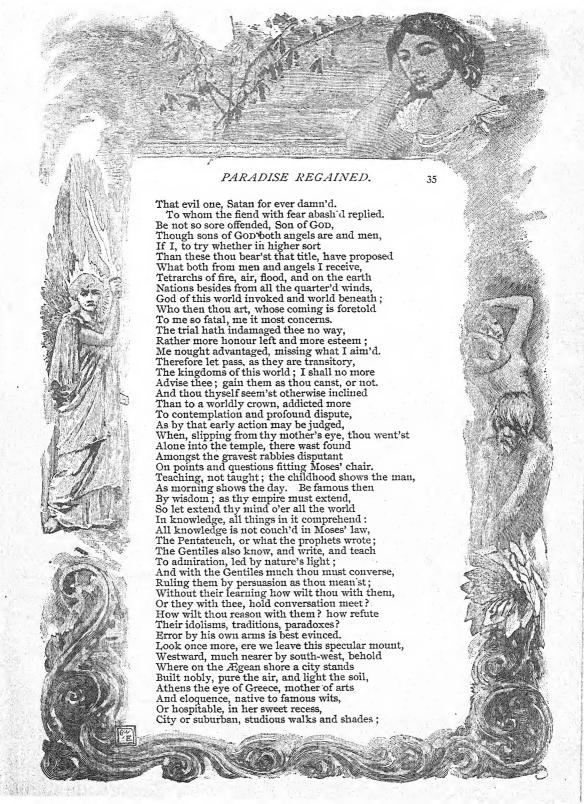
## BOOK IV.

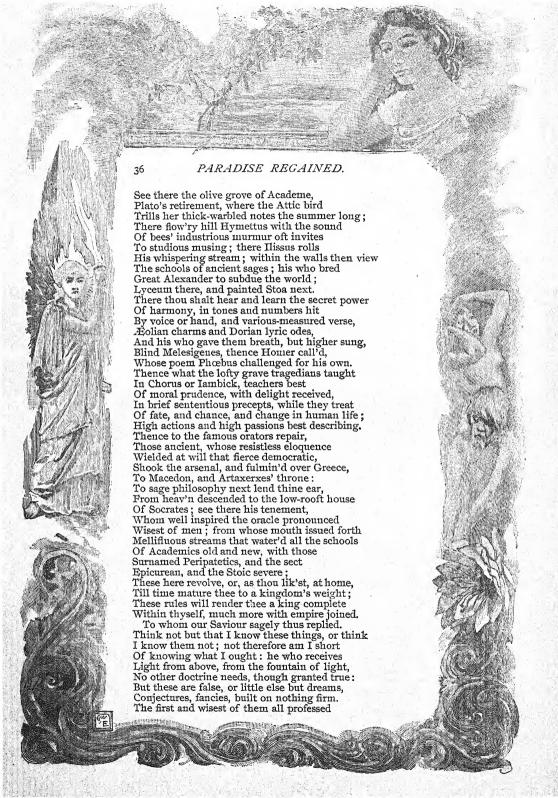
PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success The tempter stood, nor had what to reply, Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve; So little here, nay lost: but Eve was Eve. This far his over-match, who self-deceived And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd The strength he was to cope with, or his own: But as a man who had been matchless held In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought, To salve his credit, and for very spite, Still will be tempting him who foils him still, And never cease, though to his shame the more: Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd, Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound; Or surging waves against a solid rock, Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew, Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse Met ever, and to shameful silence brought, Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success. And his vain importunity pursues. He brought our Saviour to the western side Of that high mountain, whence he might behold Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide, Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills, That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst Divided by a river, of whose banks On each side an imperial city stood, With towers and temples proudly elevate On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd, Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts, Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs, Gardens, and groves presented to his eyes, Above the highth of mountains interposed: By what strange parallax or optic skill Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass Of telescope, were curious to enquire: And now the tempter thus his silence broke.

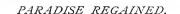






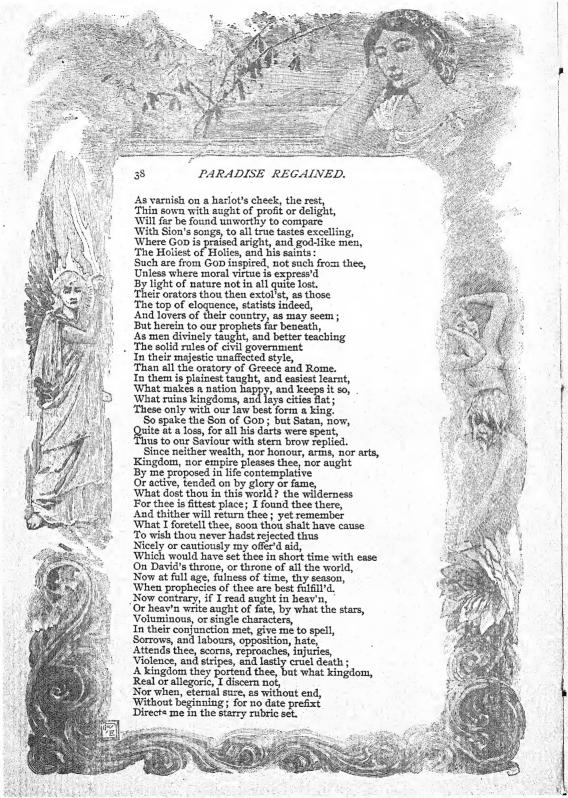


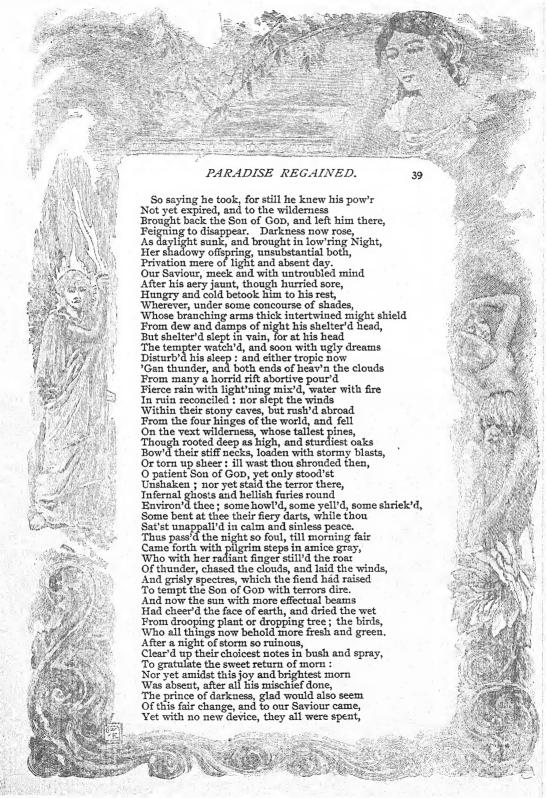


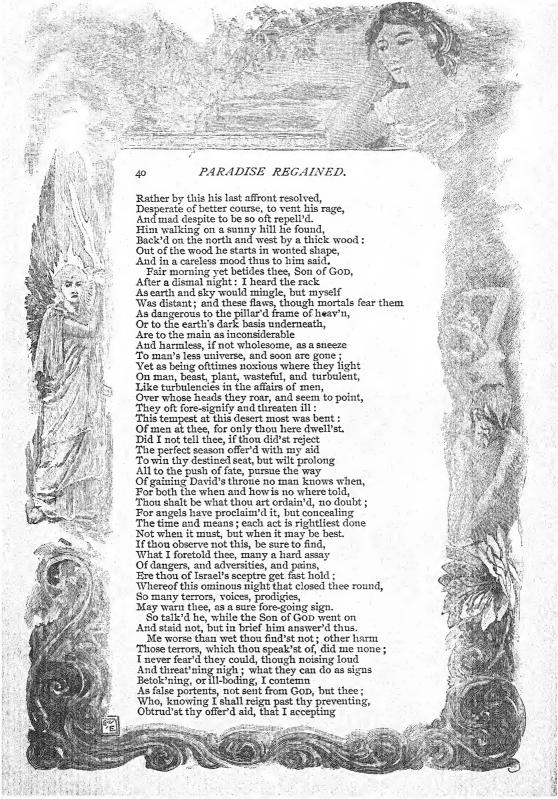


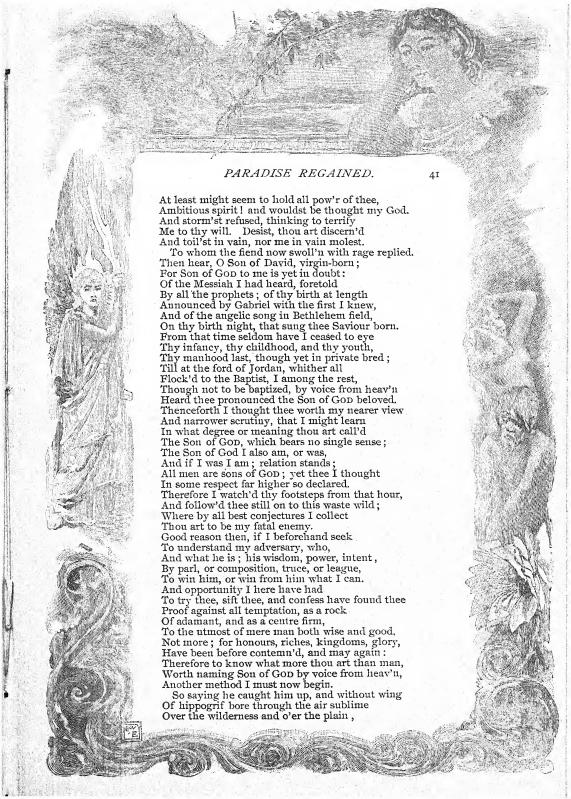
37

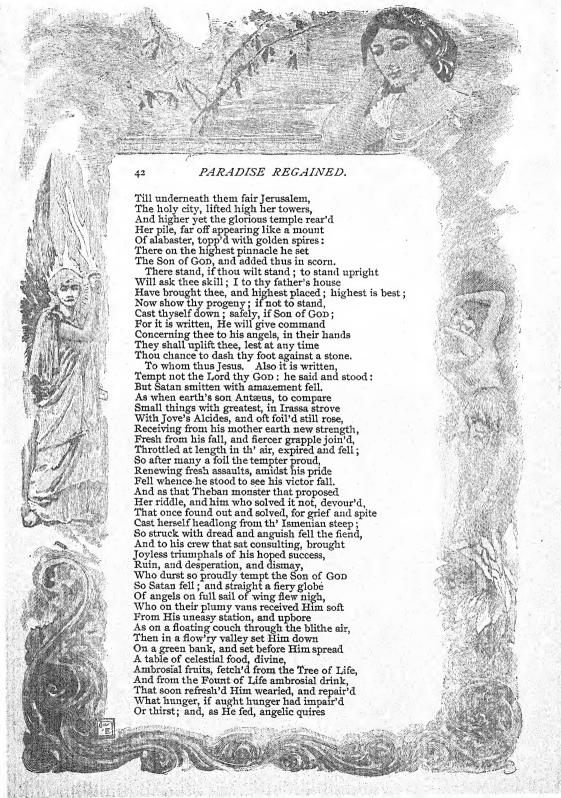
To know this only, that he nothing knew: The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits; A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense; Others in virtue placed felicity, But virtue join'd with riches and long life: In corporal pleasure he and careless ease: The Stoic last in philosophic pride, By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man, Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing, Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer, As fearing God nor man, contemning all Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life, Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can For all his tedious talk is but vain boast, Or subtle shifts conviction to evade. Alas! what can they teach and not mislead, Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, And how the world began, and how man fell Degraded by himself, on grace depending? Much of the soul they talk, but all awry, And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves All glory arrogate, to GoD give none, Rather accuse him under usual names, Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, An empty cloud. However, many books Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads Incessantly, and to his reading brings not A spirit and judgment equal or superior, And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek? Uncertain and unsettled still remains, Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself, Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys, And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge; As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. Or if I would delight my private hours With music or with poem, where so soon As in our native language can I find That solace? all our law and story strew'd With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed, Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon, That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare That rather Greece from us these arts derived; Ill imitated, while they loudest sing The vices of their deities and their own In fable, hymn, or song, so personating Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame. Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid

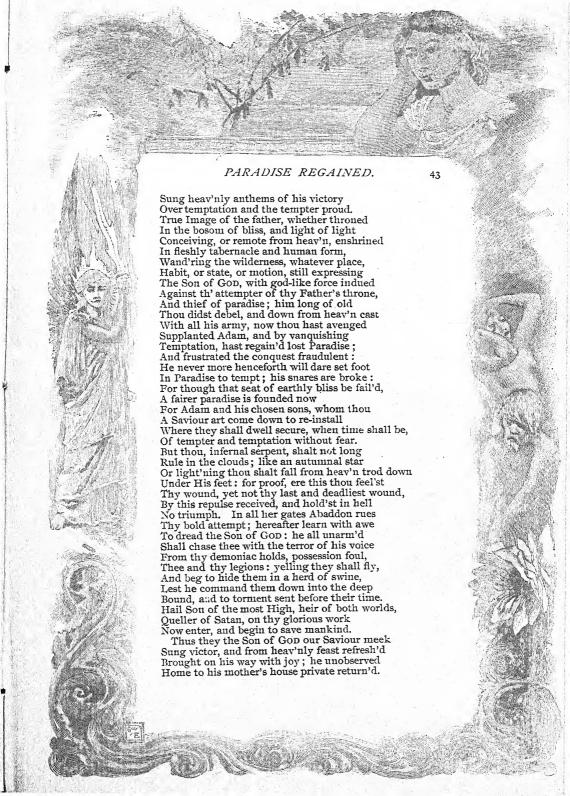


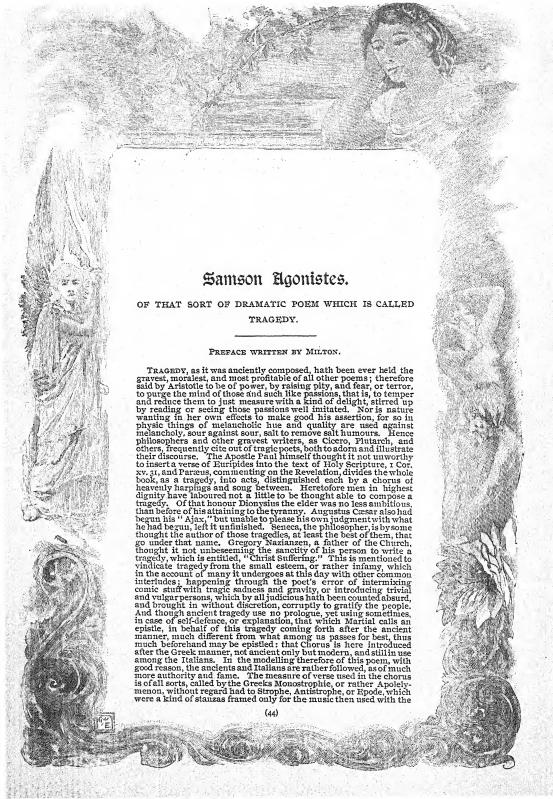


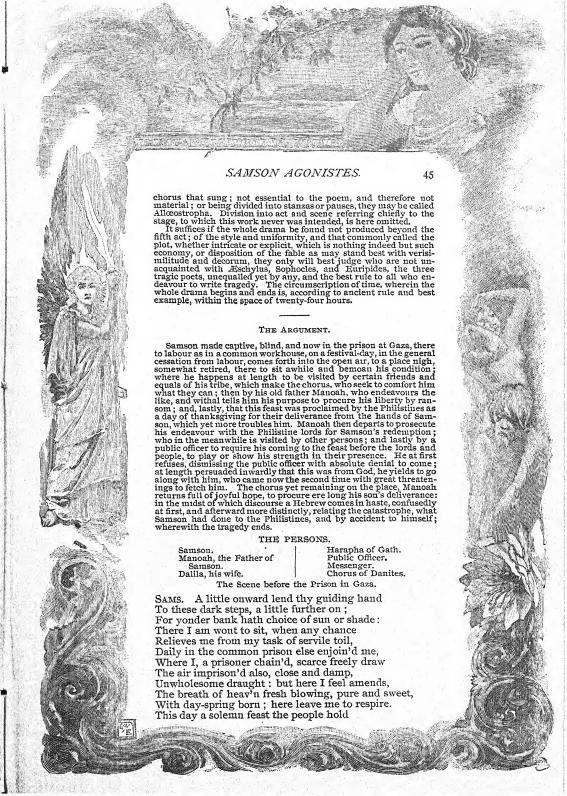


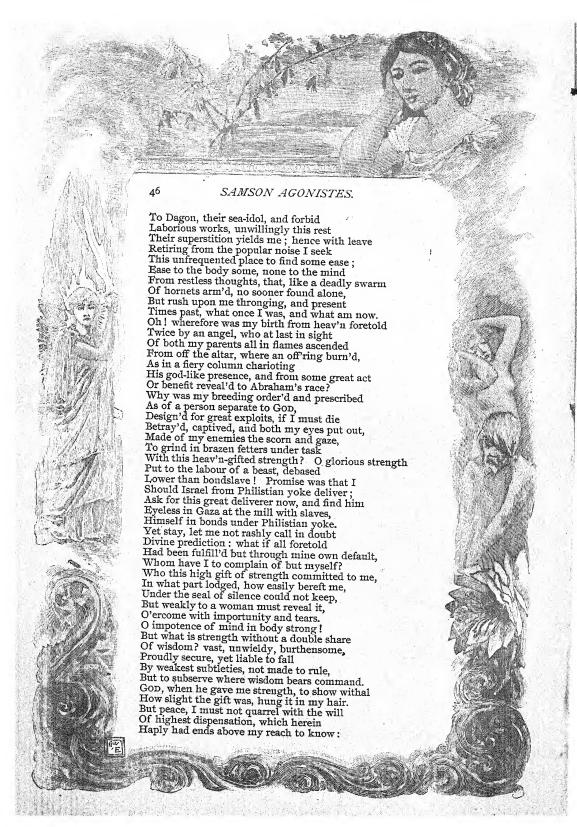


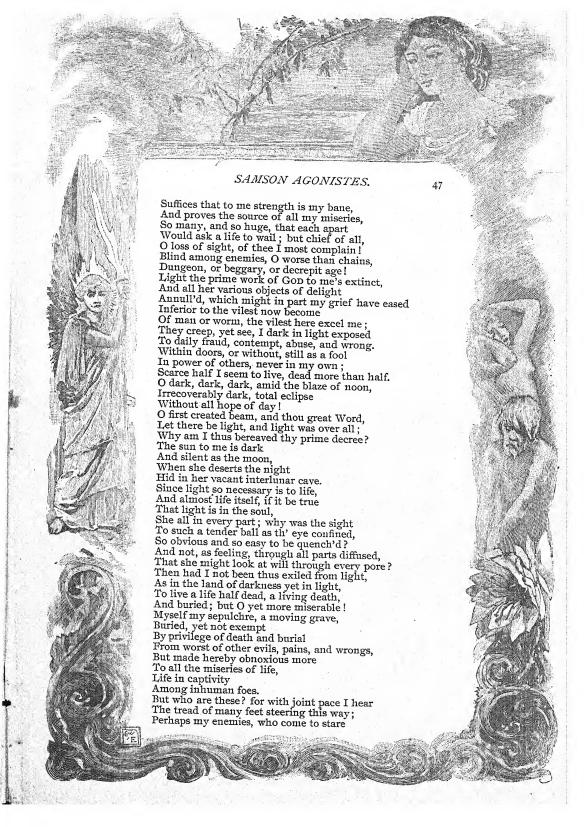


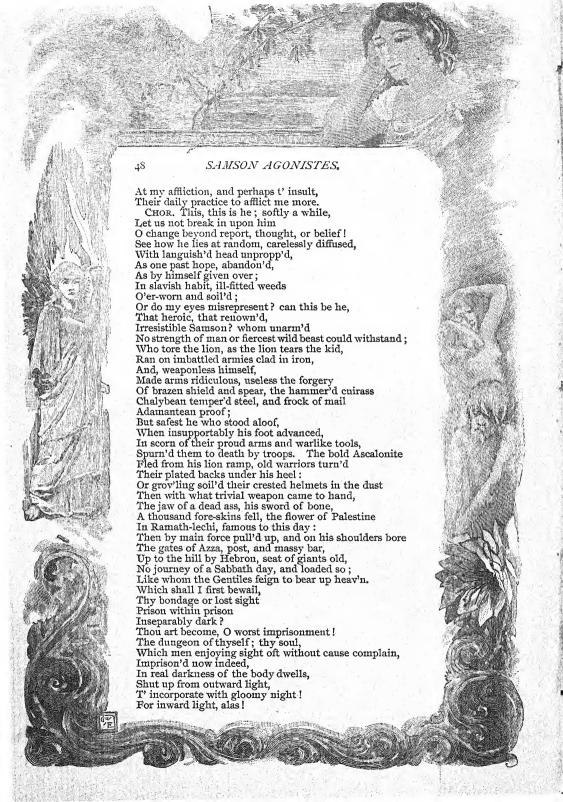


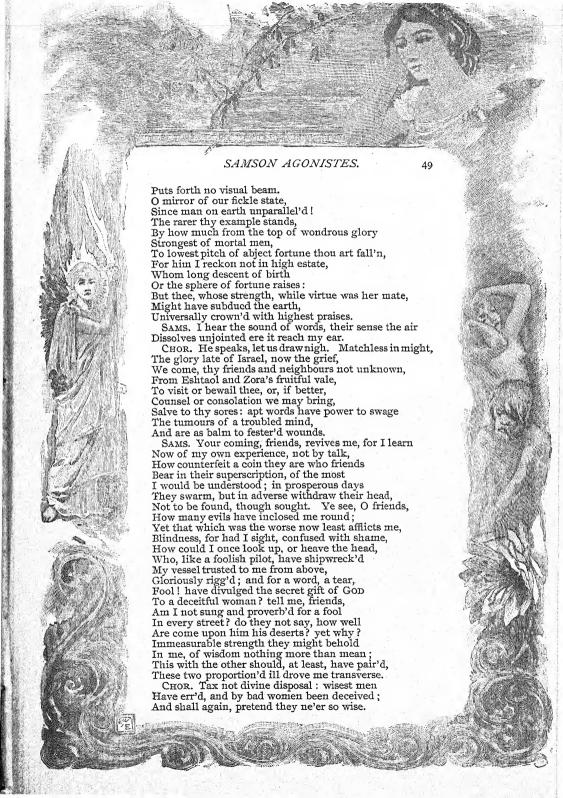


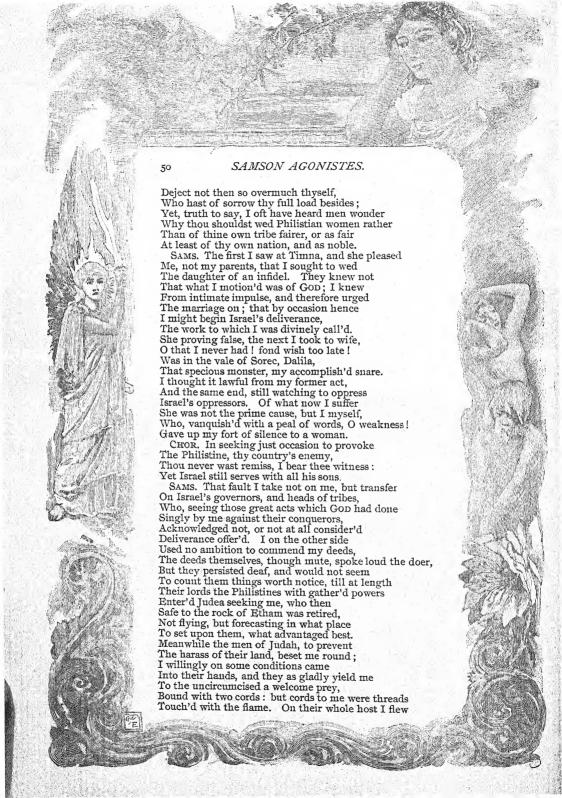


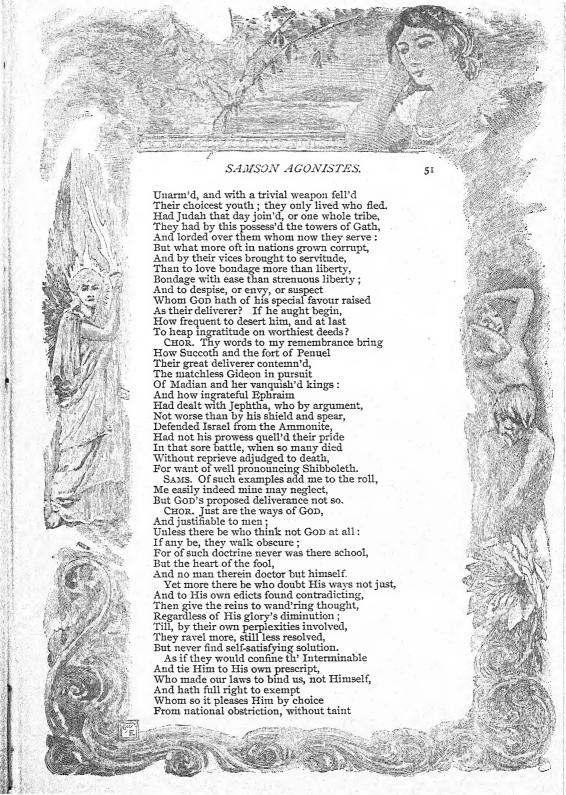


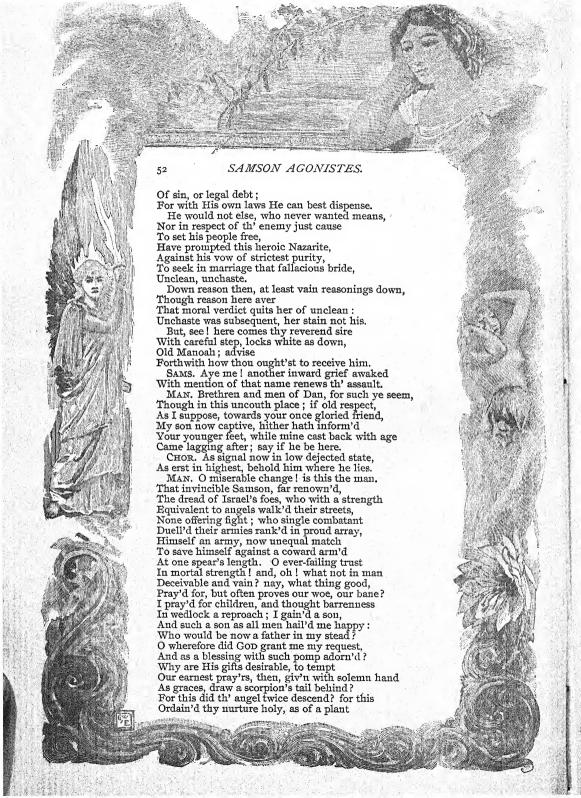


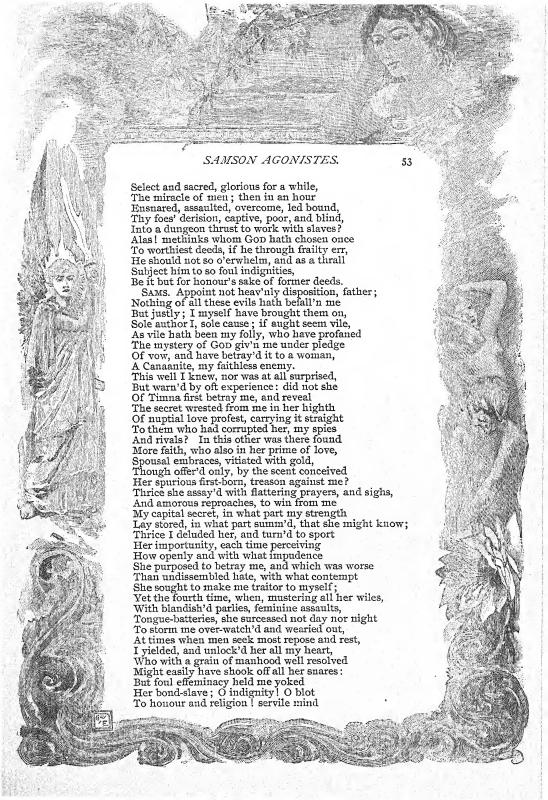


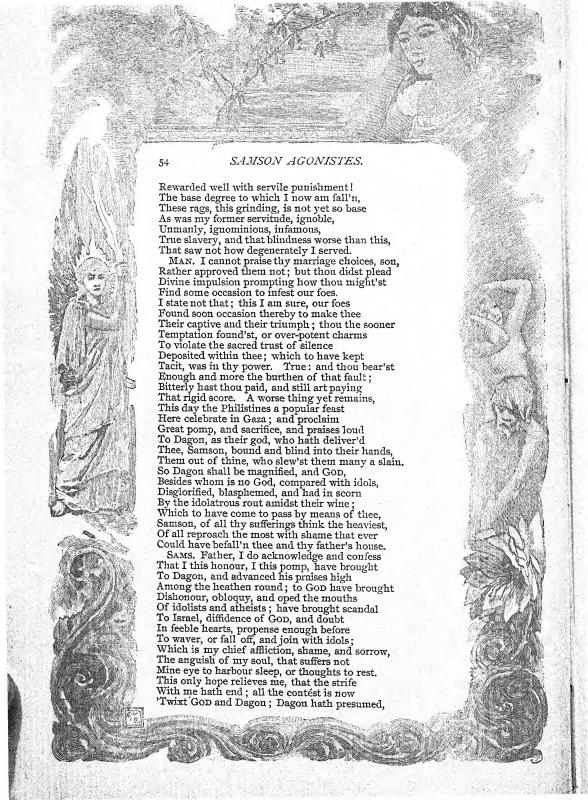


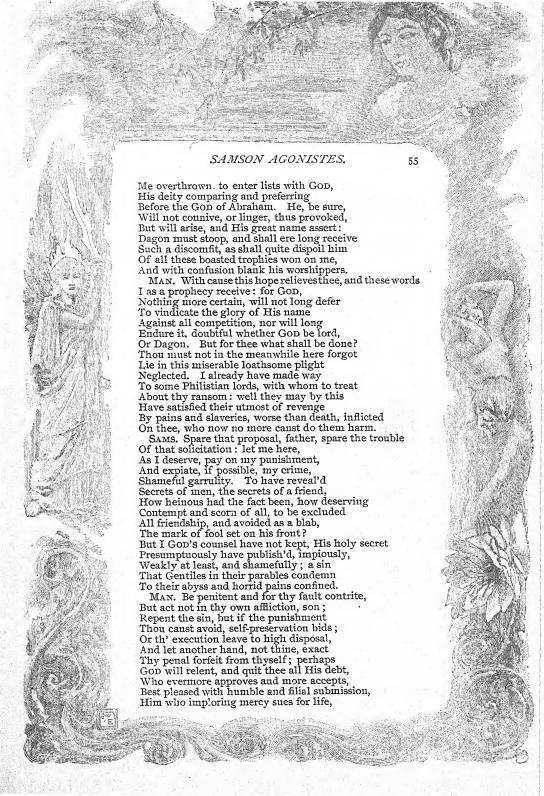


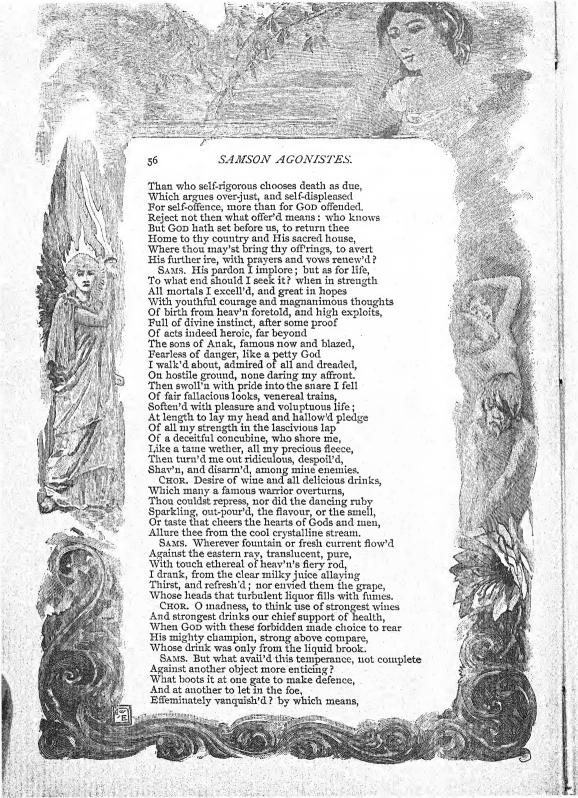


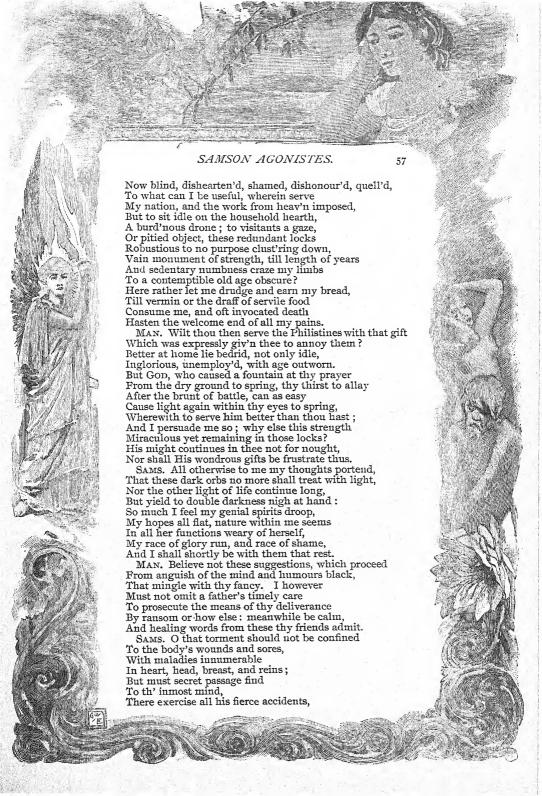


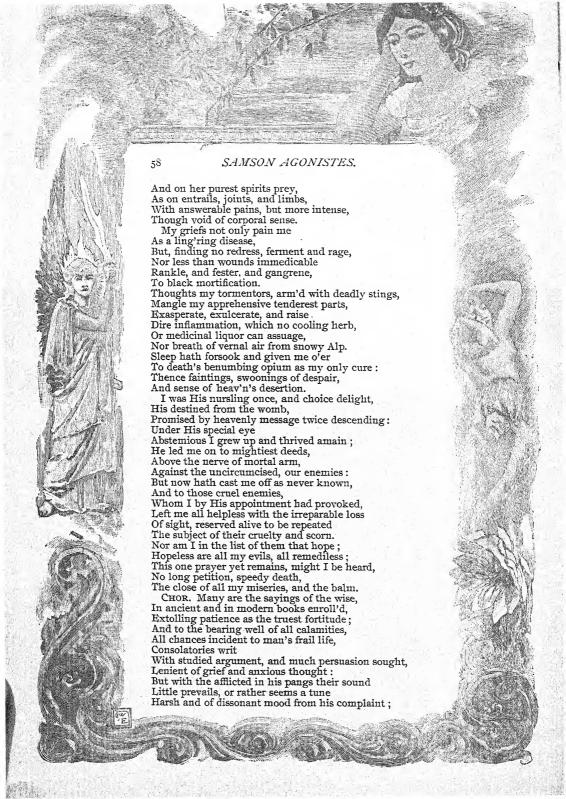


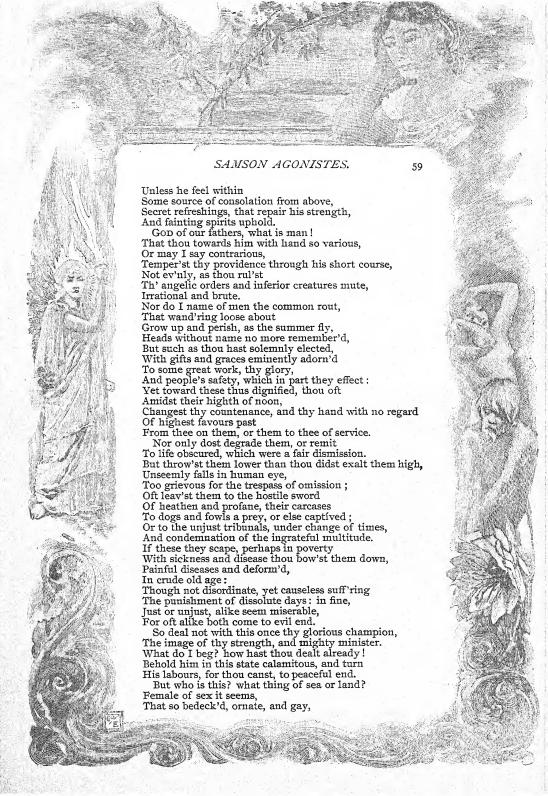


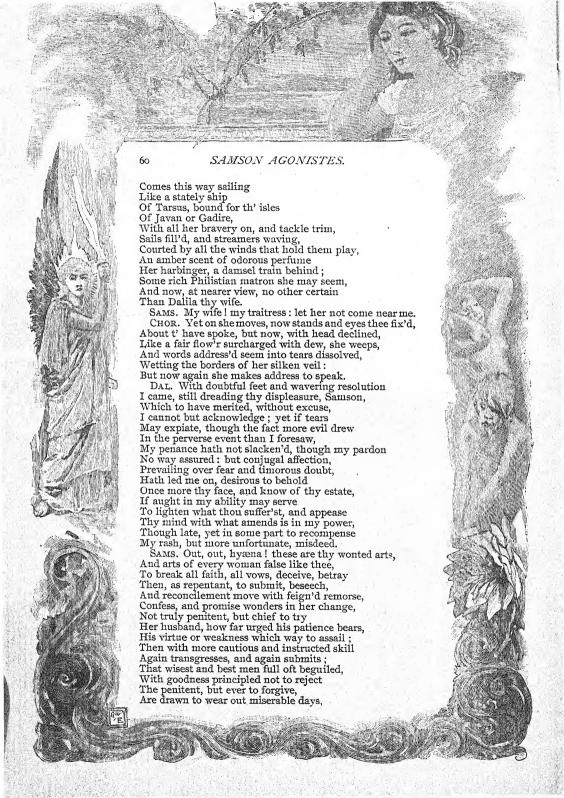


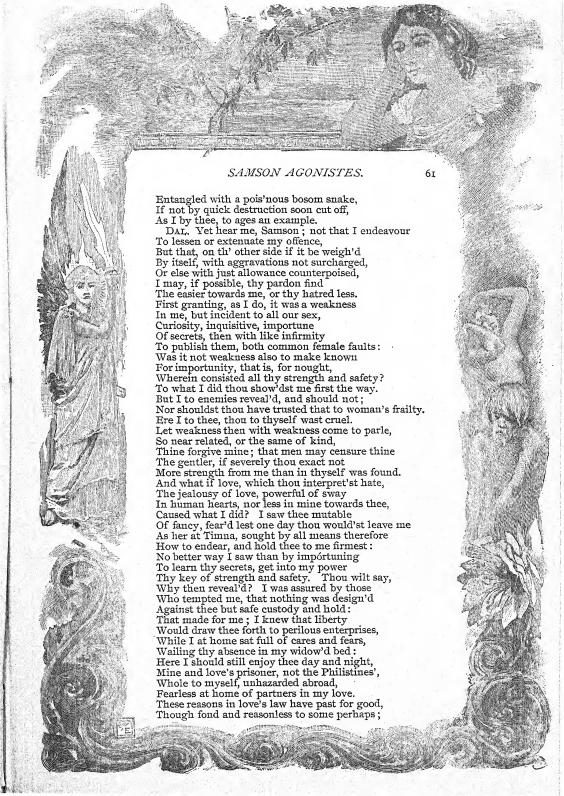


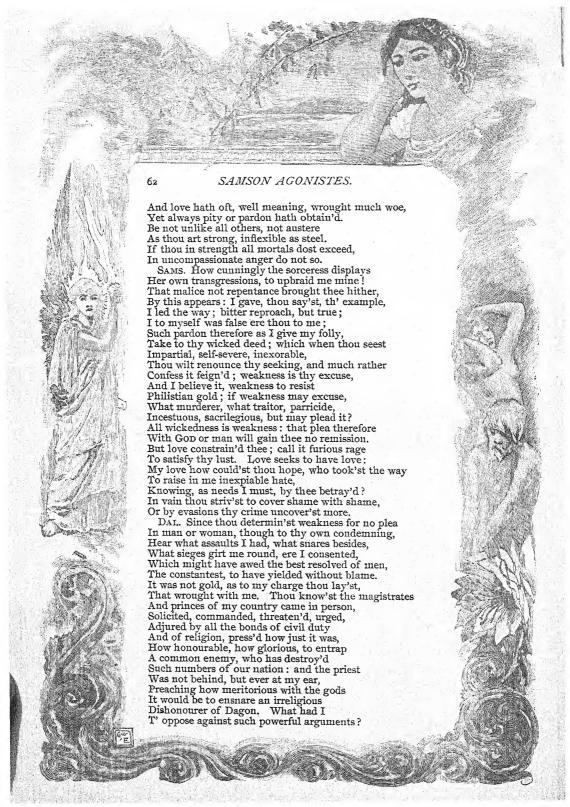


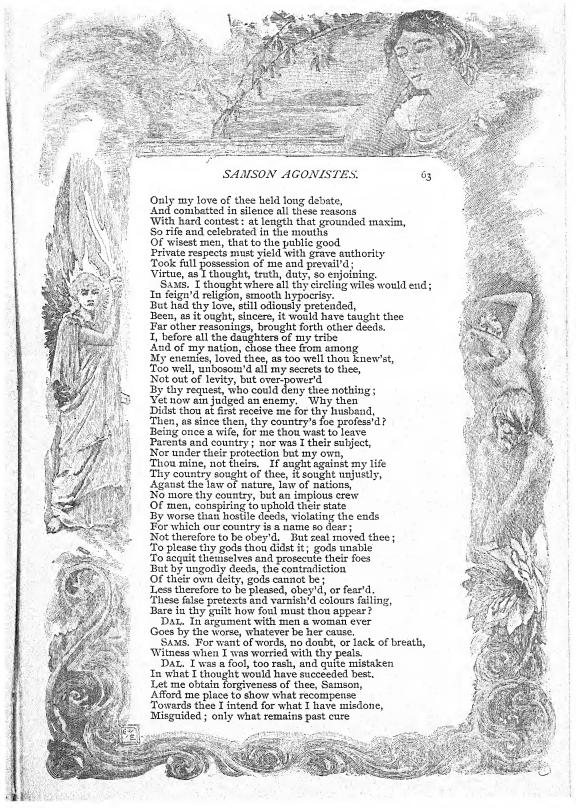


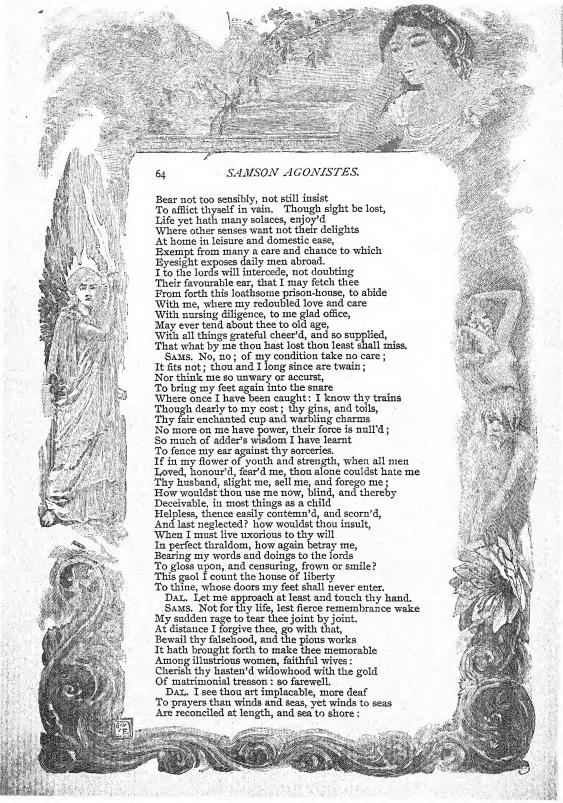


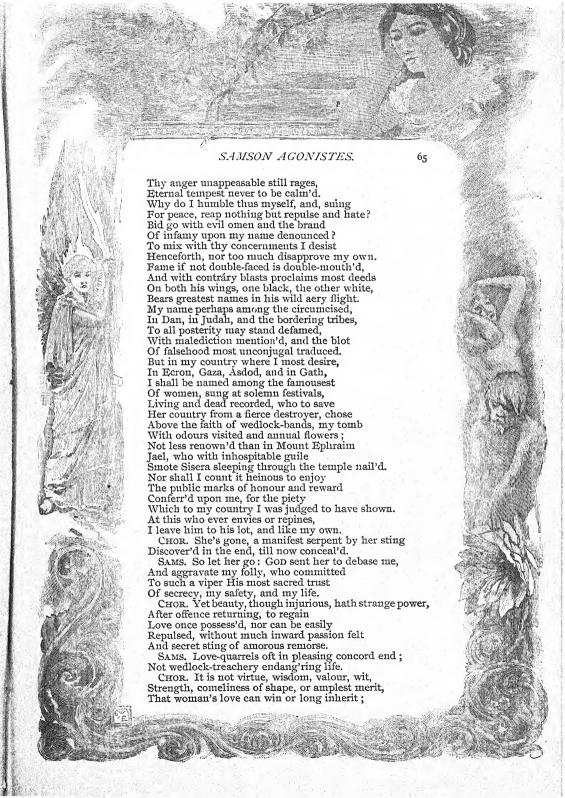


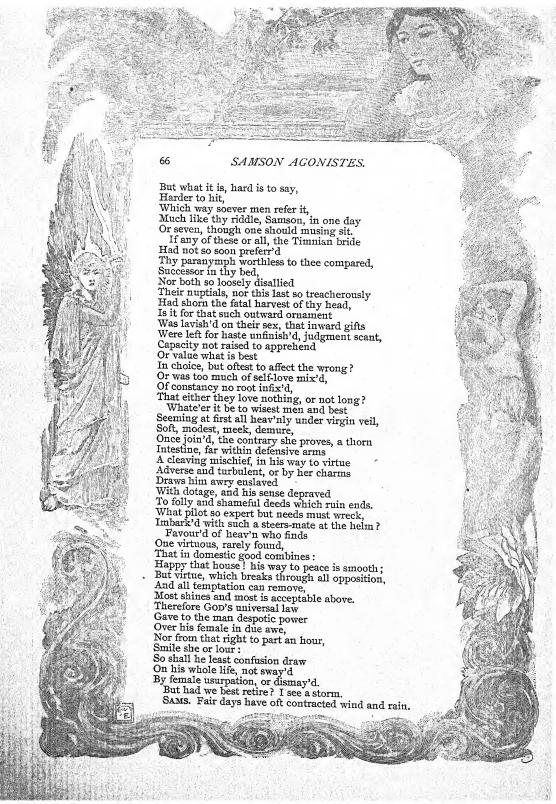


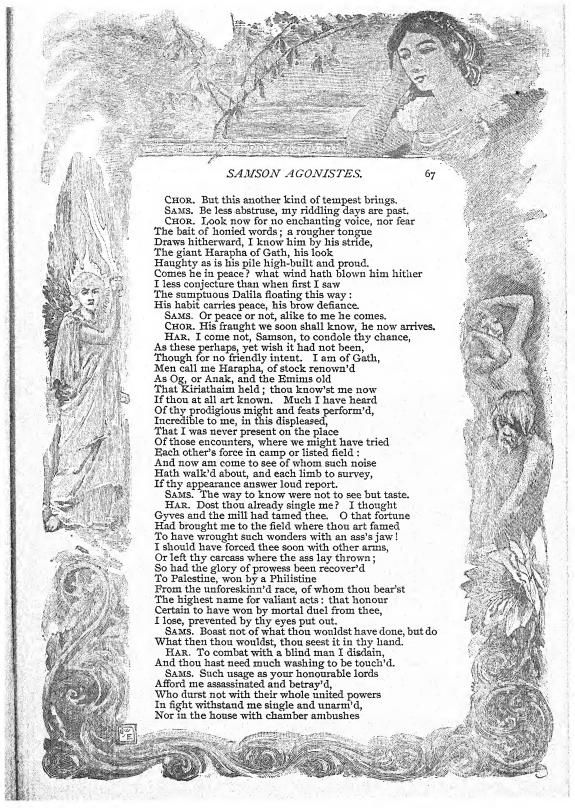


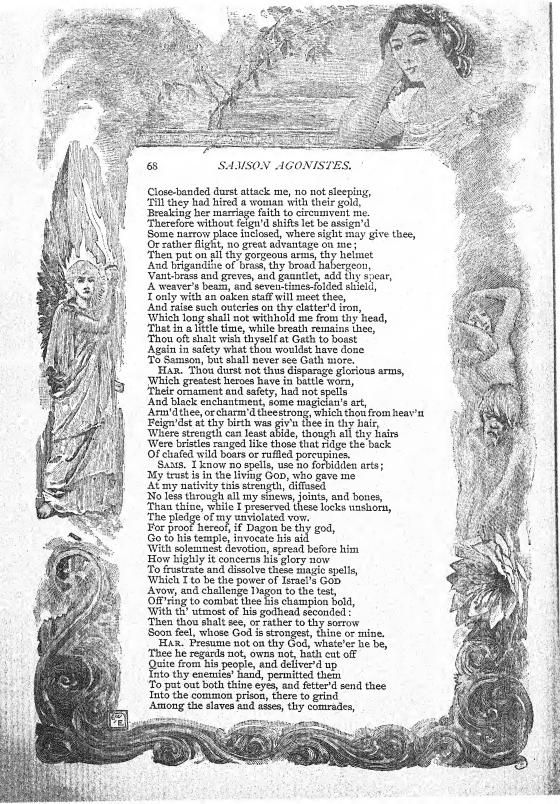


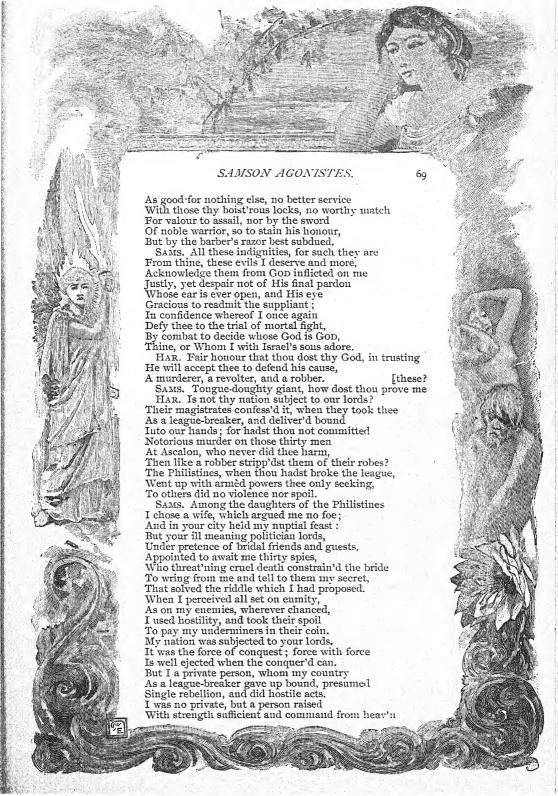


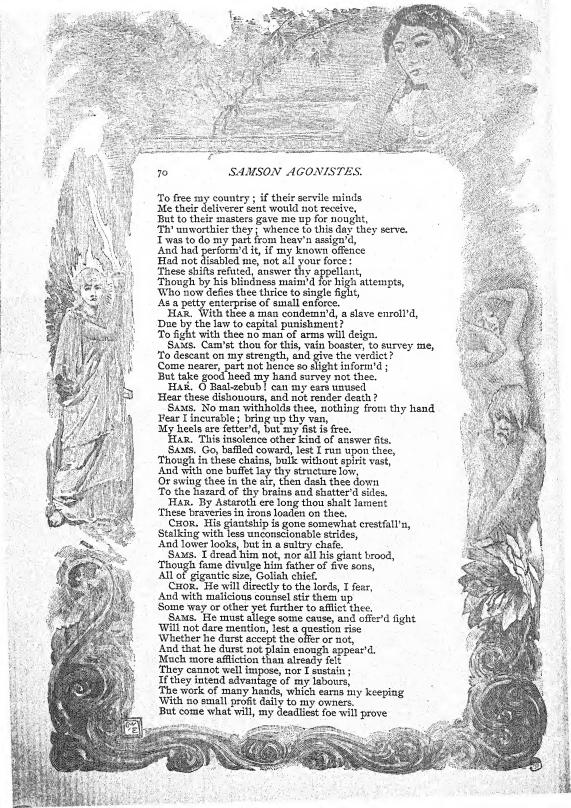


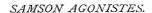












My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence, The worst that he can give, to me the best. Yet so it may fall out, because their end Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving To the spirits of just men long oppress'd! When God into the hands of their deliverer, Puts invincible might To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor, The brute and boist'rous force of violent men Hardy and industrious to support Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue The righteous, and all such as honour truth; He all their ammunition And feats of war defeats, With plain heroic magnitude of mind And celestial vigour arm'd, Their armories and magazines contemns, Renders them useless, while With winged expedition, Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes

His errand on the wicked, who surprised Lose their defence distracted and amazed. But patience is more oft the exercise Of saints, the trial of their fortitude, Making them each his own deliverer, And victor over all

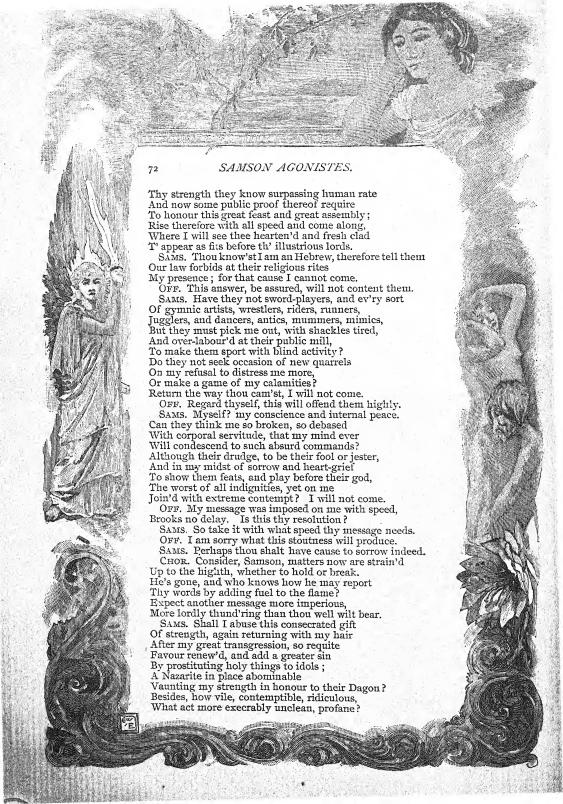
And victor over all
That tyranny of fortune can inflict:
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved

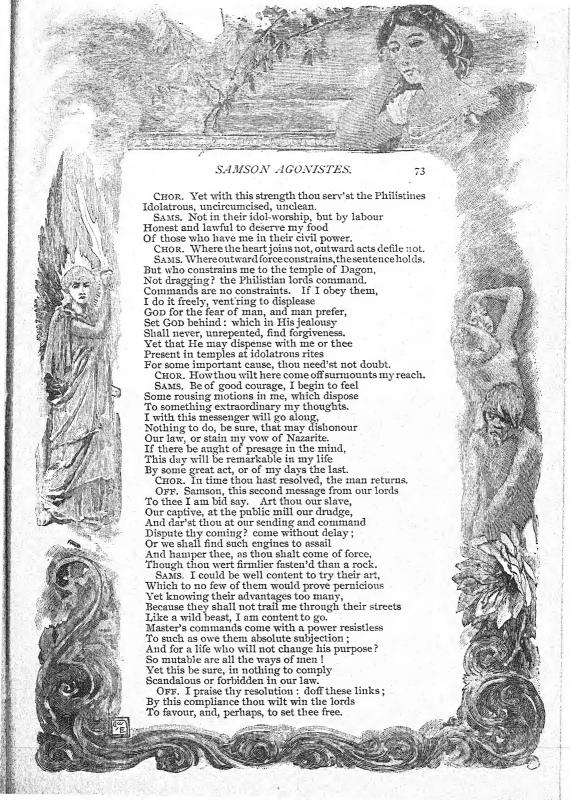
May chance to number thee with those Whom patience finally must crown. This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest

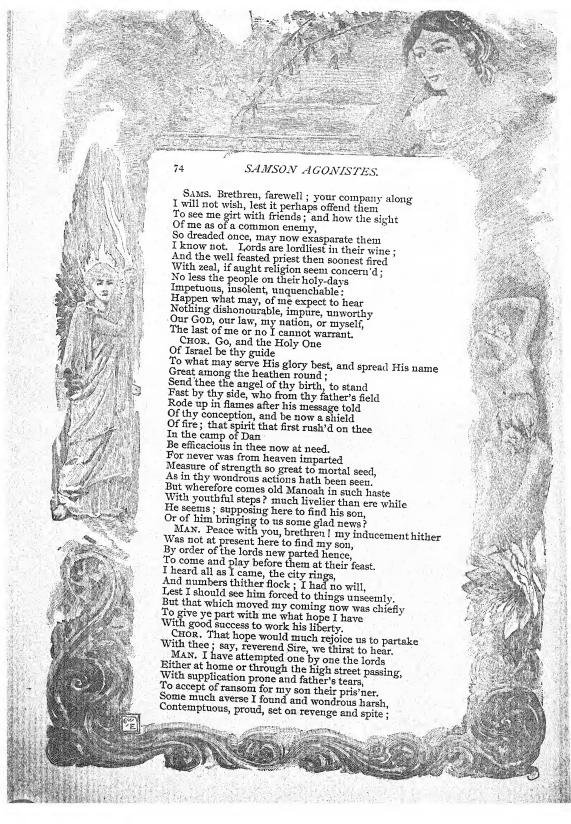
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now

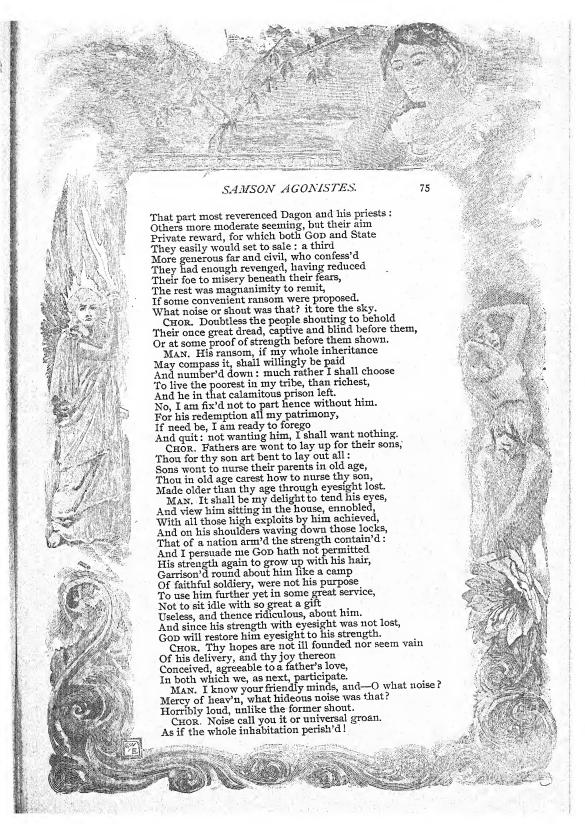
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.
Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.
CHOR. His manacles remark him, there he sits.
Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;

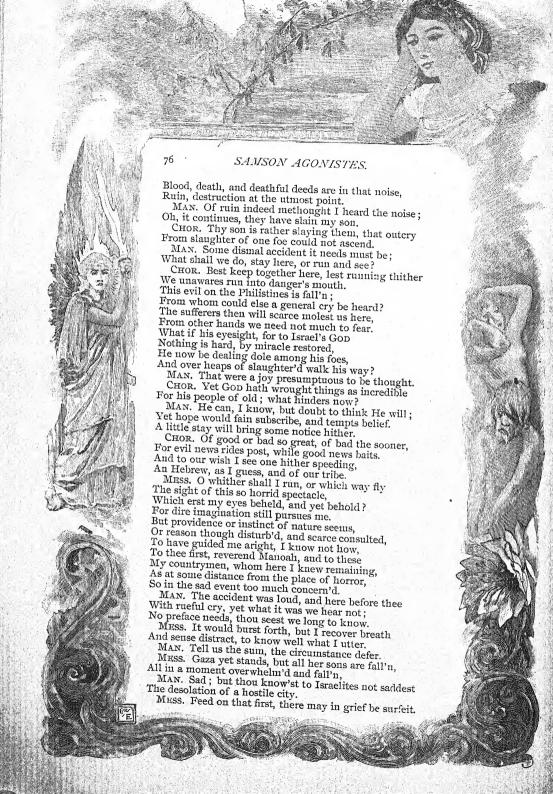
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;

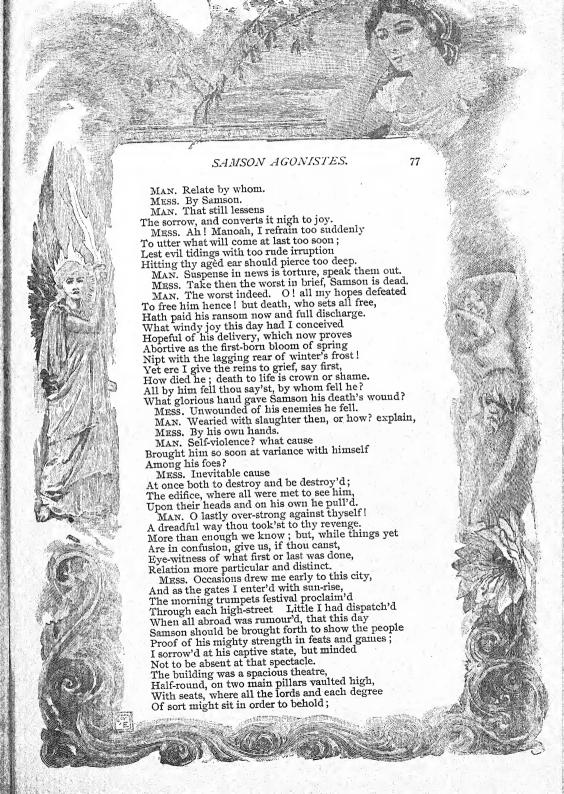


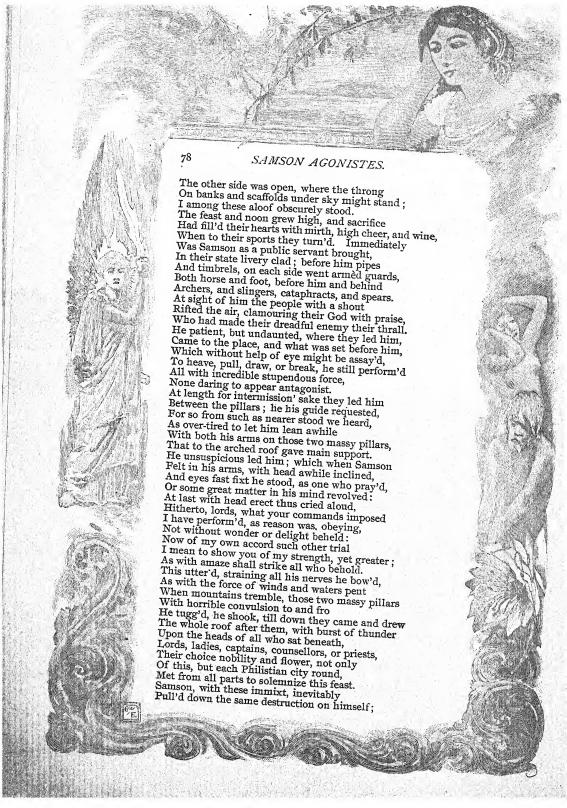






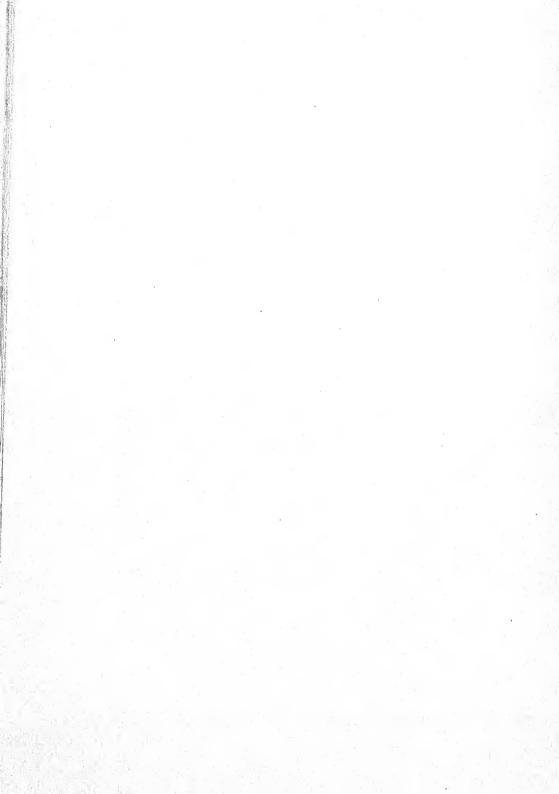


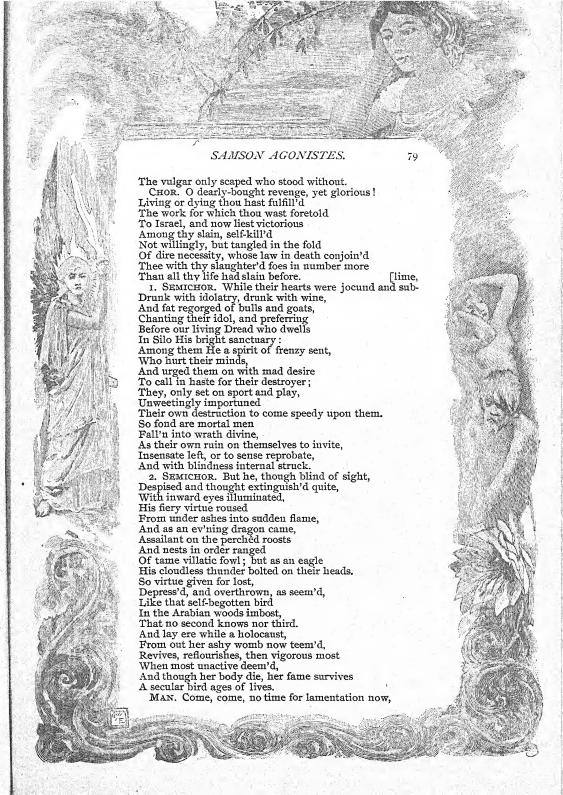


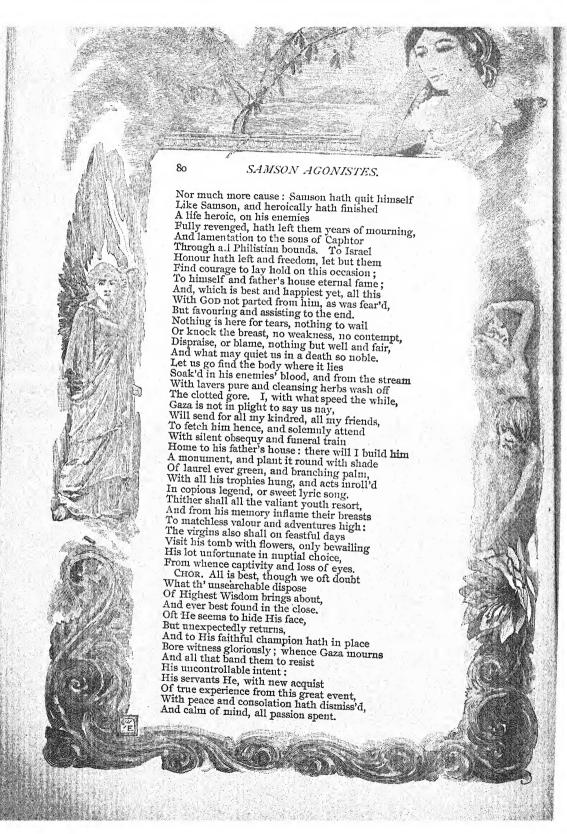


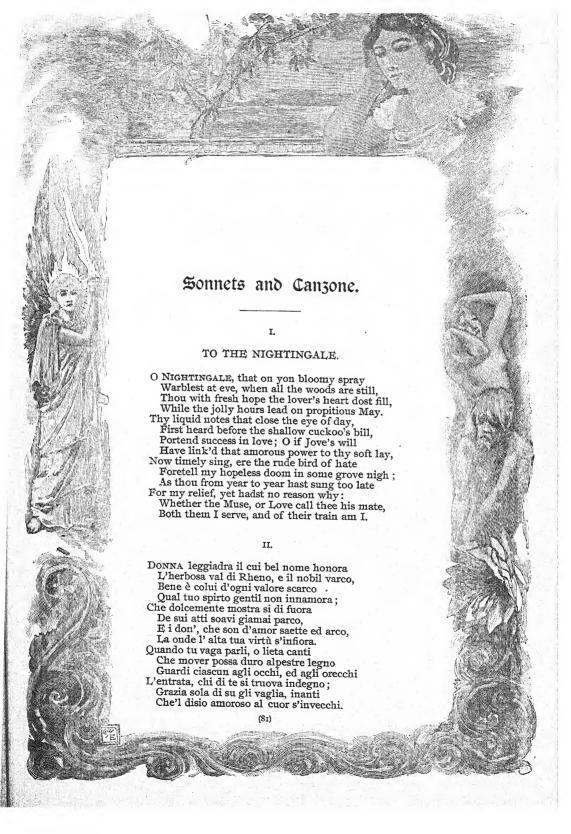


"Those two massy pillars With horrible convulsion to and fro."—Page 78.









III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera L'avezza giovinetta pastorella Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella Che mal si spande a disusata spera Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella Desta il fior novo di strania favella, Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera, Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno. Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

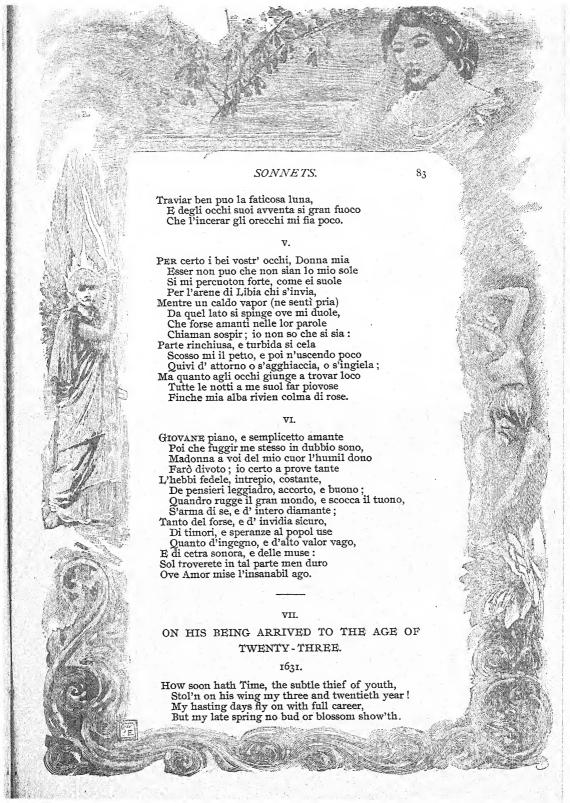
## CANZONE.

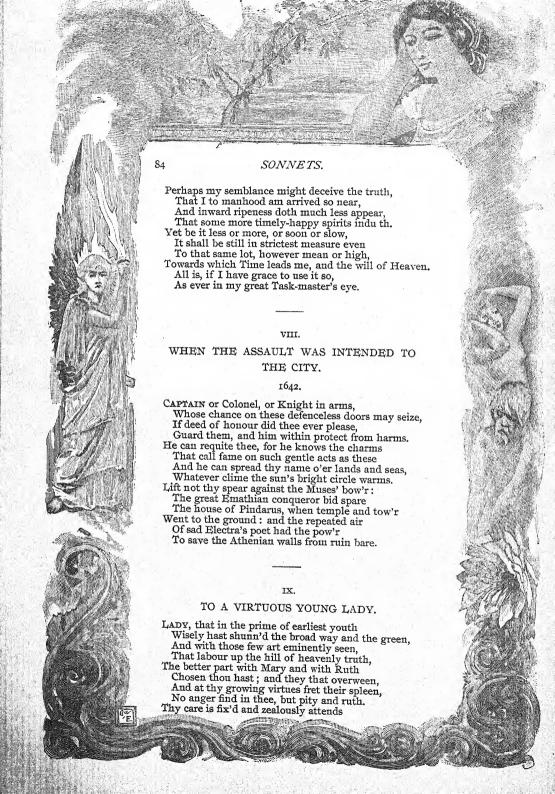
RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi, Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi? Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi; Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi, Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde Nelle cui verdi sponde Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma? Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir è il mio cuore Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

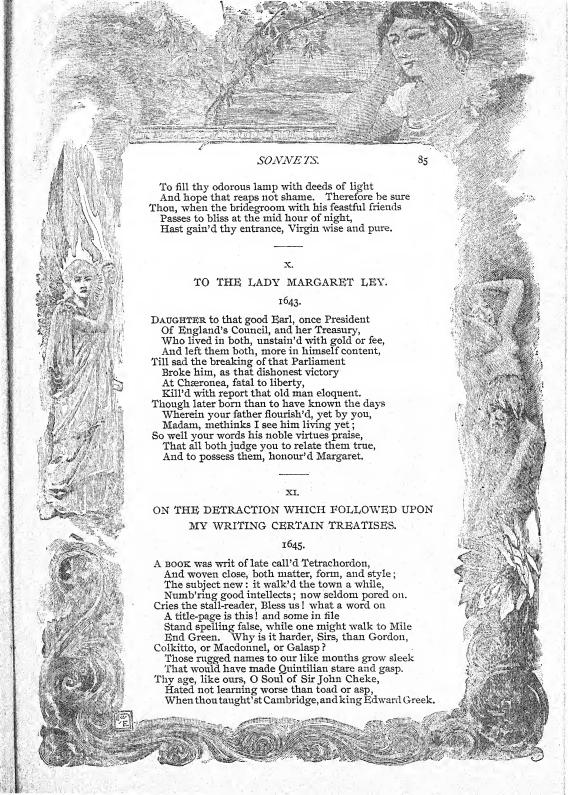
IV.

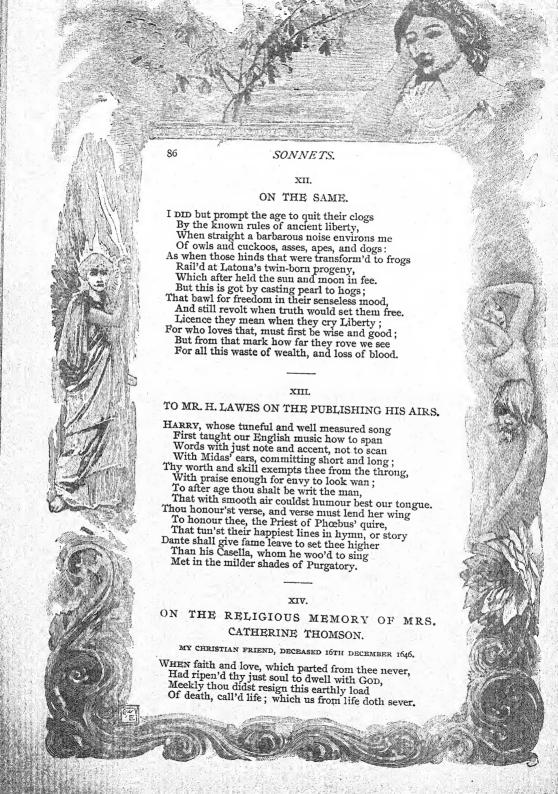
DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea

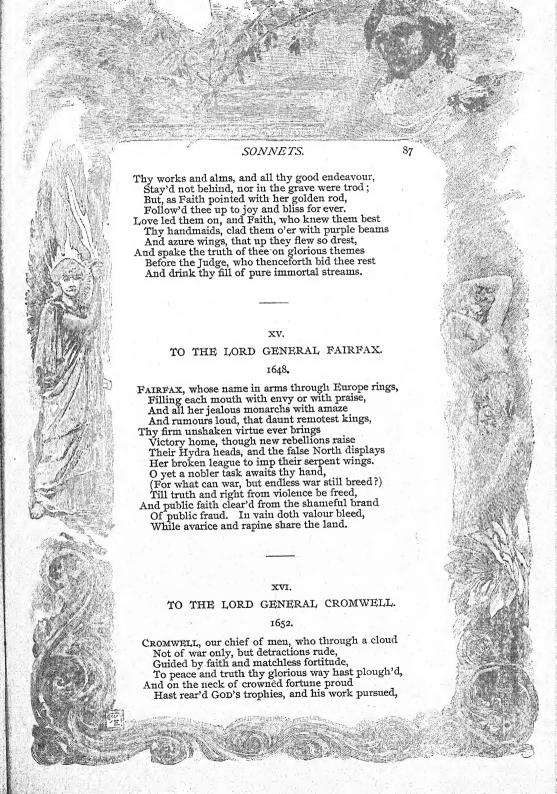
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero

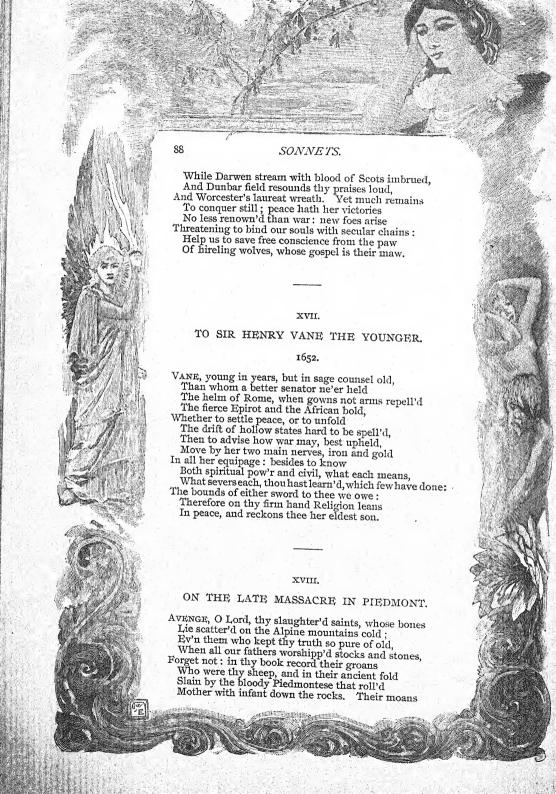


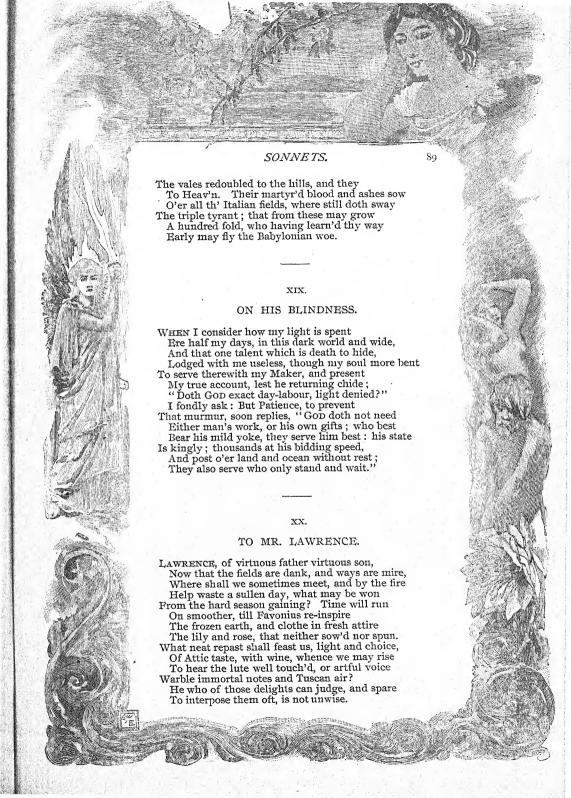


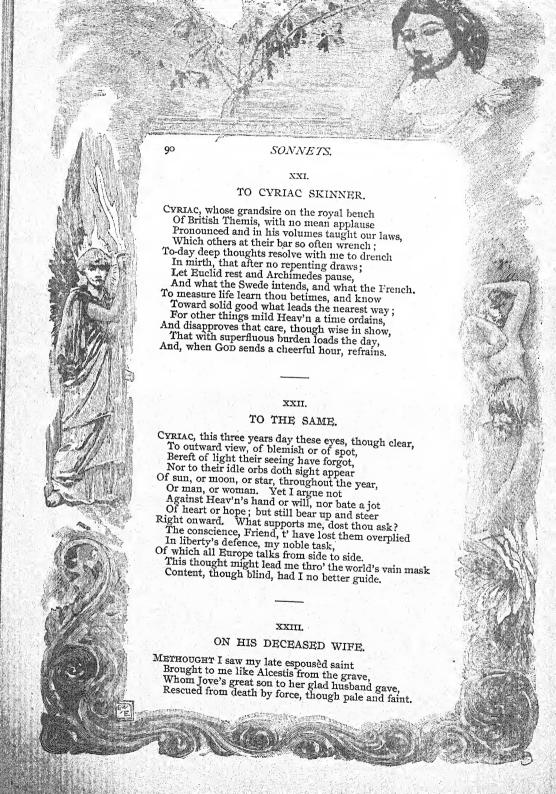


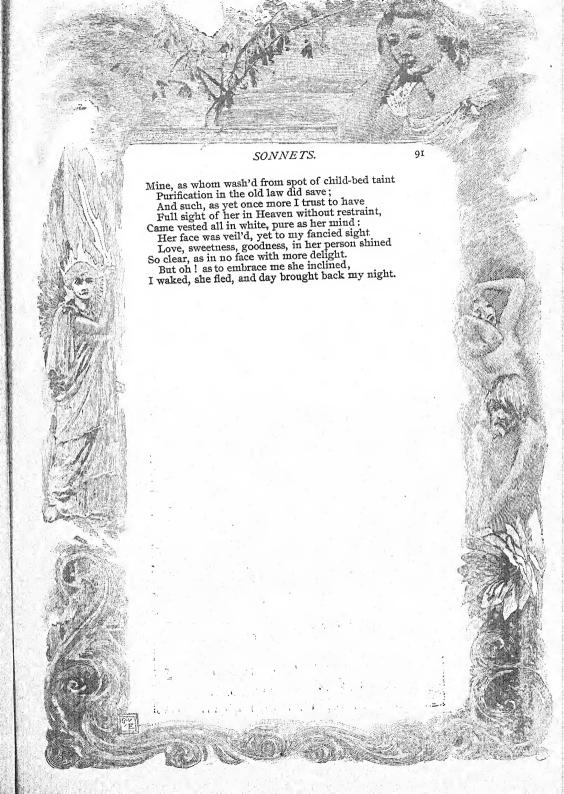


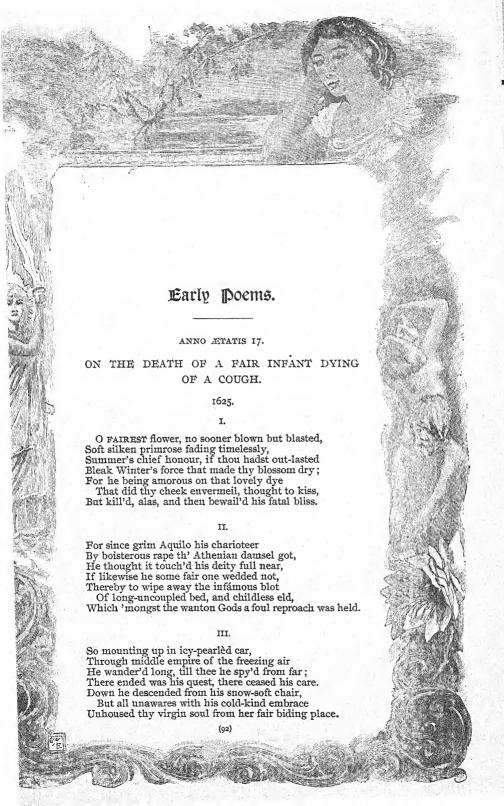


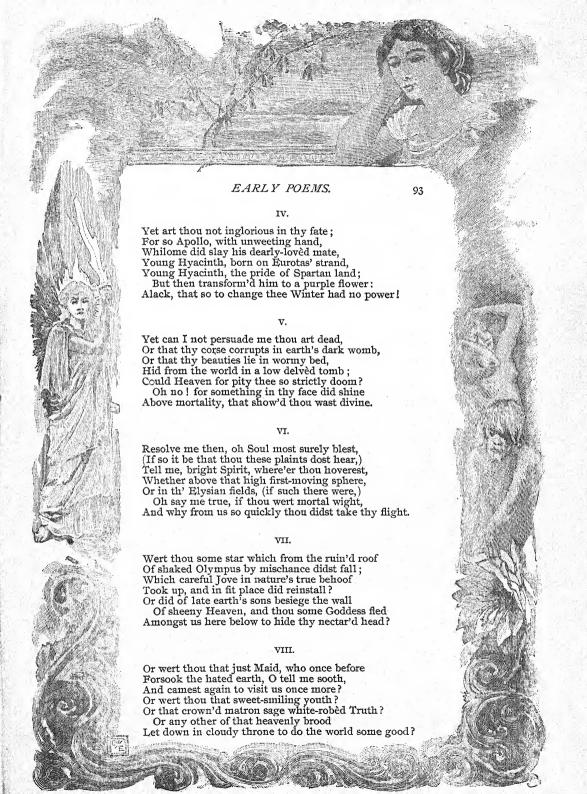


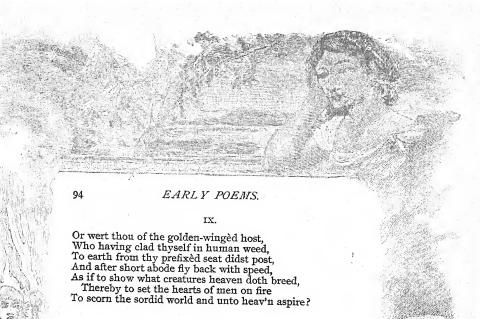












X.

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart'
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent;
This if thou do, He will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

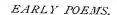
ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

## AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:

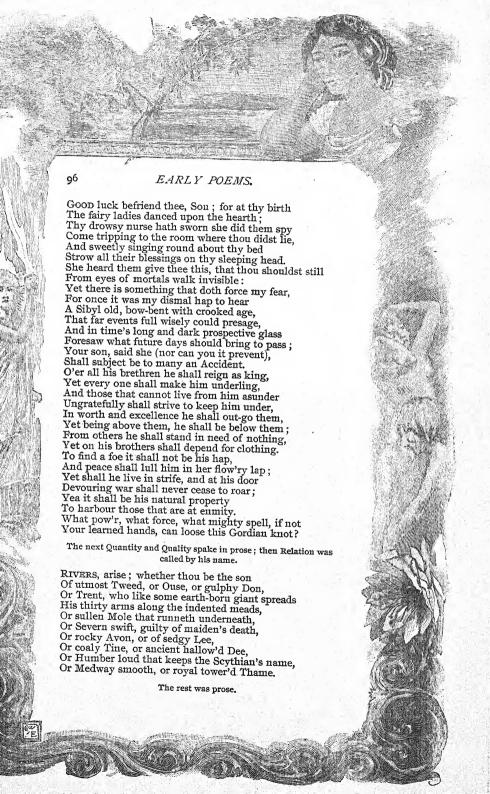
HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak, And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips, Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips, Driving dumb silence from the portal door, Where he had mutely sat two years before: Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask, That now I use thee in my latter task: Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee, I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,

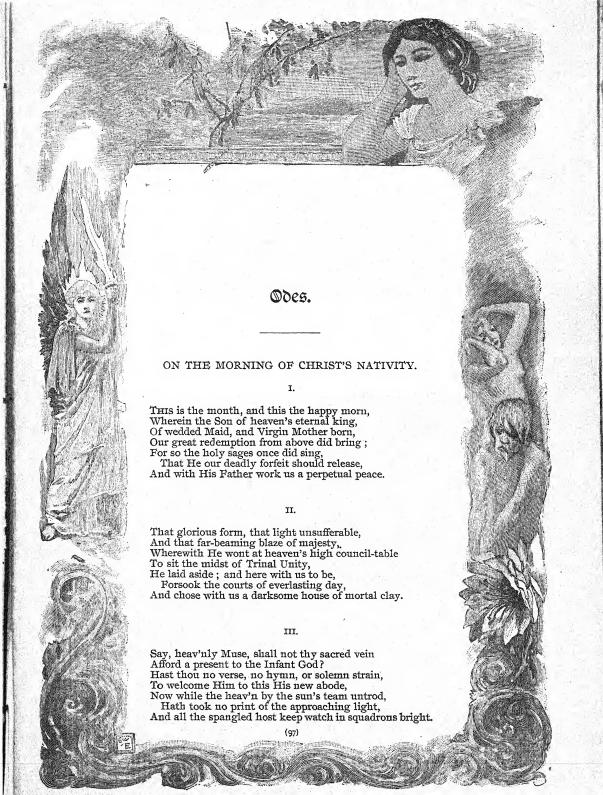


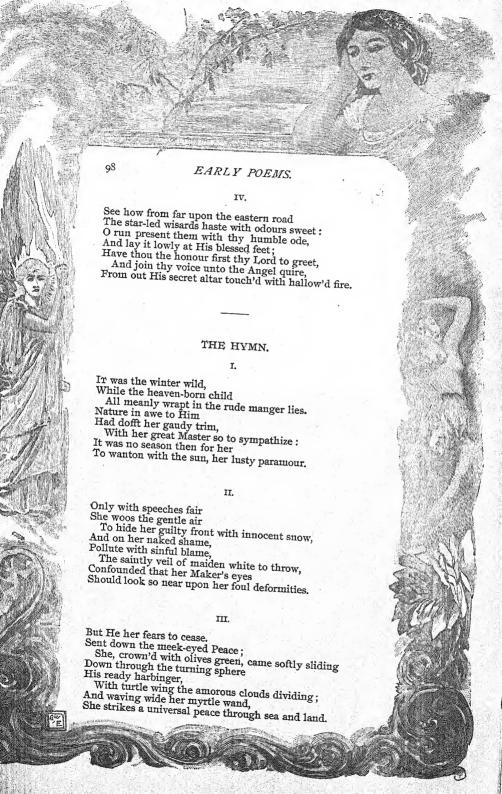
95

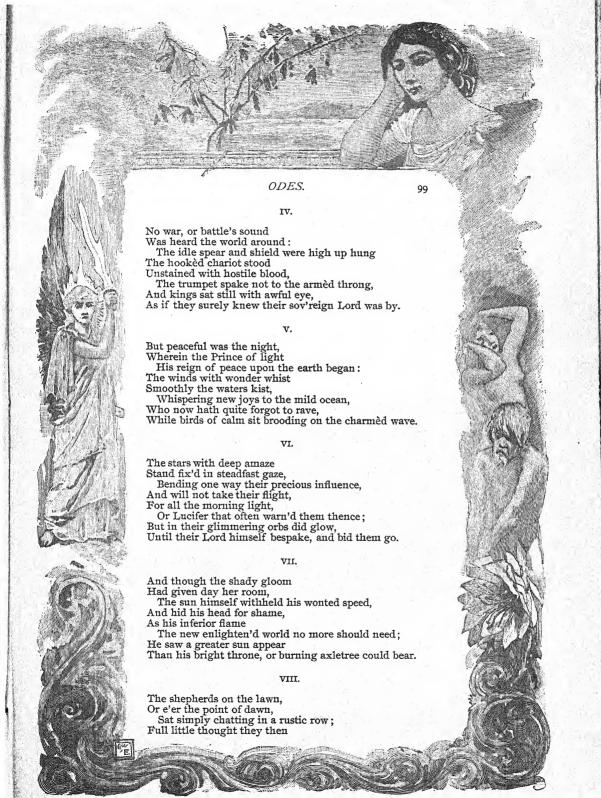
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst; And, if it happen as I did forecast. The daintiest dishes shall be served up last. I pray thee then deny me not thy aid For this same small neglect that I have made: But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure, And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure. Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight Which takes our late fantastics with delight, But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire: I have some naked thoughts that rove about, And loudly knock to have their passage out; And weary of their place do only stay Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array; That so they may without suspect or fears Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears. Yet I had rather, if I were to choose, Thy service in some graver subject use, Such as may make thee search thy coffers round, Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound: Such where the deep transported mind may soar Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door Look in, and see each blissful Deity How he before the thunderous throne doth lie, List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings Immortal nectar to her kingly sire: Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, And misty regions of wide air next under, And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder, May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves, In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves; Then sing of secret things that came to pass When beldam Nature in her cradle was; And last of kings and queens and heroes old, Such as the wise Demodocus once told, In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast, While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest, Are held with his melodious harmony, In willing chains and sweet captivity. But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray! Expectance calls thee now another way, Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent To keep in compass of thy predicament: Then quick about thy purposed business come, That to the next I may resign my room.

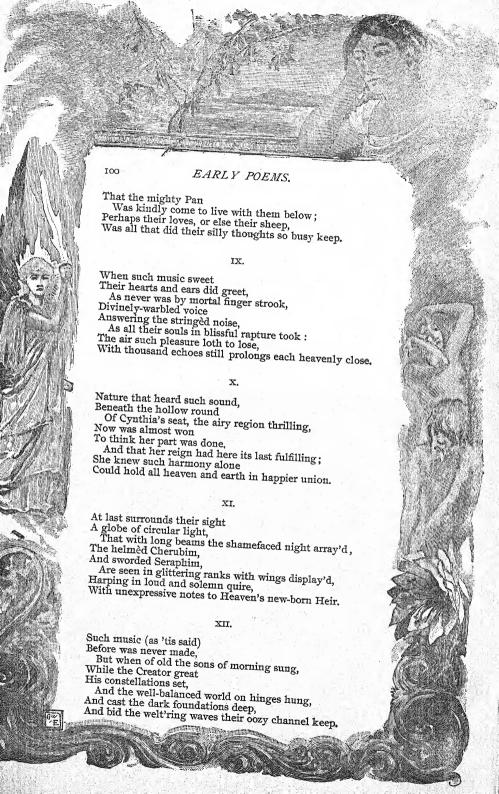
Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

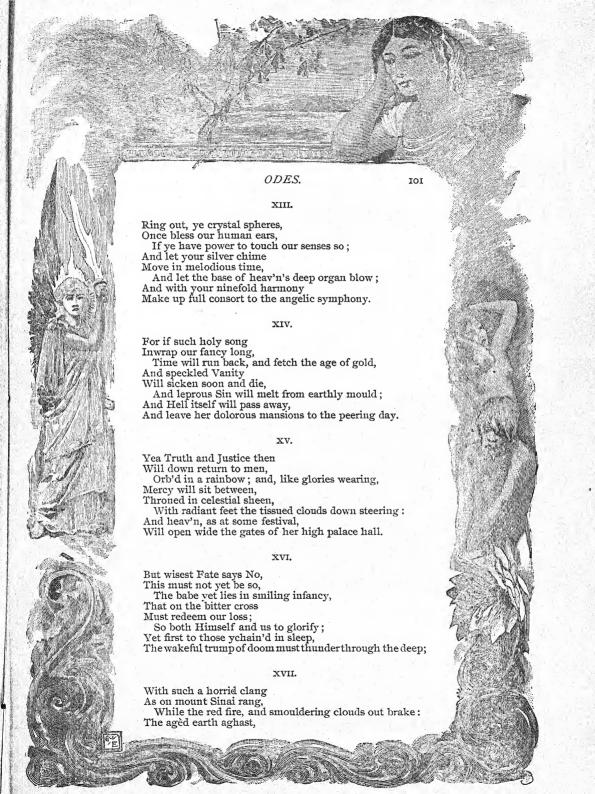


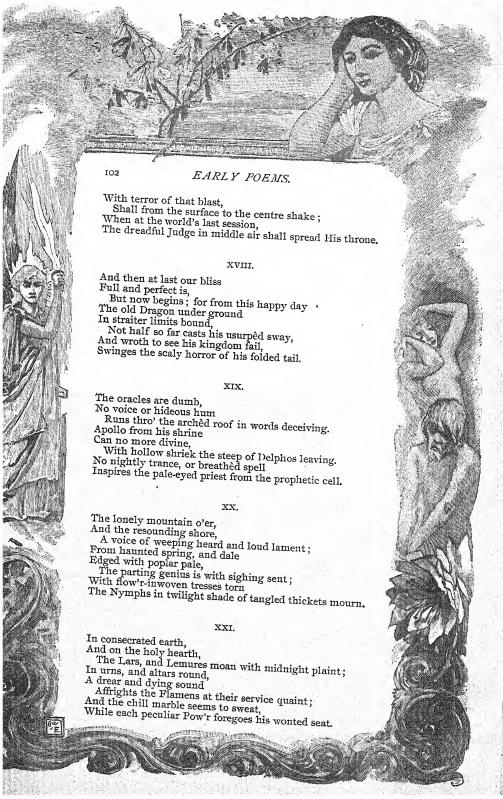


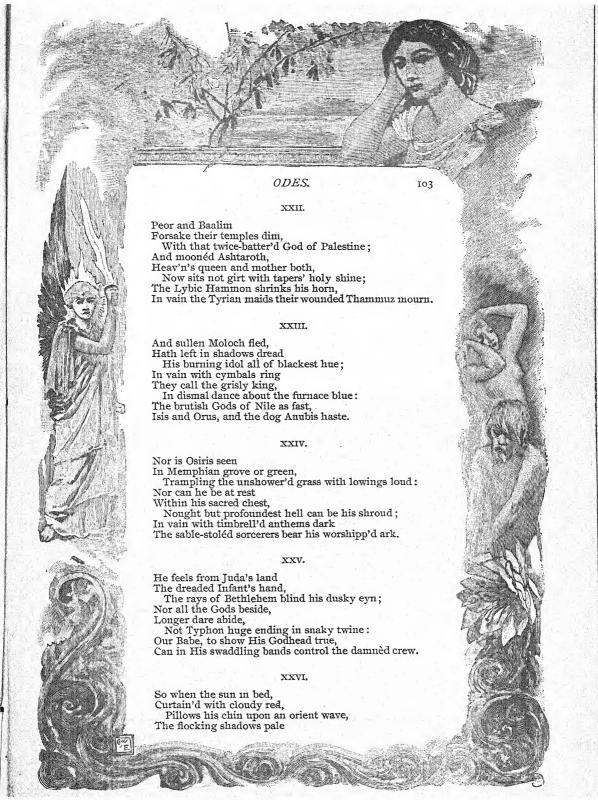


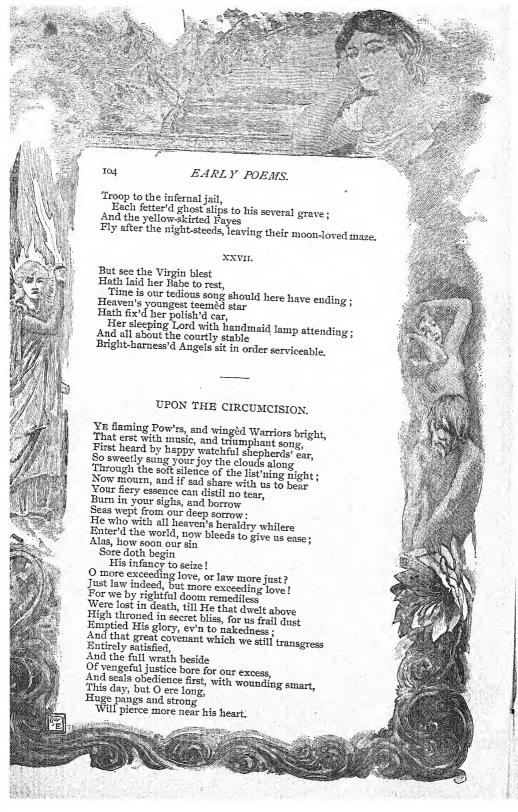


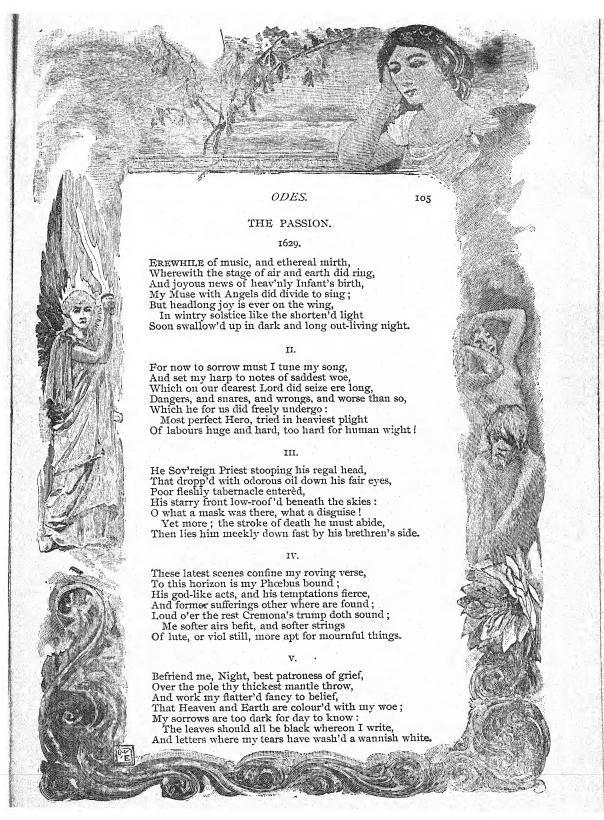


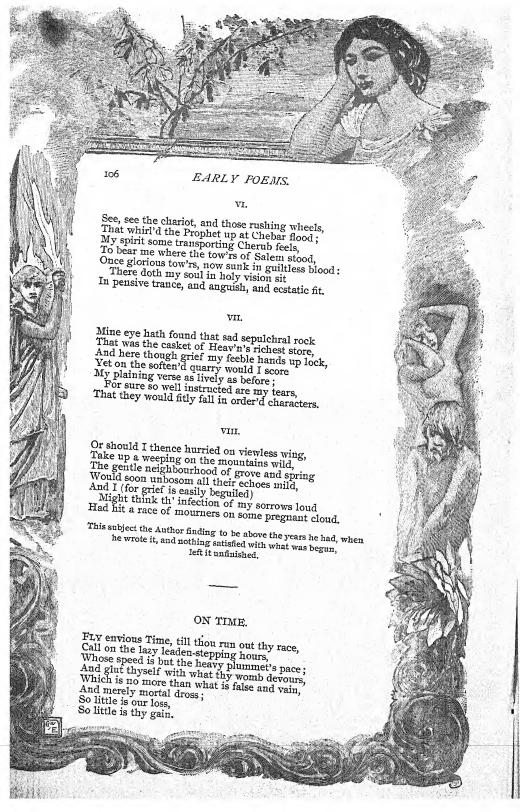


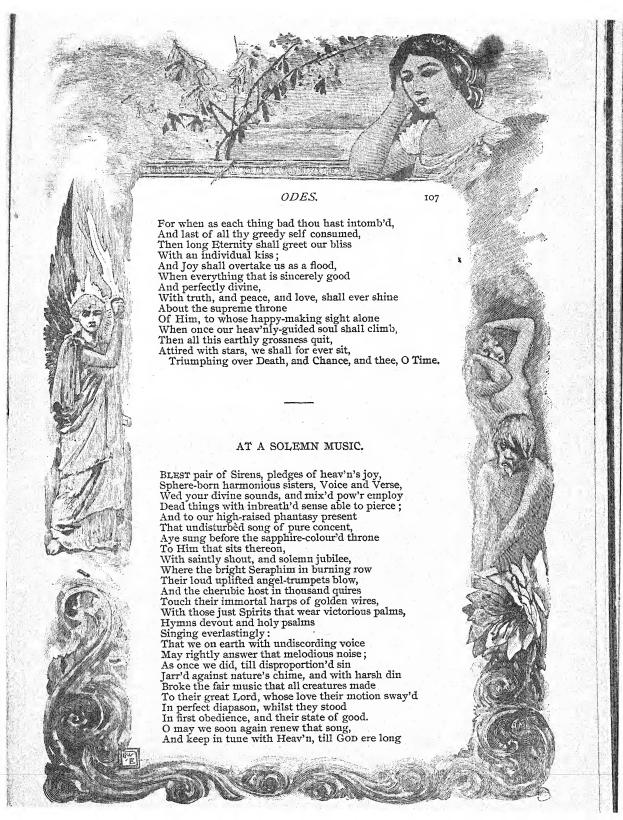


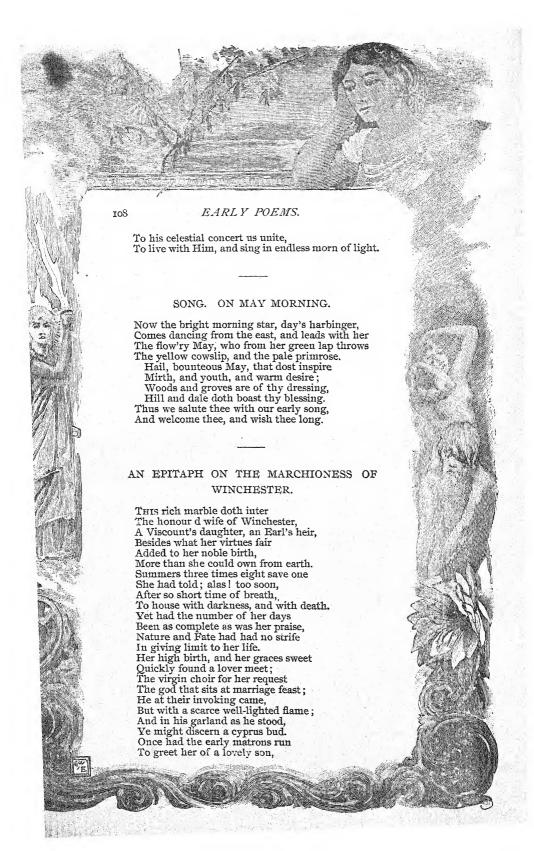


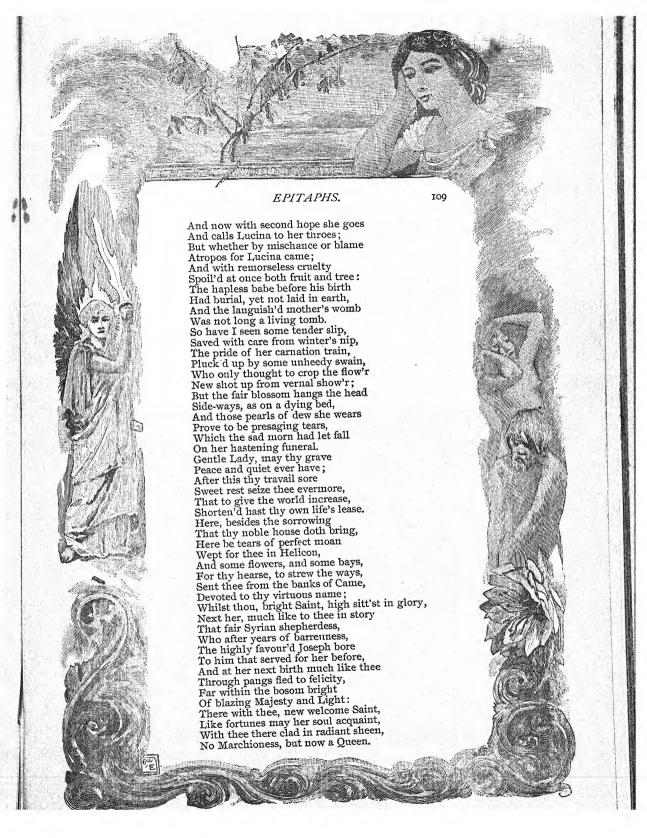


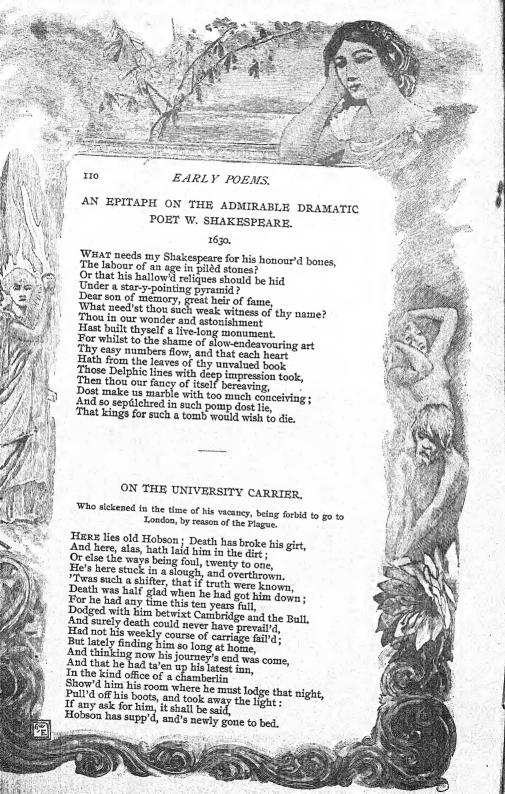


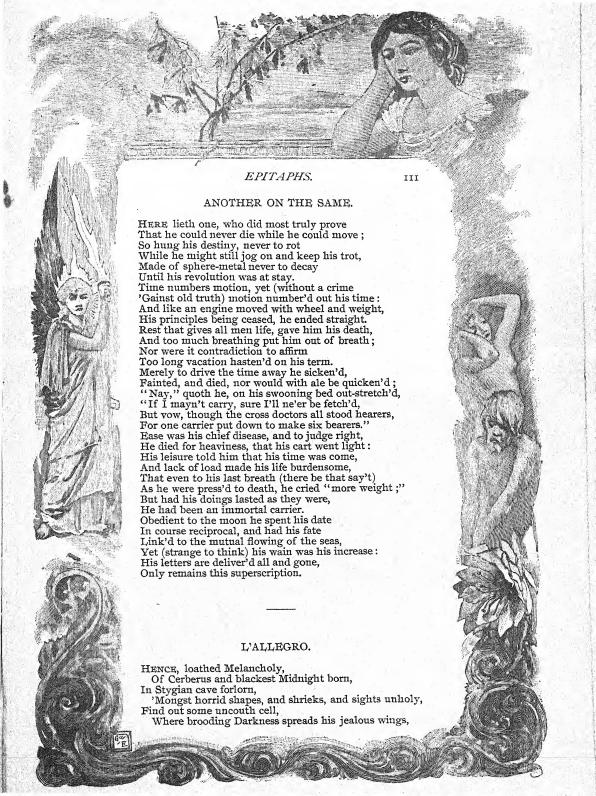


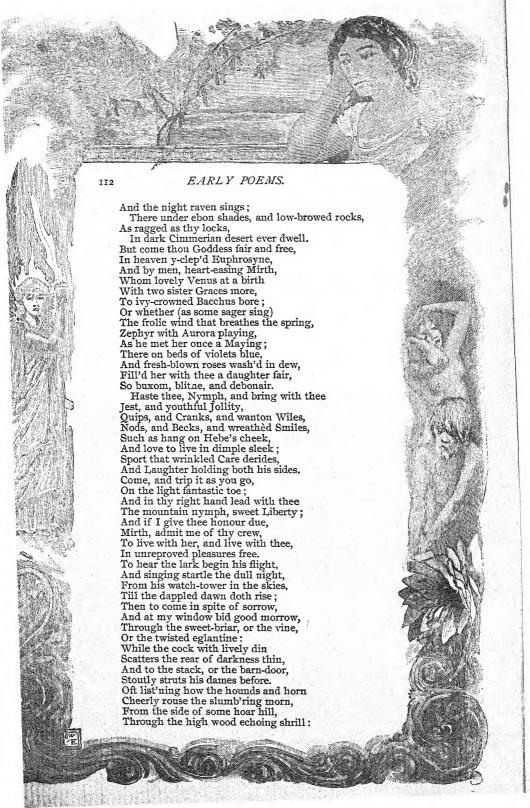








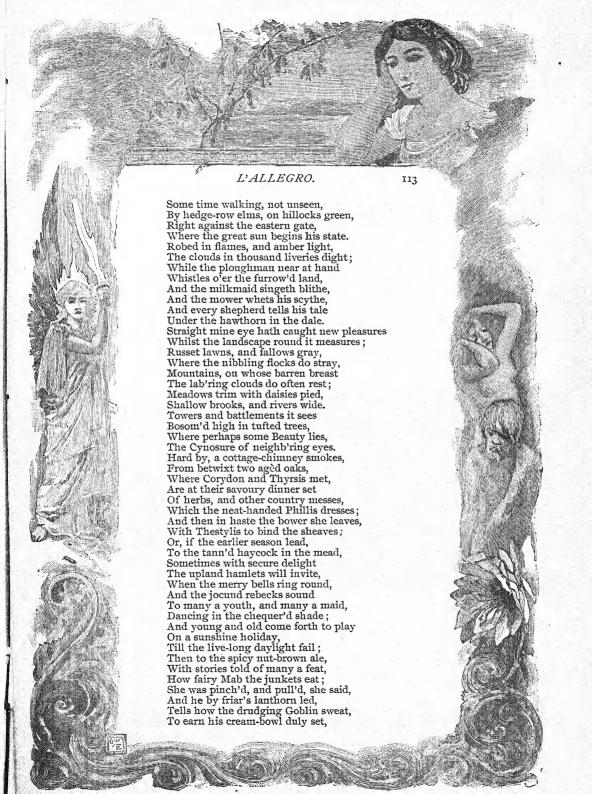


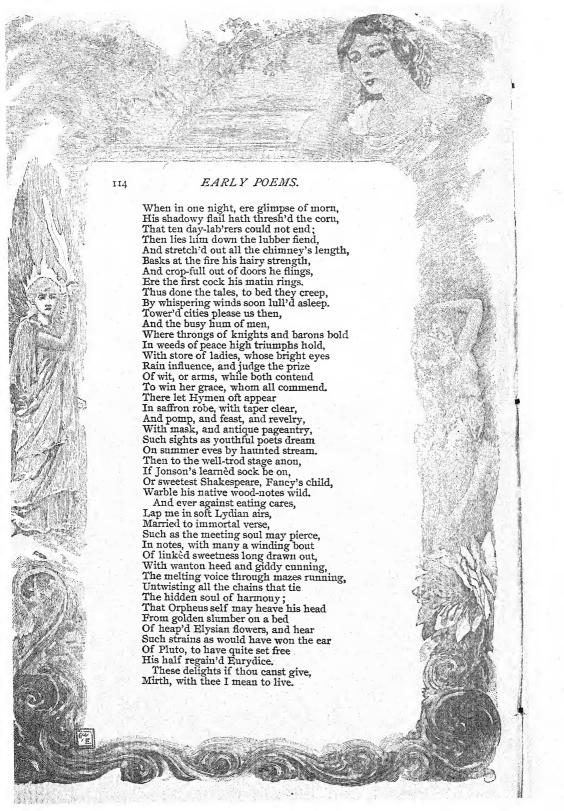


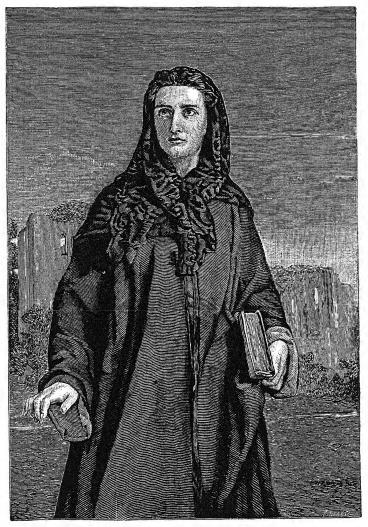


"Come, and trip it as you go."-Page 112.



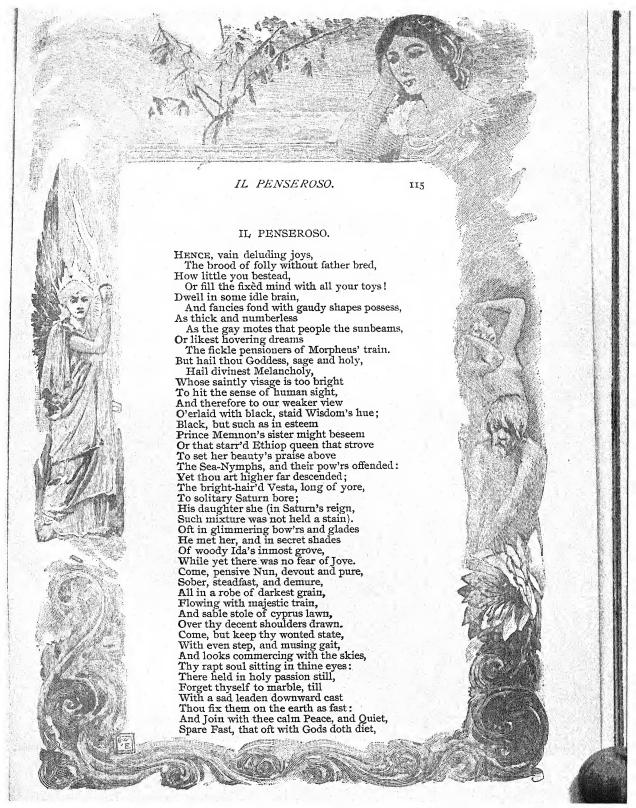


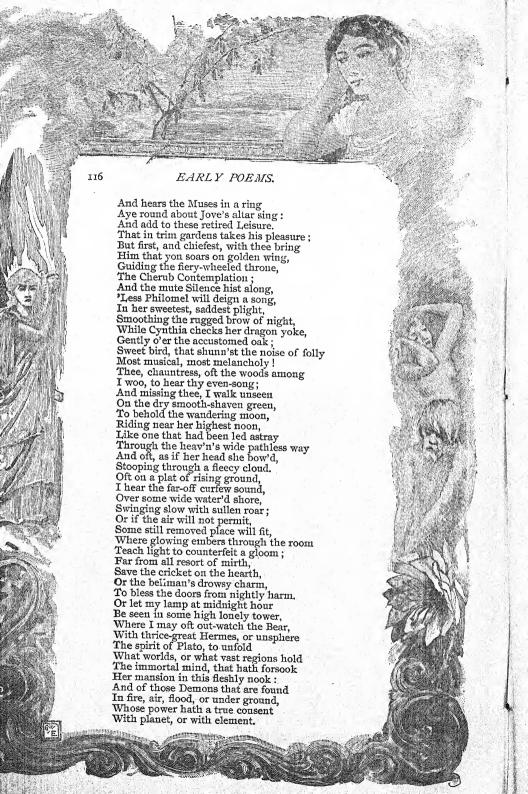


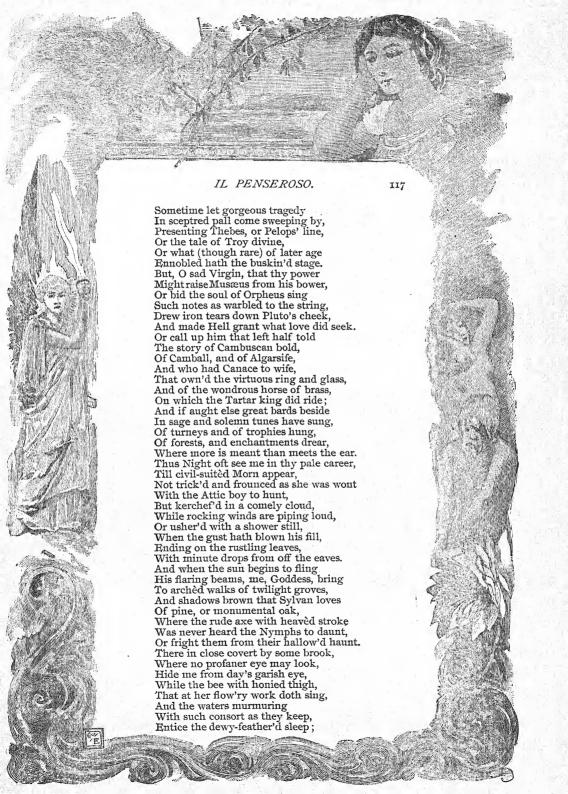


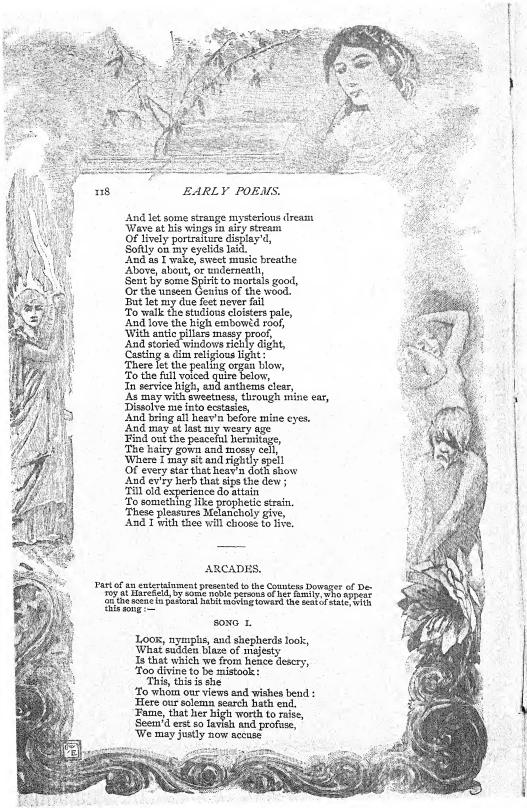
"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure."-Page 115.

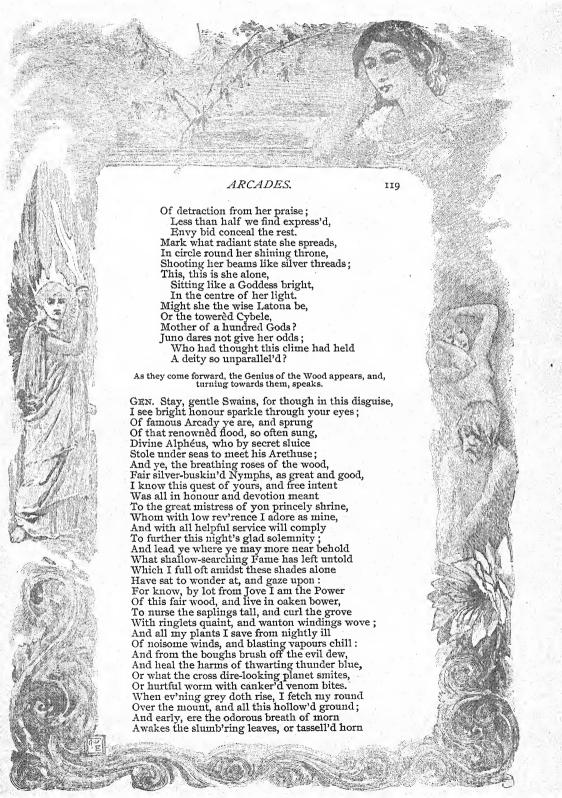


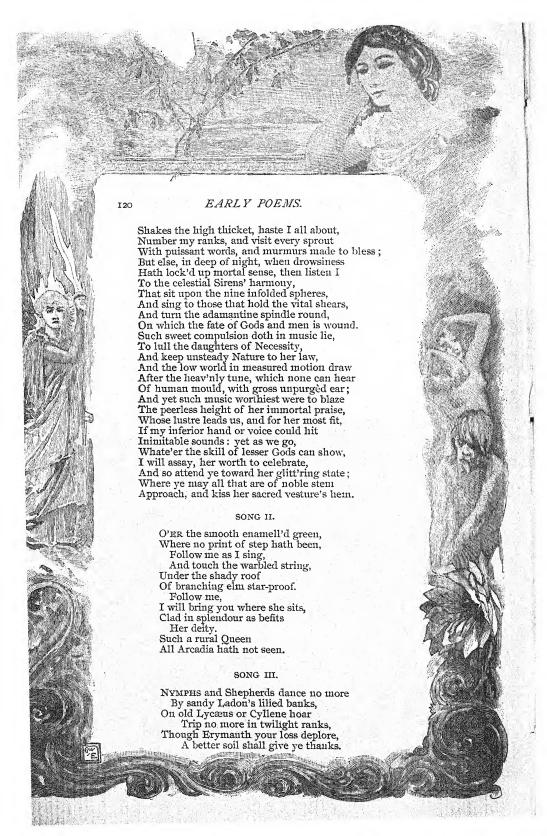


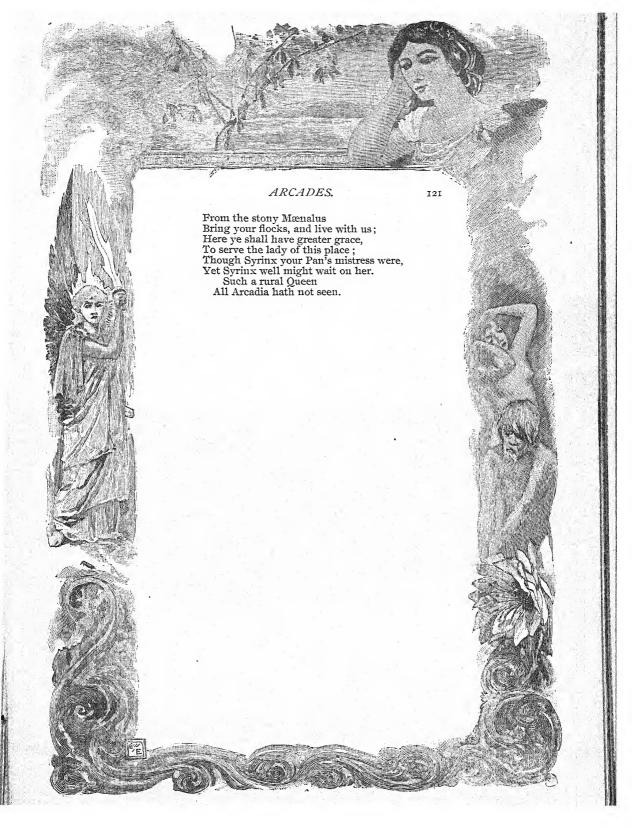


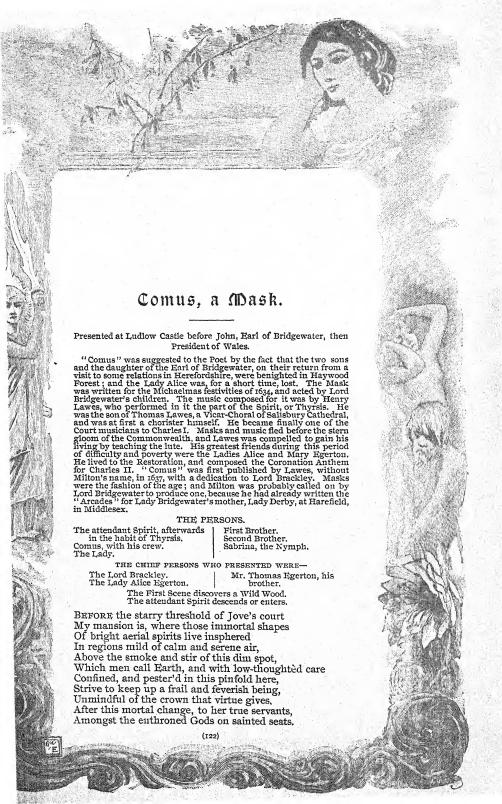


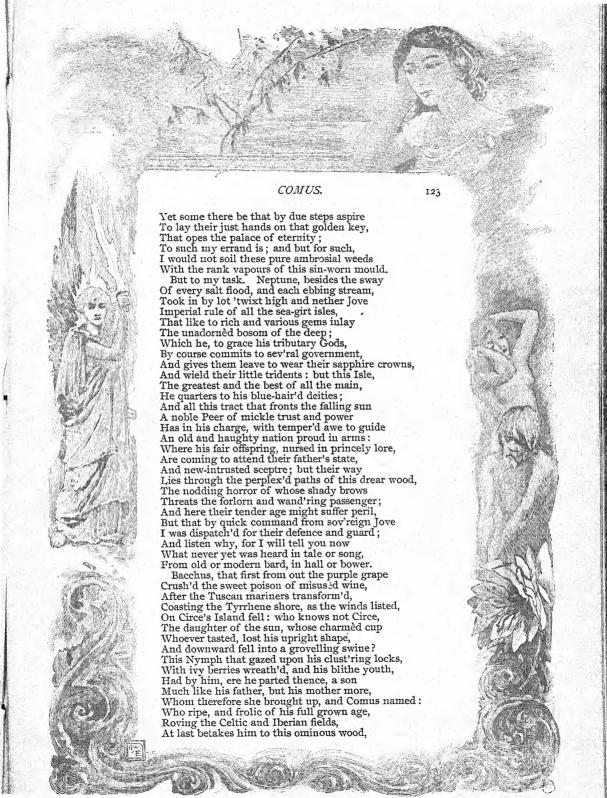


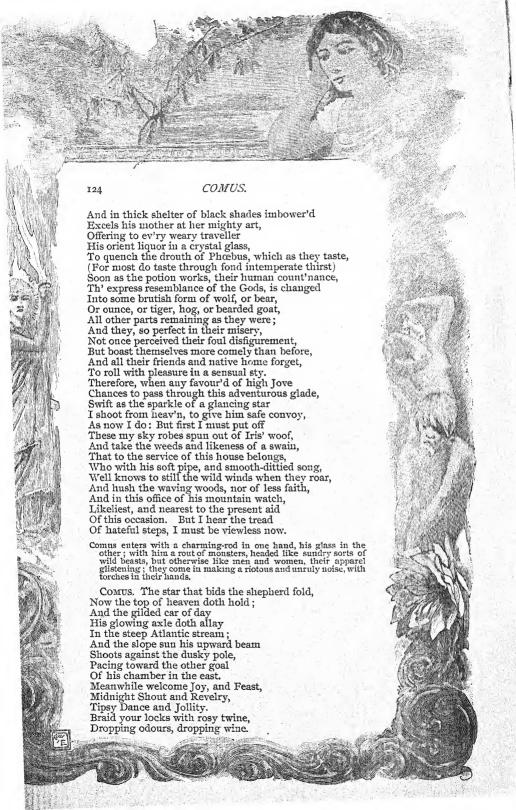


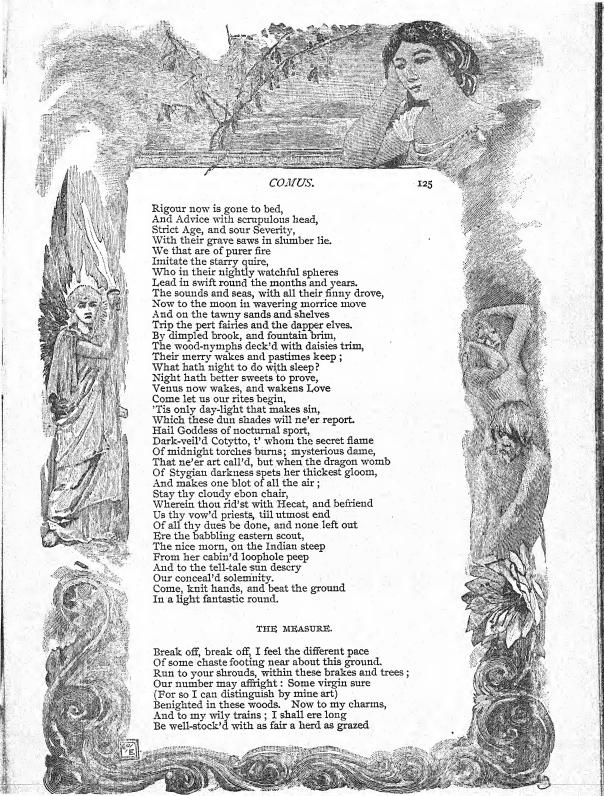


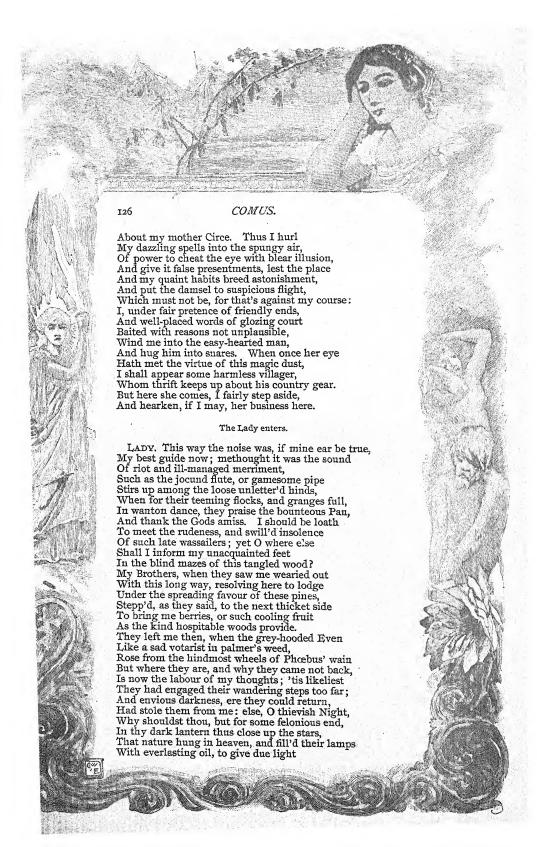


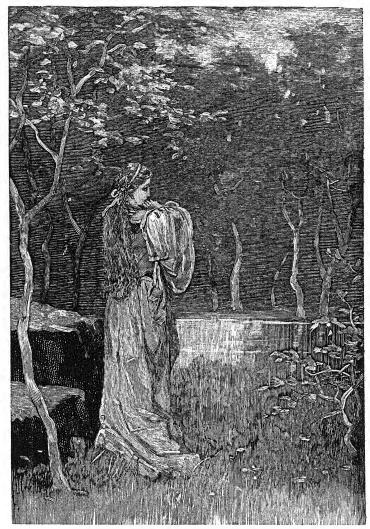






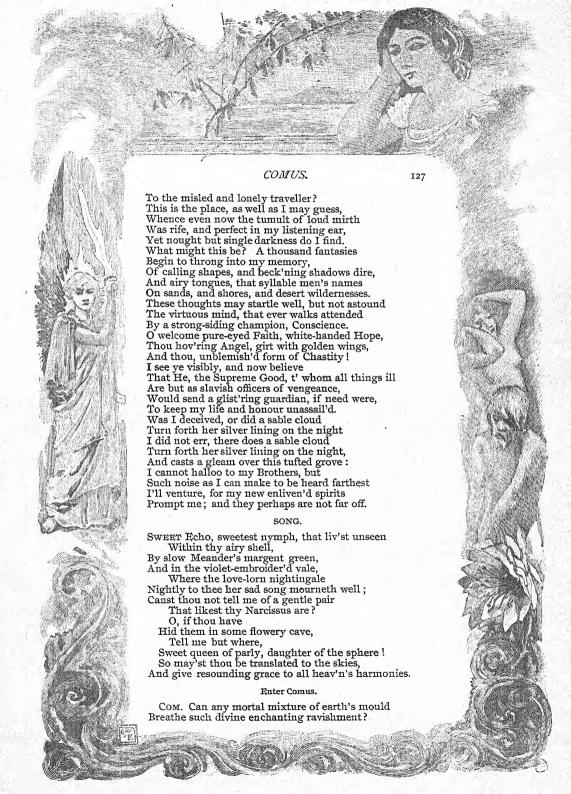


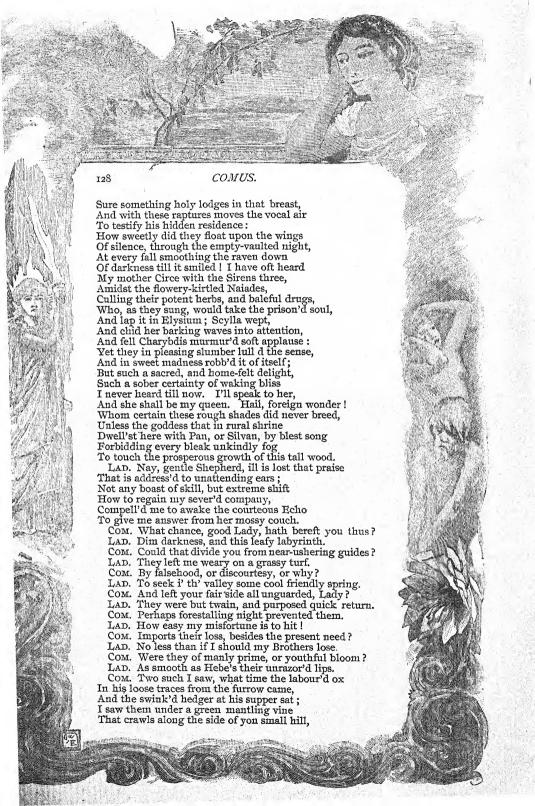


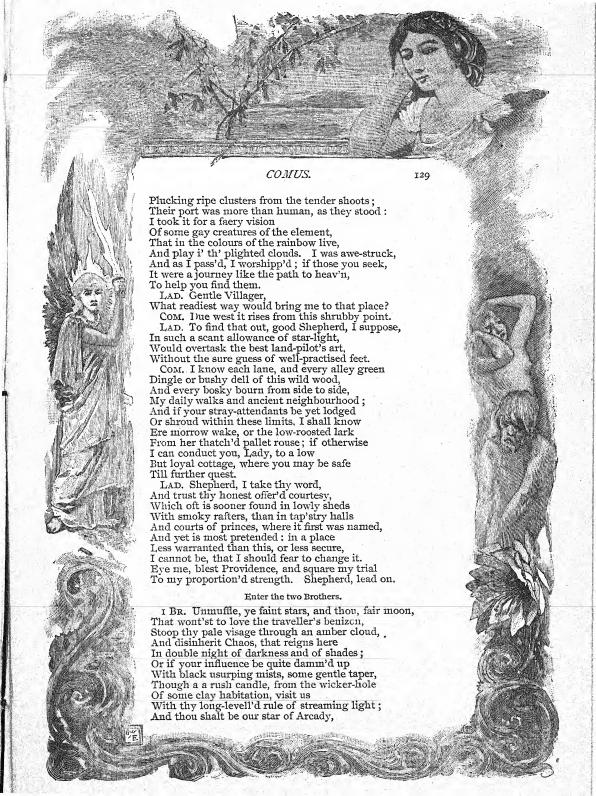


"This way the noise was, if mine ear be true."-Page 126.





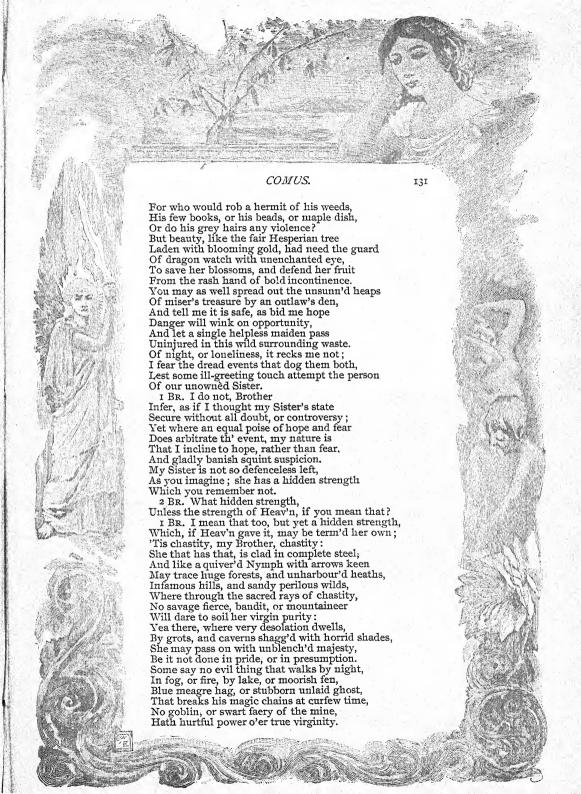


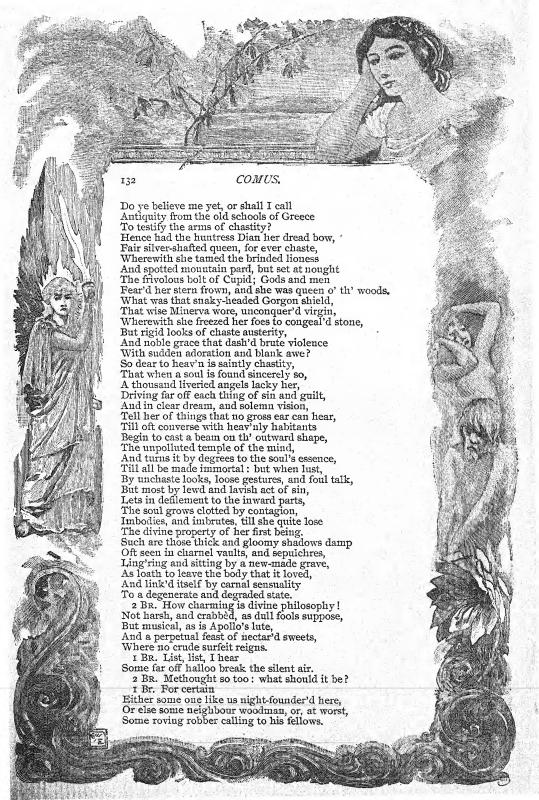


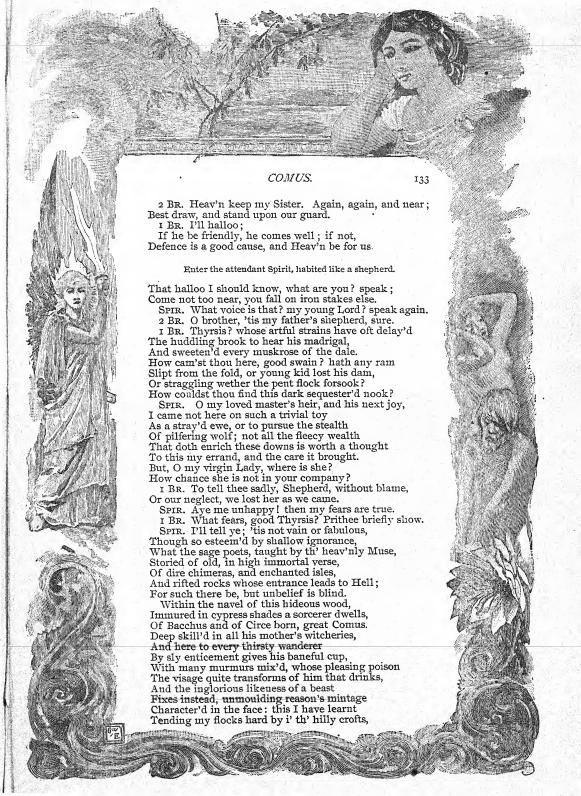
Or Tyrian Cynosure. 2 BR. Or if our eyes Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes, Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops, Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock Count the night watches to his feathery dames, 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs. But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, Where may she wander now, whither betake her From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles? Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears What, if in wild amazement, and affright, Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp

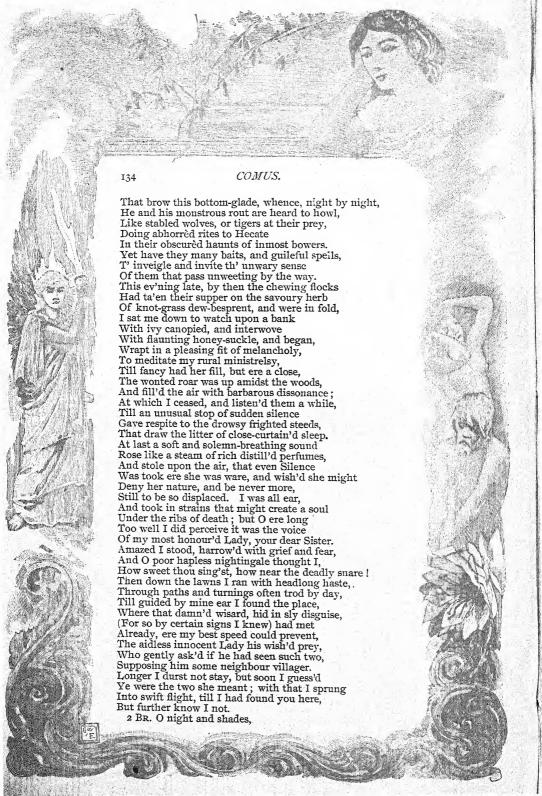
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat? I BR. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: For grant they be so, while they rest unknown, What need a man forestall his date of grief, And run to meet what he would most avoid? Or if they be but false alarms of fear, How bitter is such self-delusion! I do not think my Sister so to seek, Or so unprincipled in virtue's book, And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever, As that the single want of light and noise (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts And put them into misbecoming plight. Virtue could see to do what virtue would By her own radiant light, though sun and moon Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude, Where with her best nurse Contemplation She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings, That in the various bustle of resort Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. He that has light within his own clear breast, May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day: But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts, Benighted walks under the mid-day sun; Himself is his own dungeon.

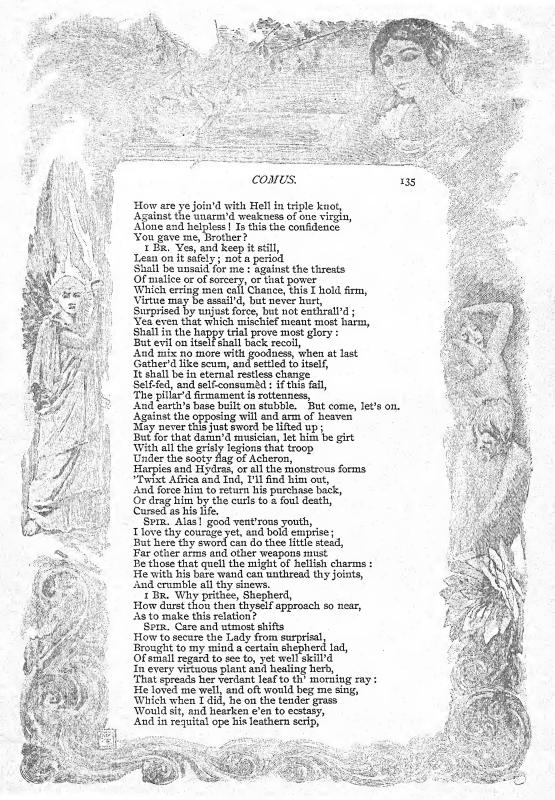
2 Br. 'Tis most true,'
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;

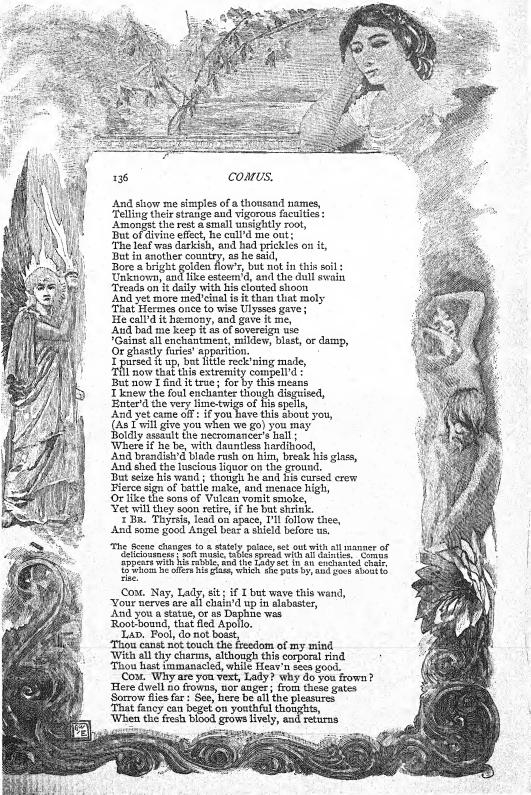


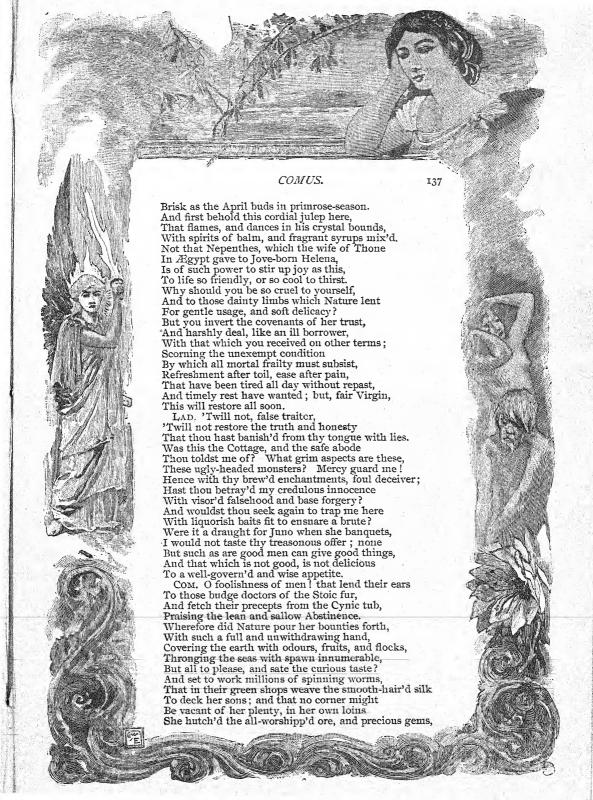


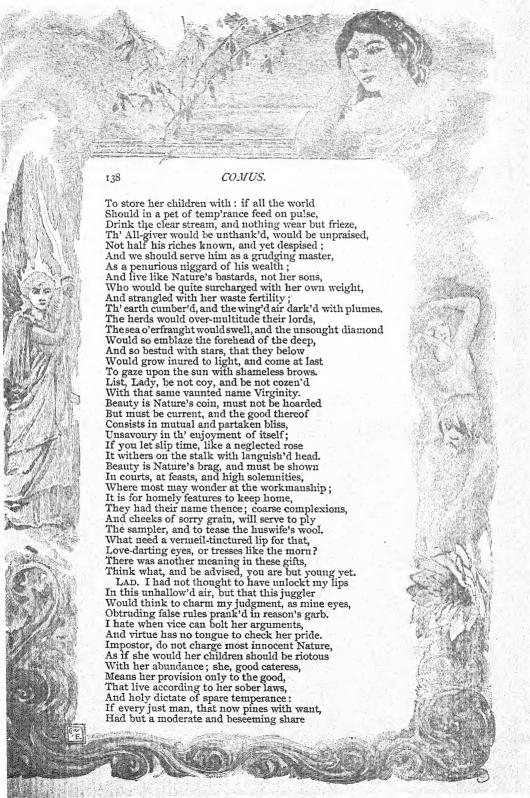














139

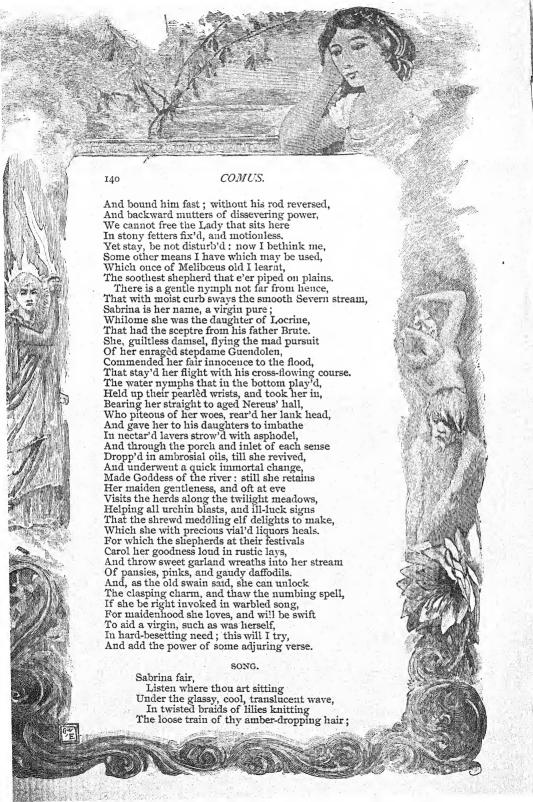
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury Now heaps upon some few with vast excess, Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed In unsuperfluous even proportion, And she no whit incumber'd with her store: And then the giver would be better thank'd, His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast, But with besotted base ingratitude Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on? Or have I said enough? To him that dares Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words Against the sun-clad power of Chastity, Fain would I something say, yet to what end? Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend The sublime notion, and high mystery, That must be utter'd to unfold the sage And serious doctrine of Virginity, And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know More happiness than this thy present lot. Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence, Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced; Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits To such a flame of sacred vehemence, That dumb things would be moved to sympathize, And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake, Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high, Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head. Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear

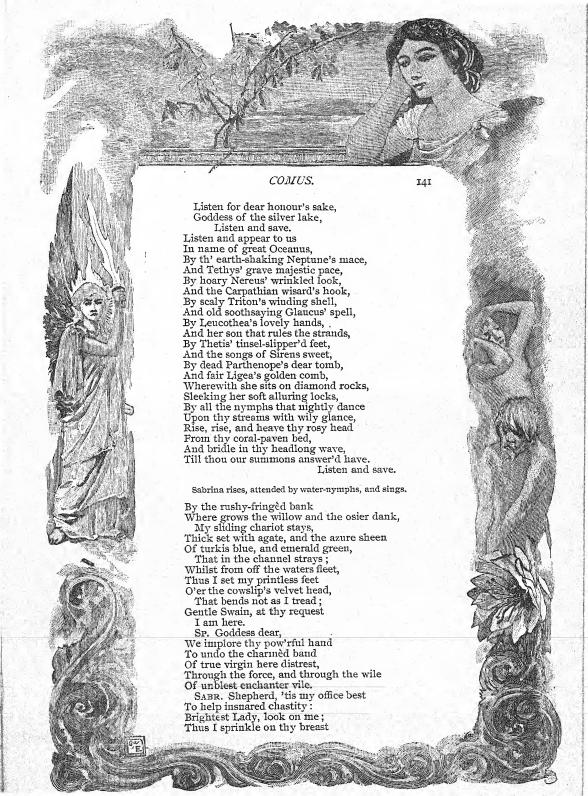
Her words set off by some superior power:
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

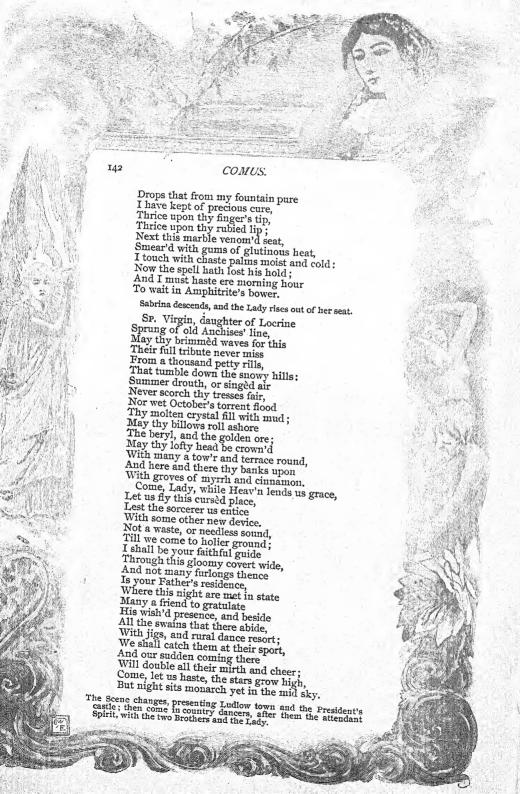
The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in.

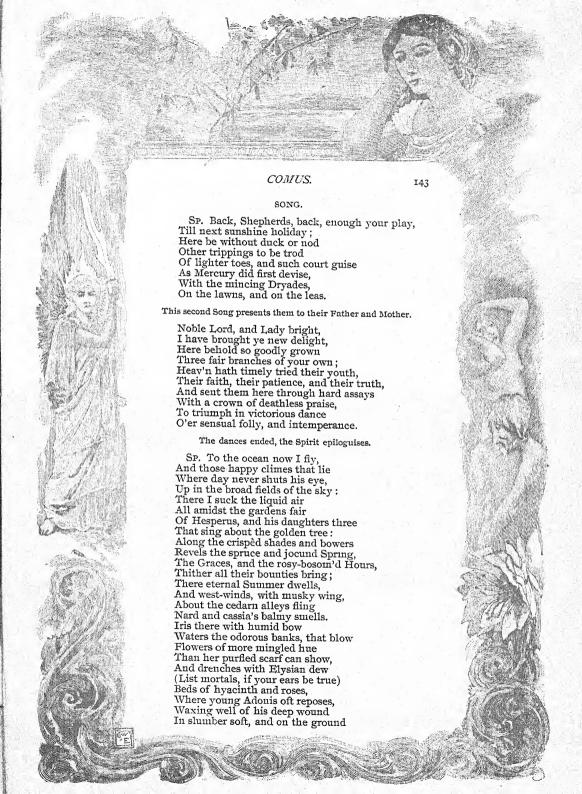
The attendant Spirit comes in.

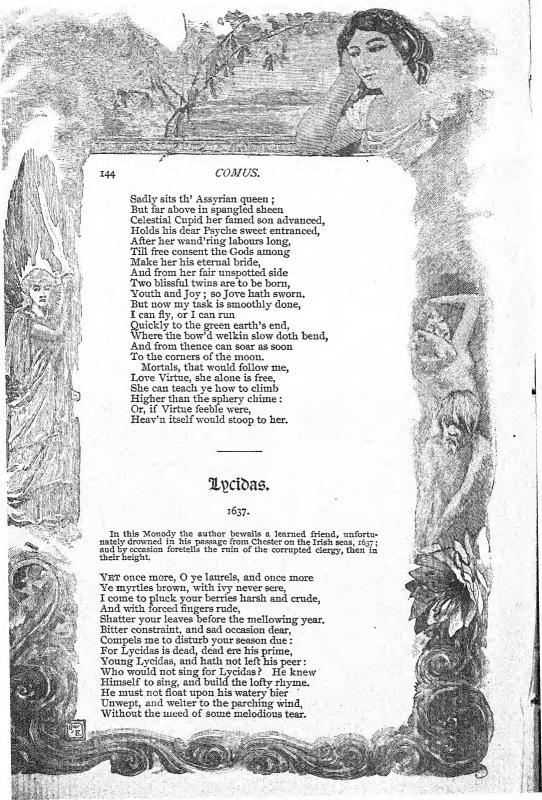
SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape? O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,

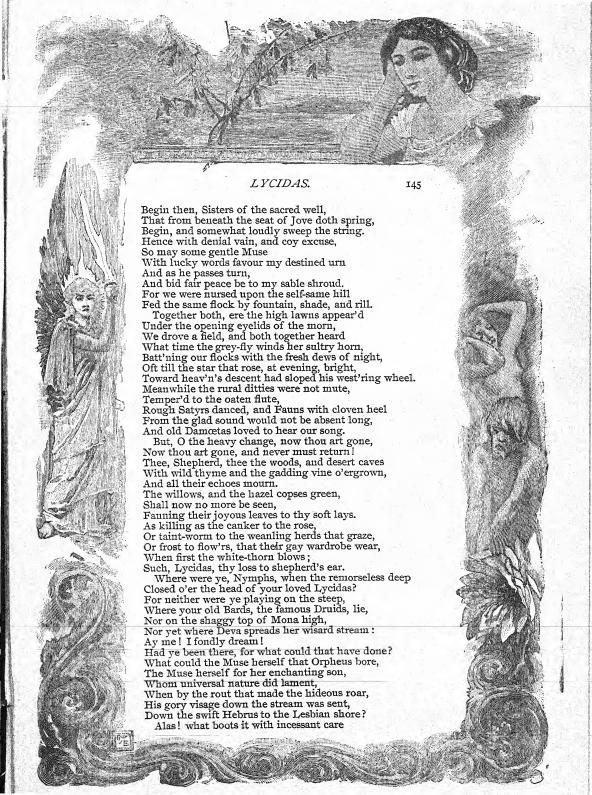


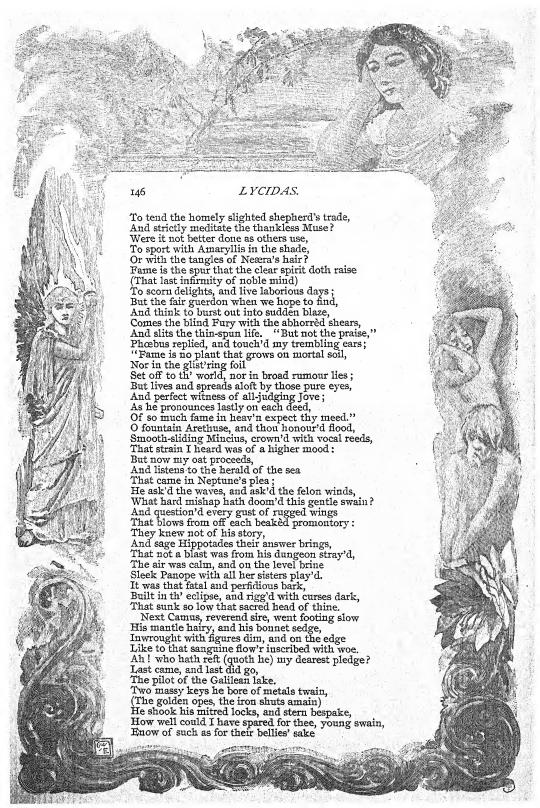


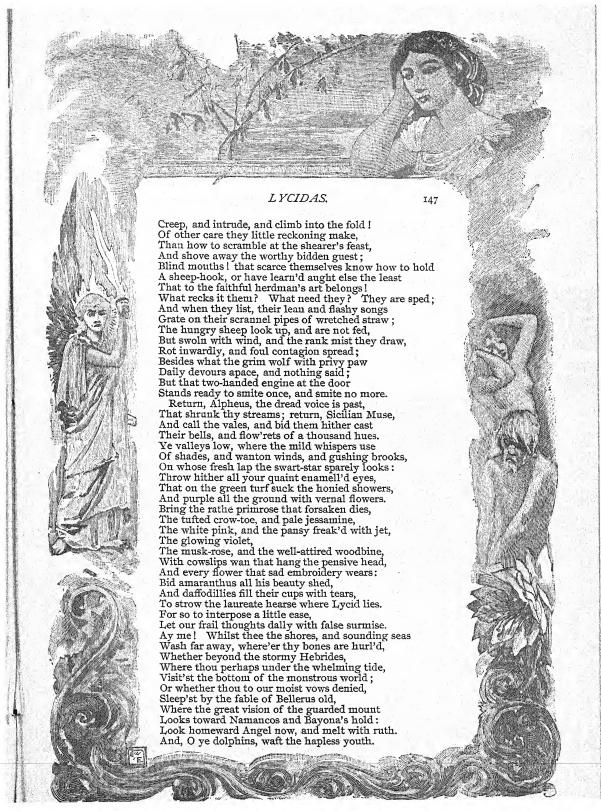


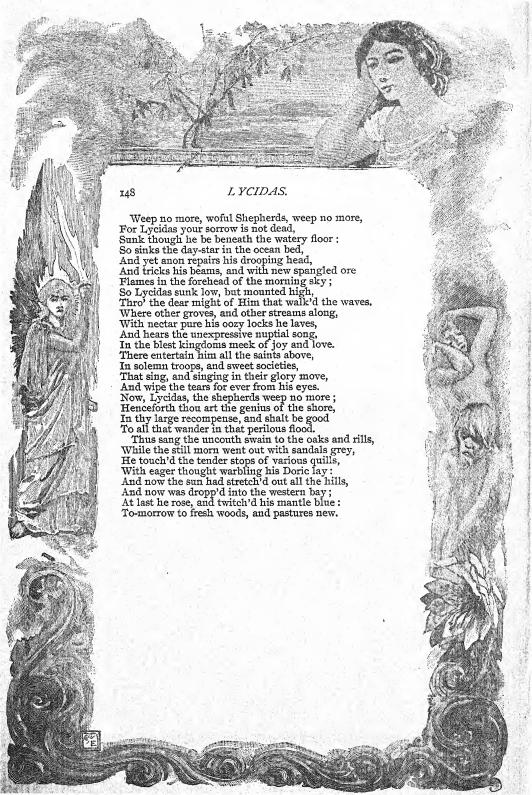


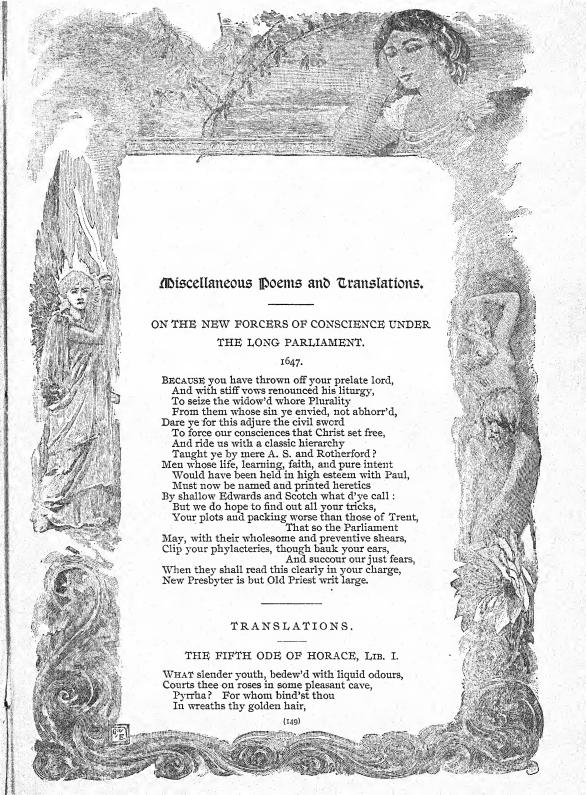


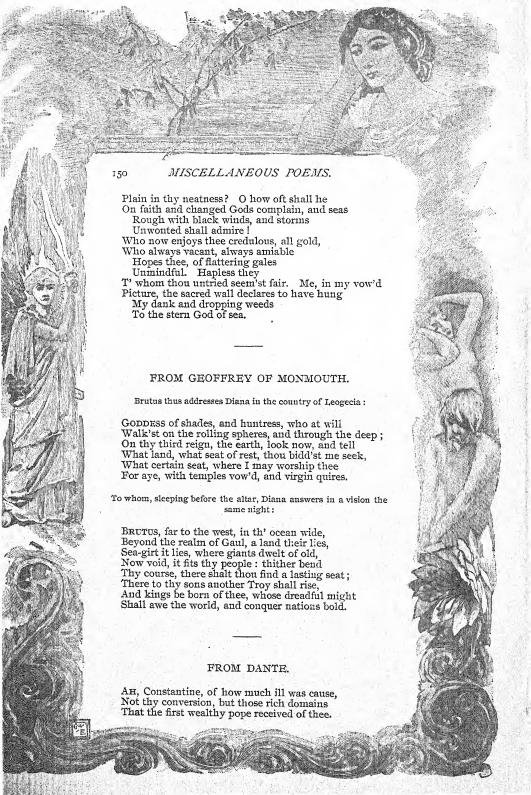


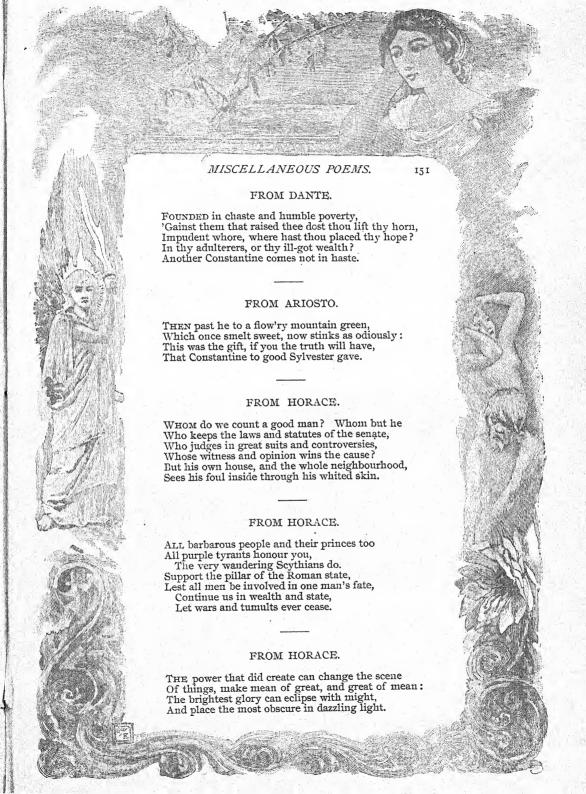


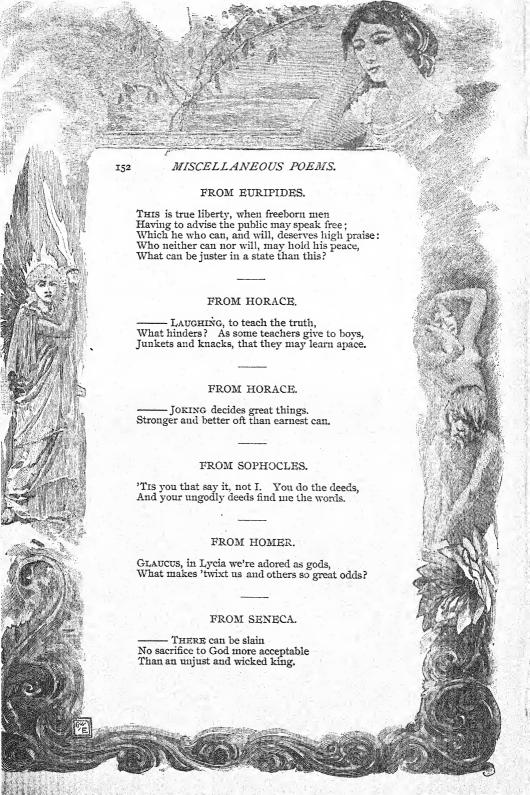


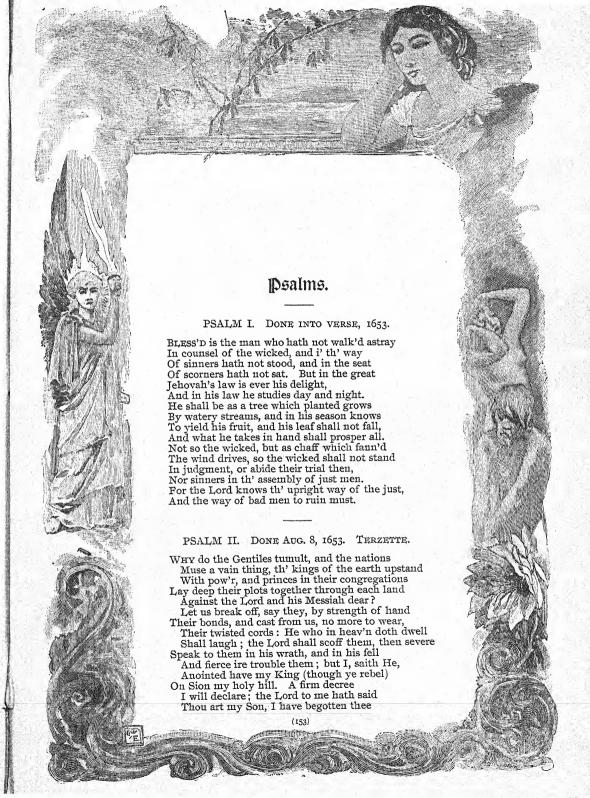


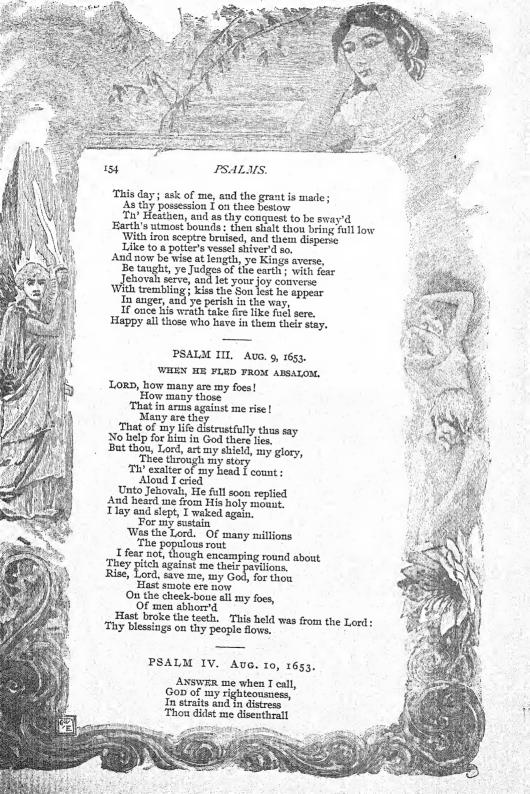


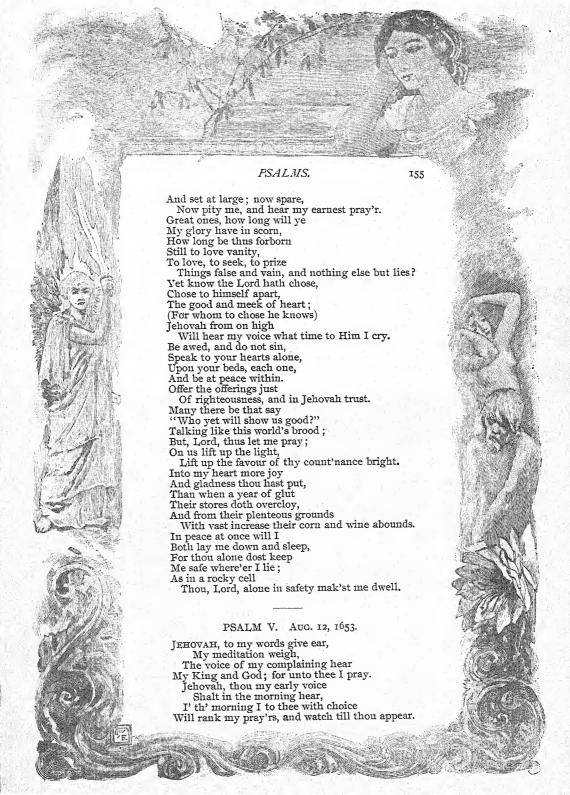


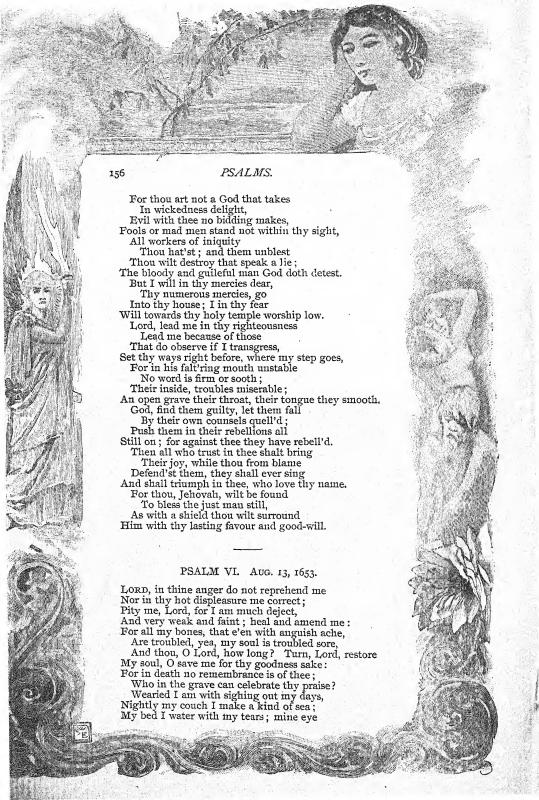


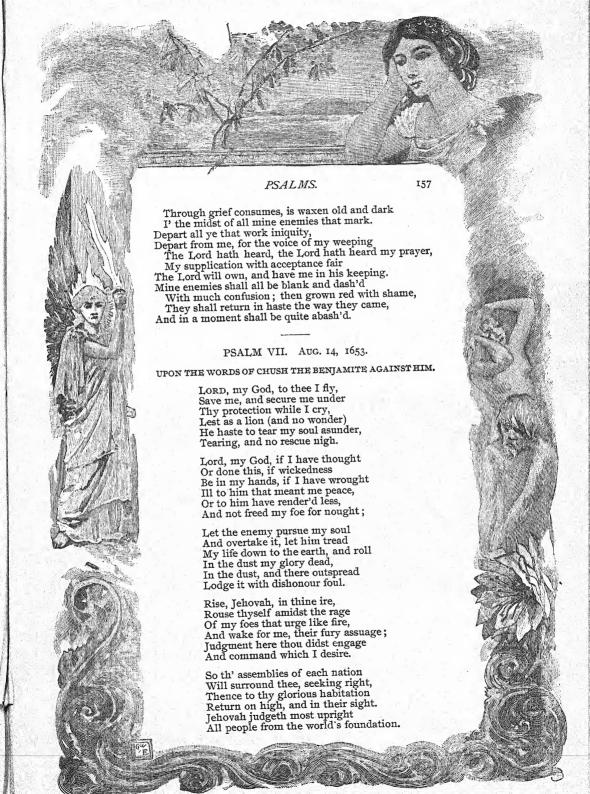


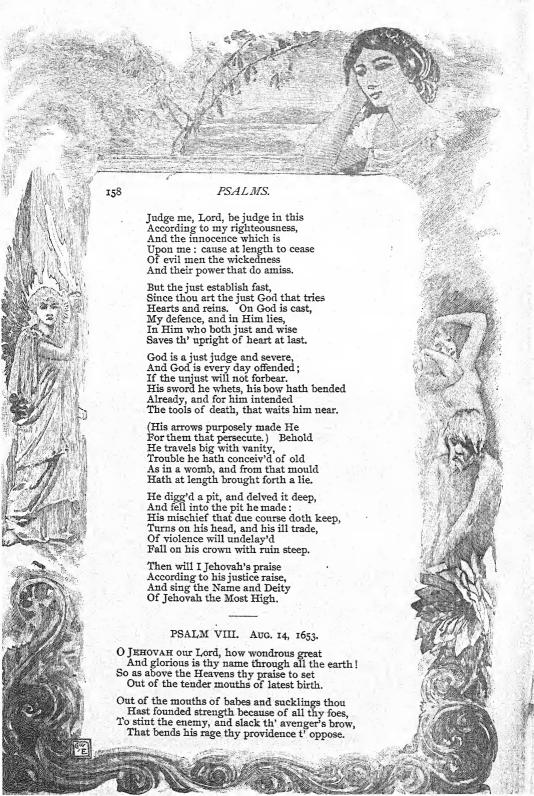


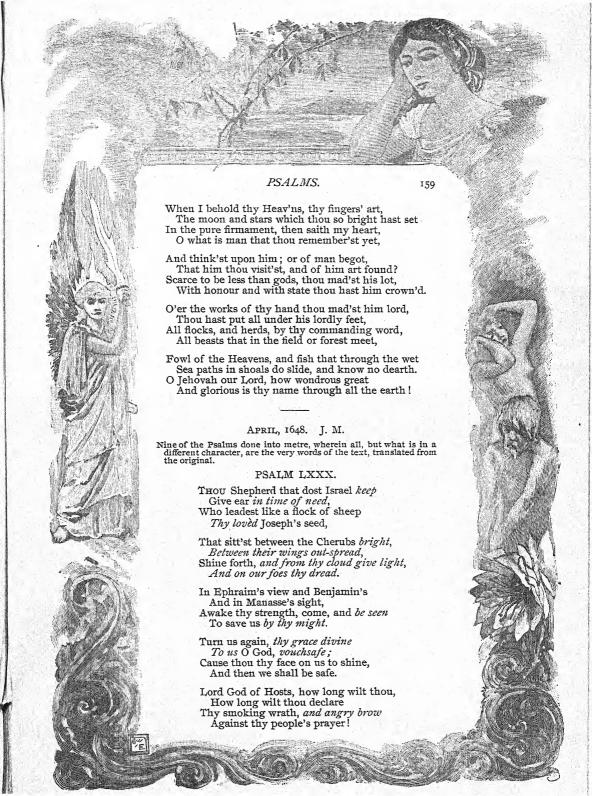


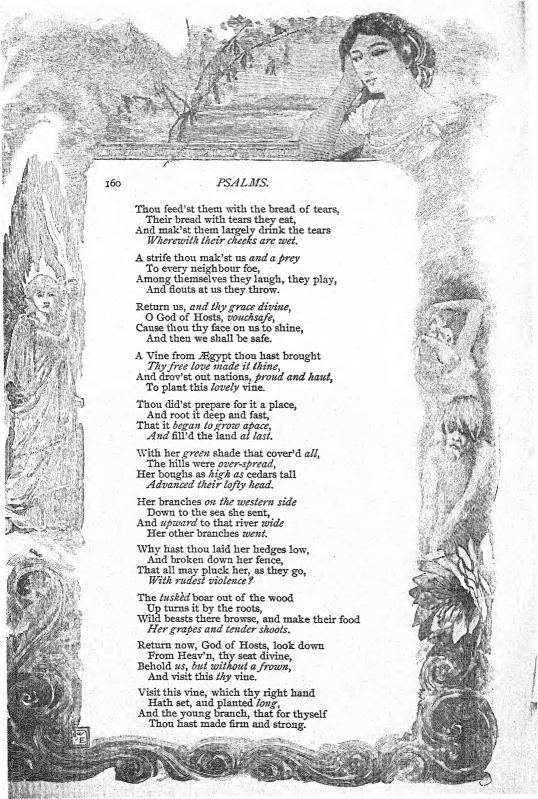


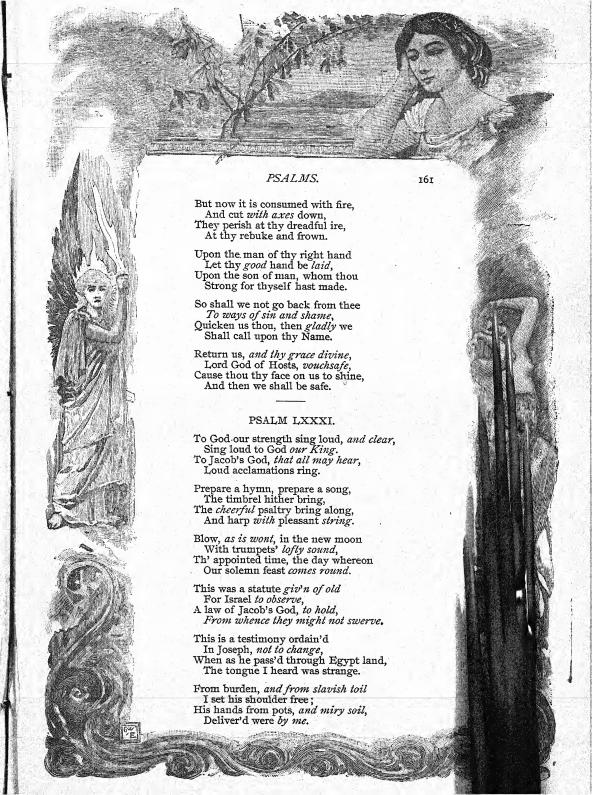


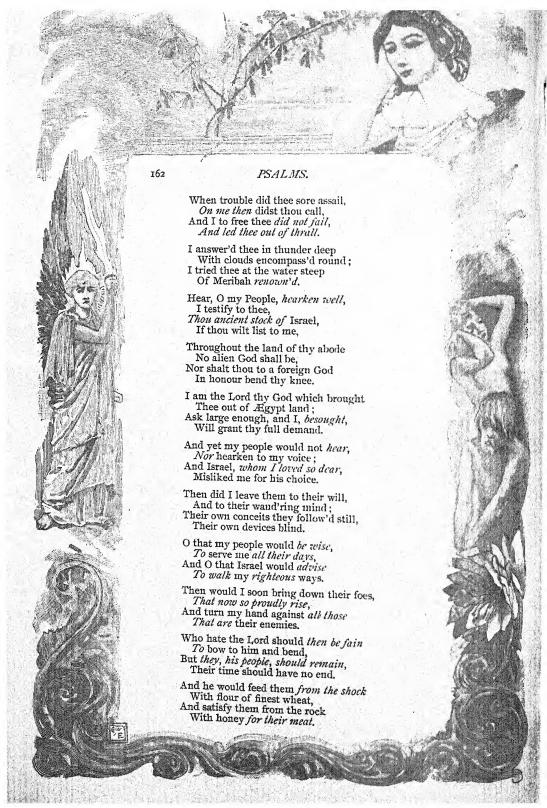


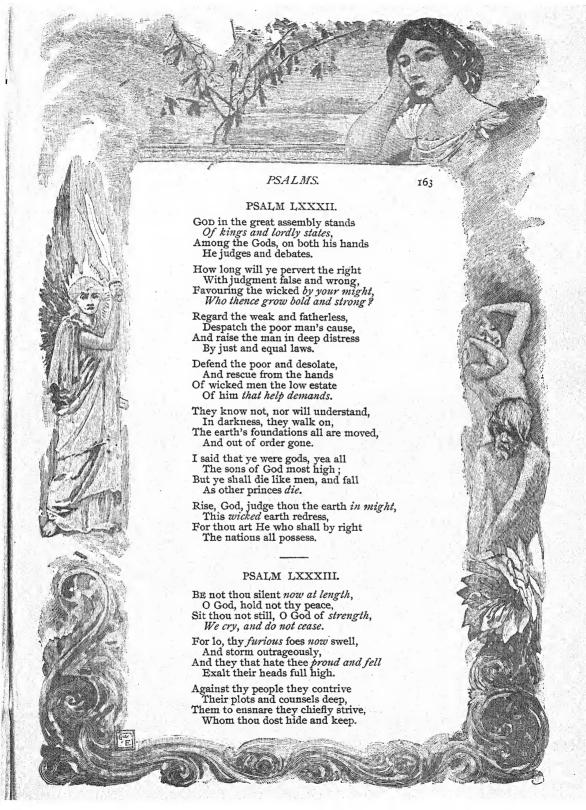


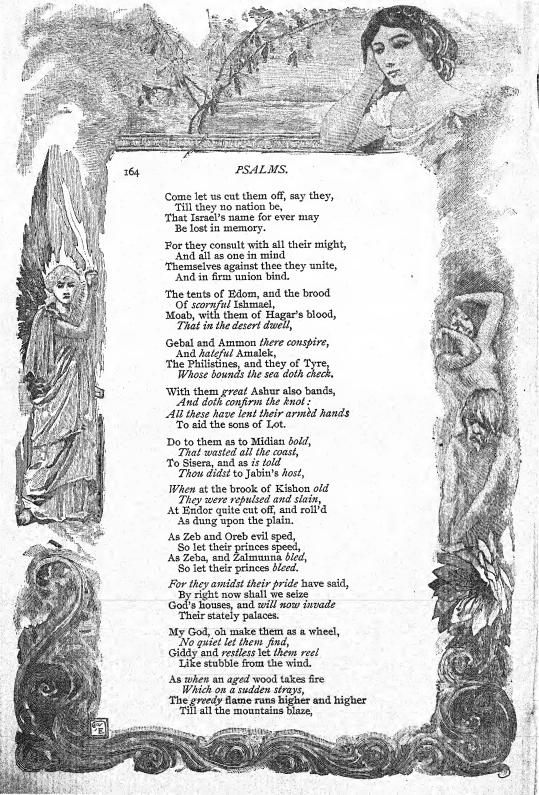


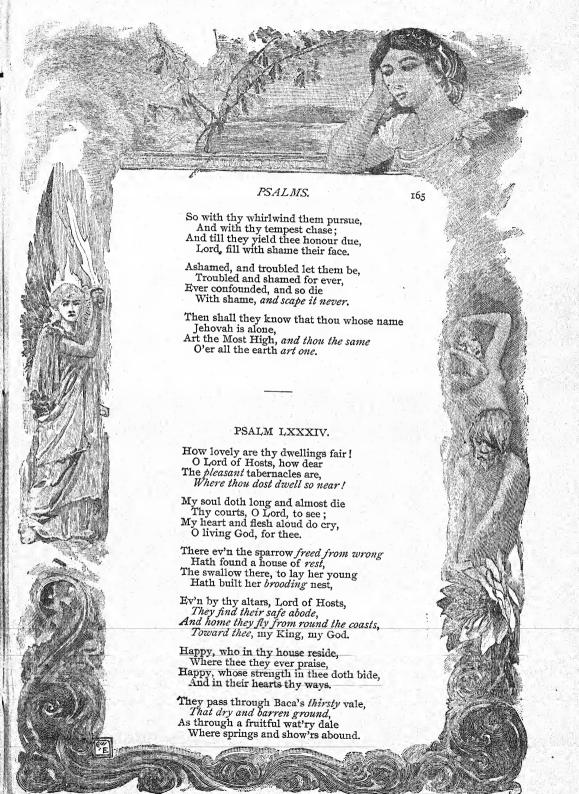


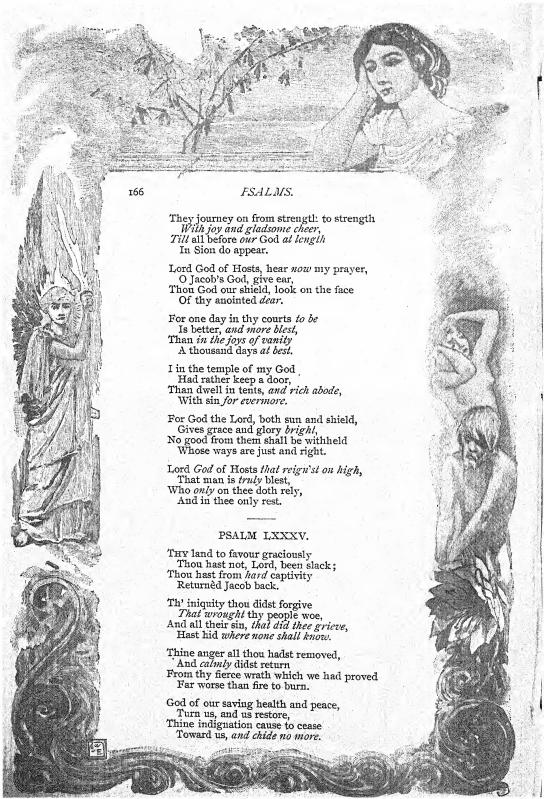


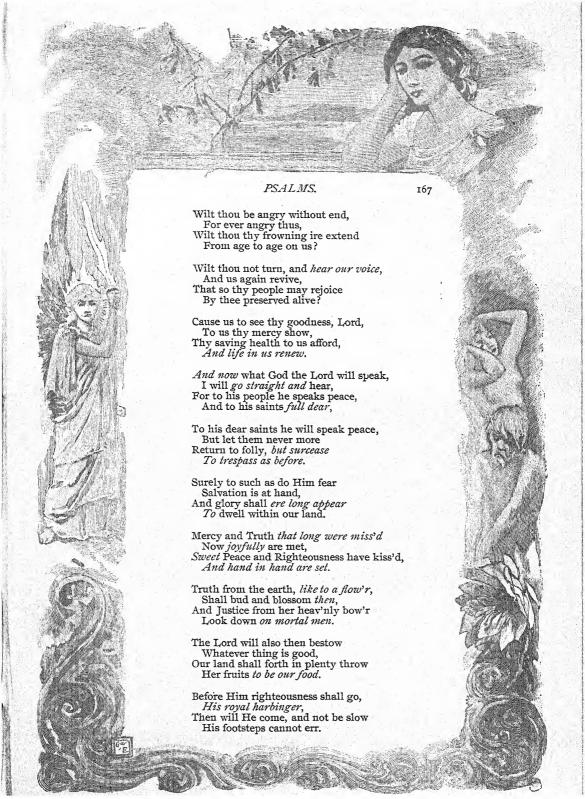


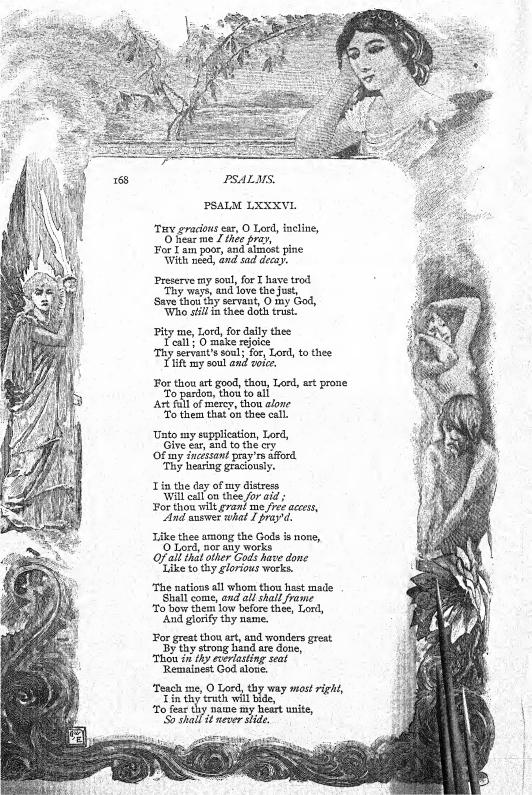


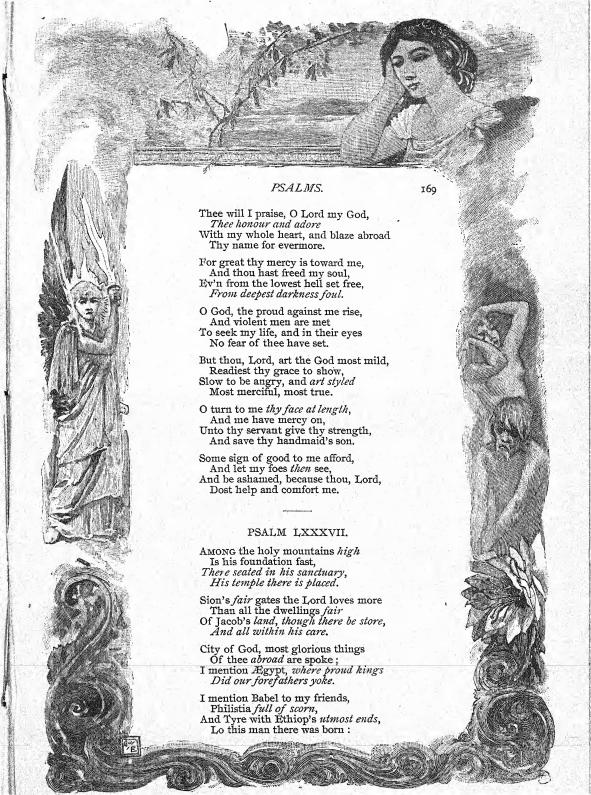


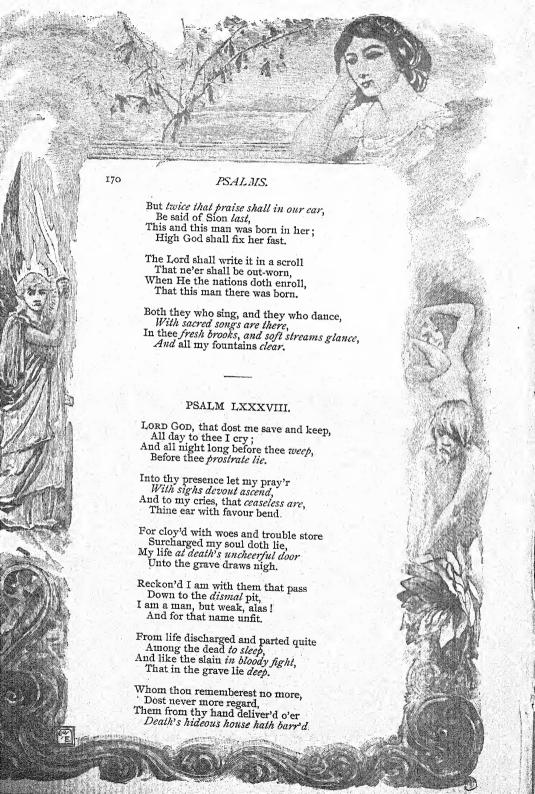


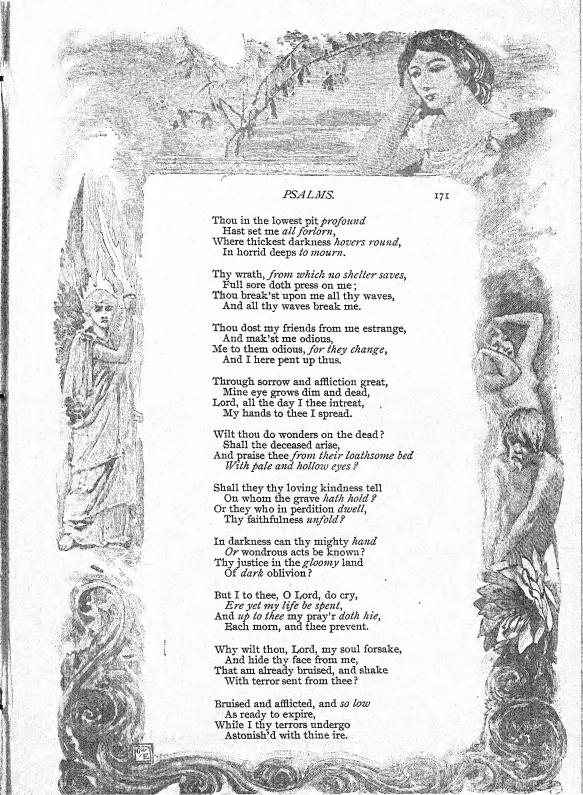


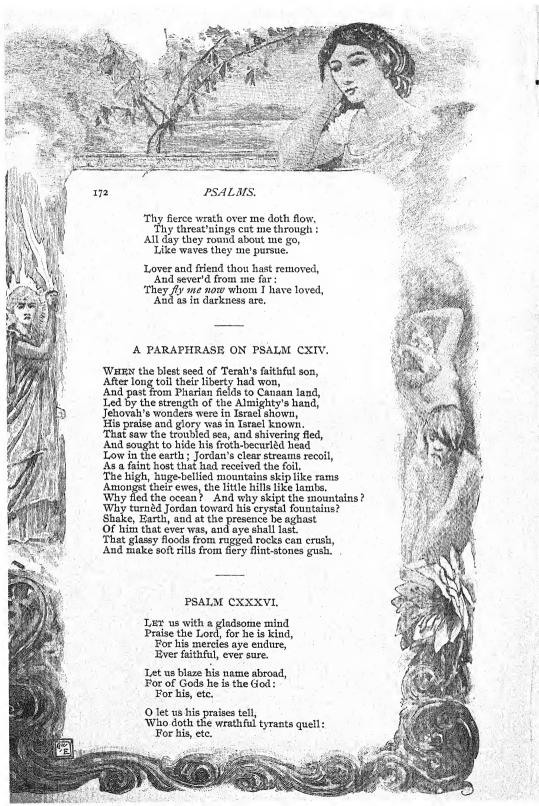


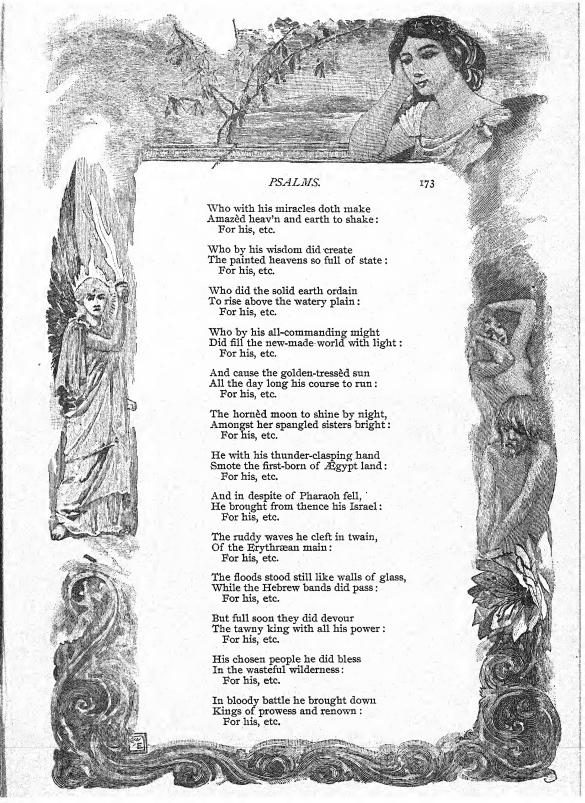


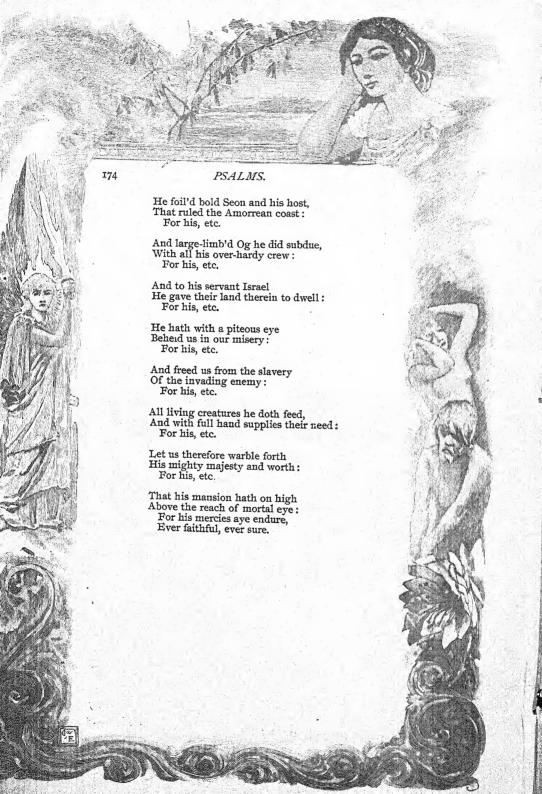


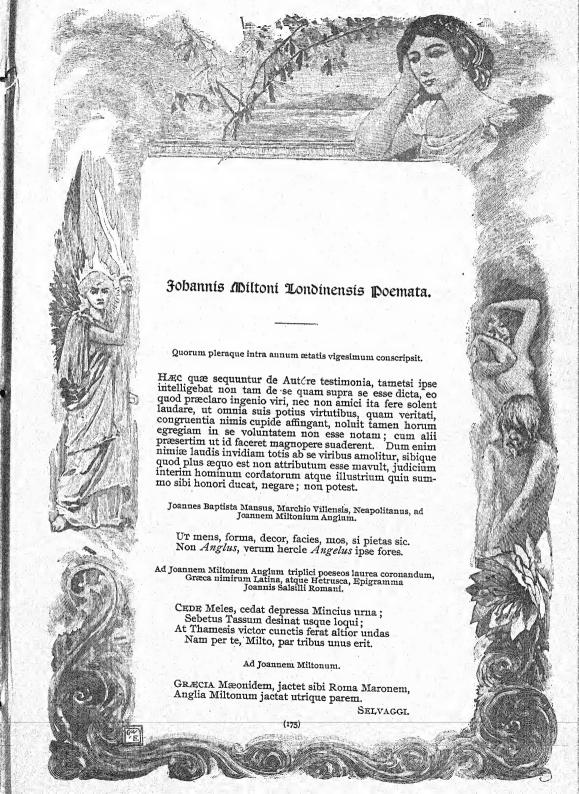


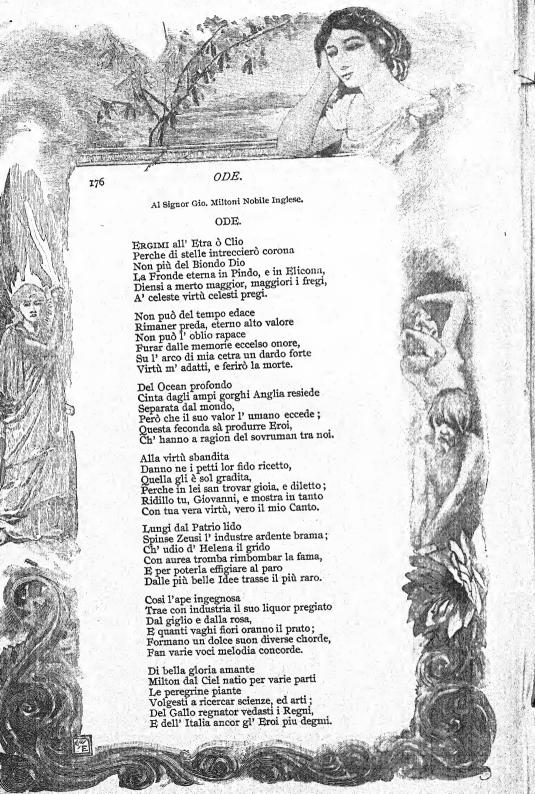


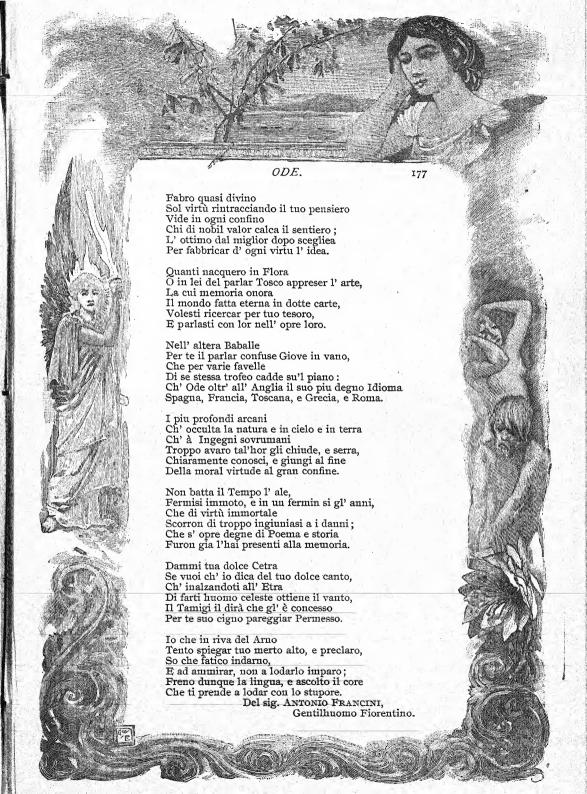


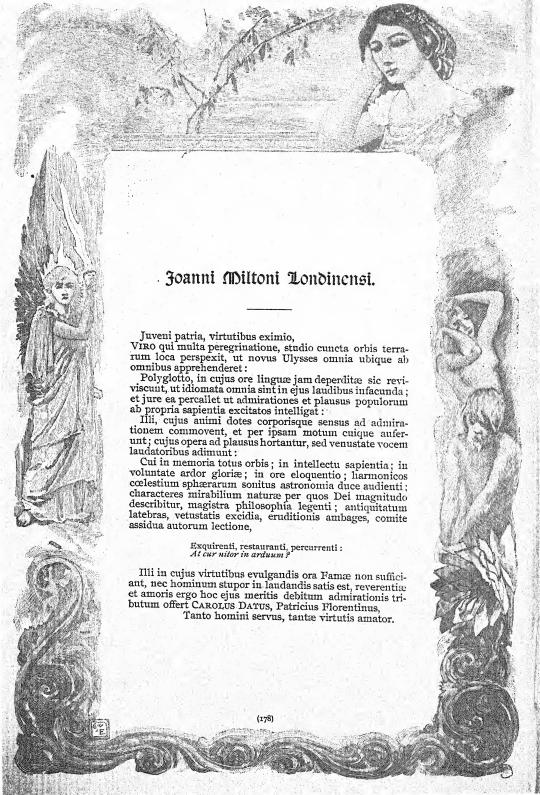


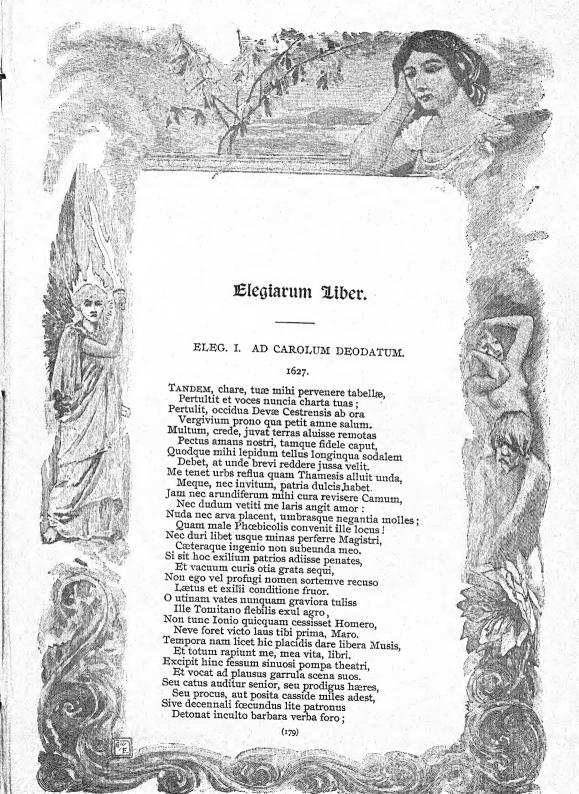


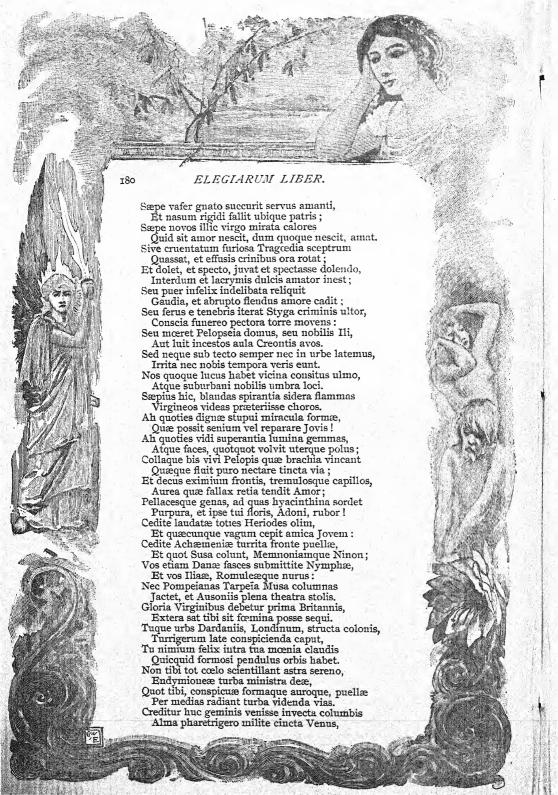


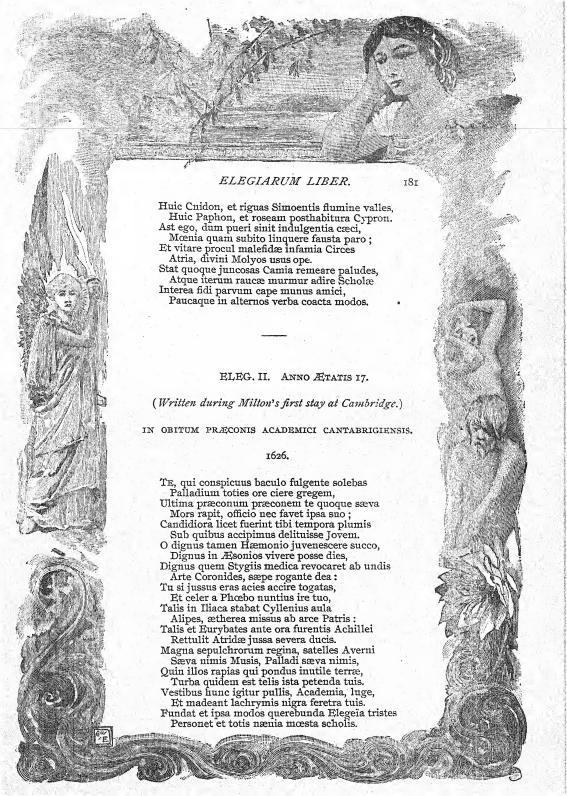


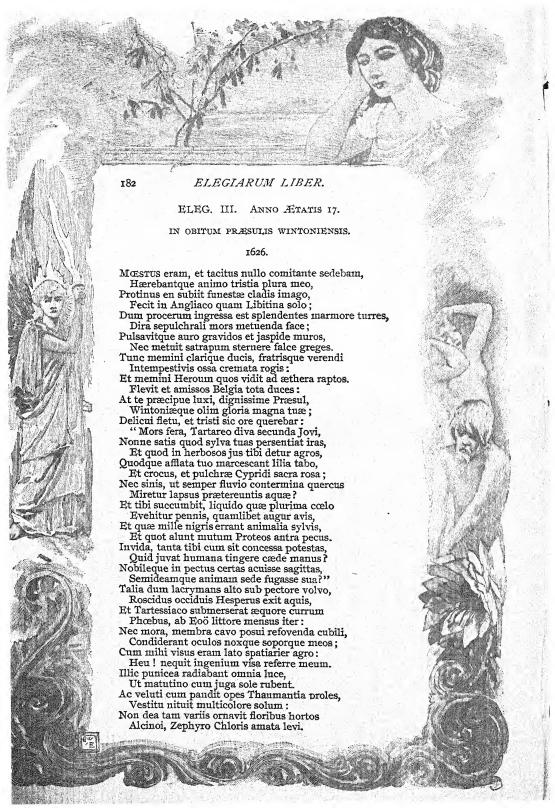


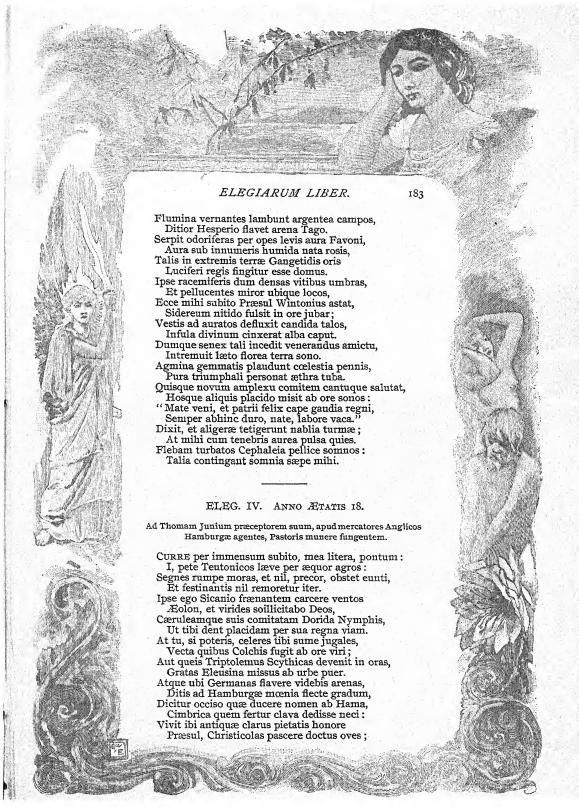


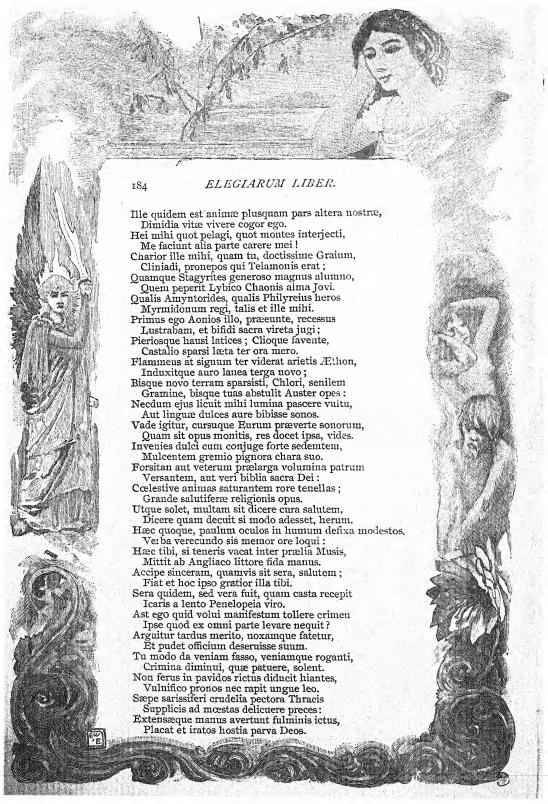


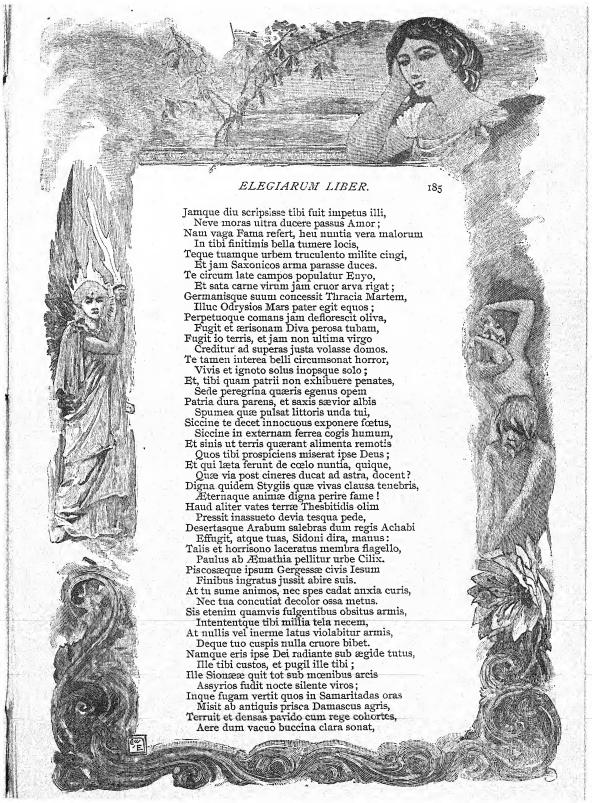


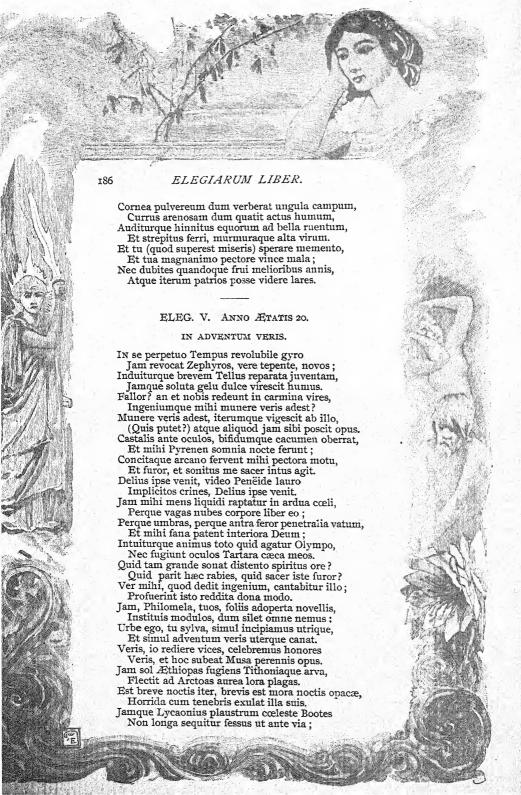


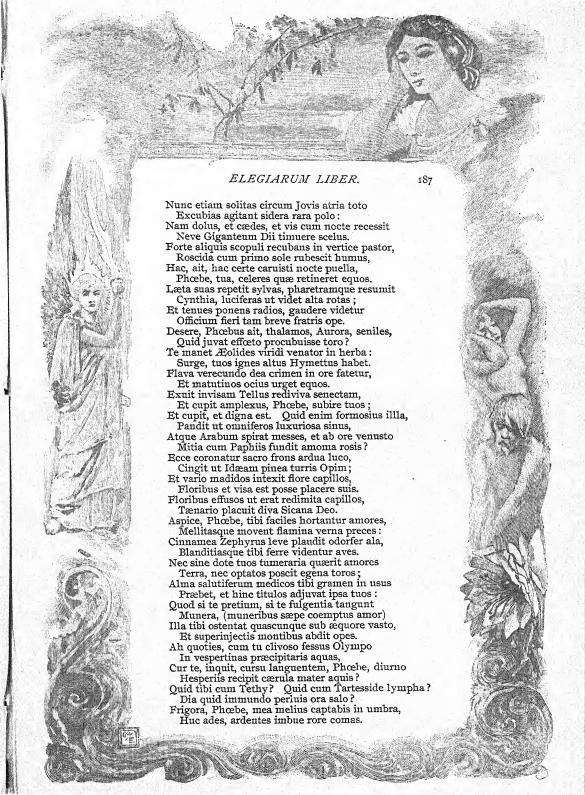


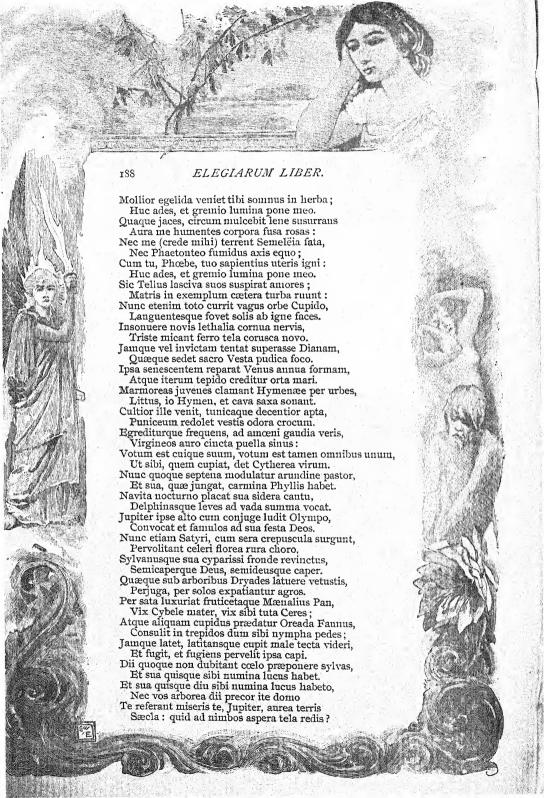


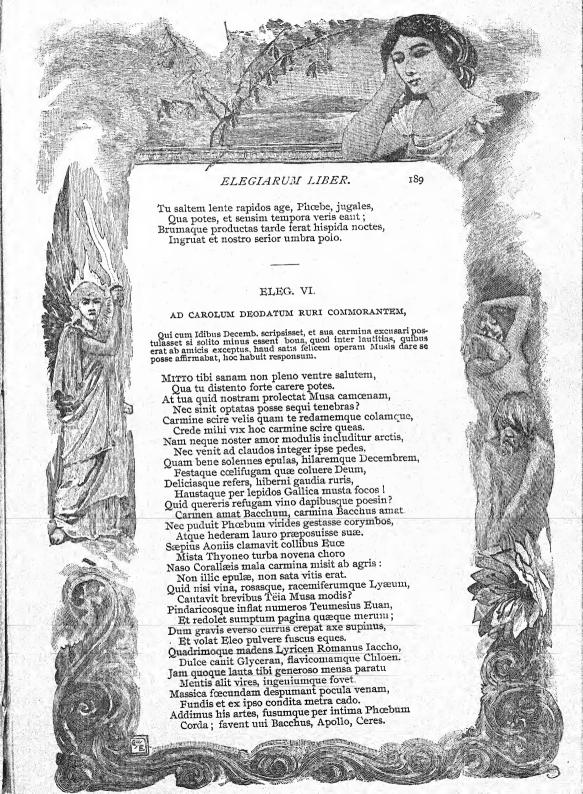


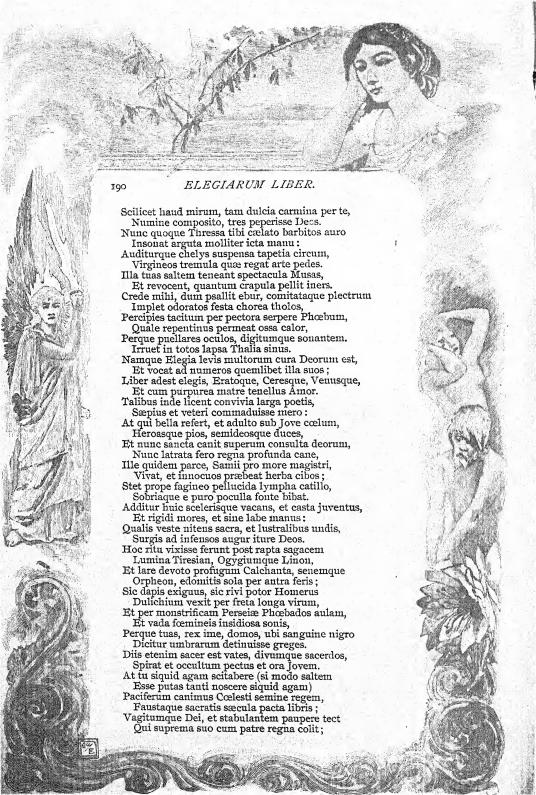


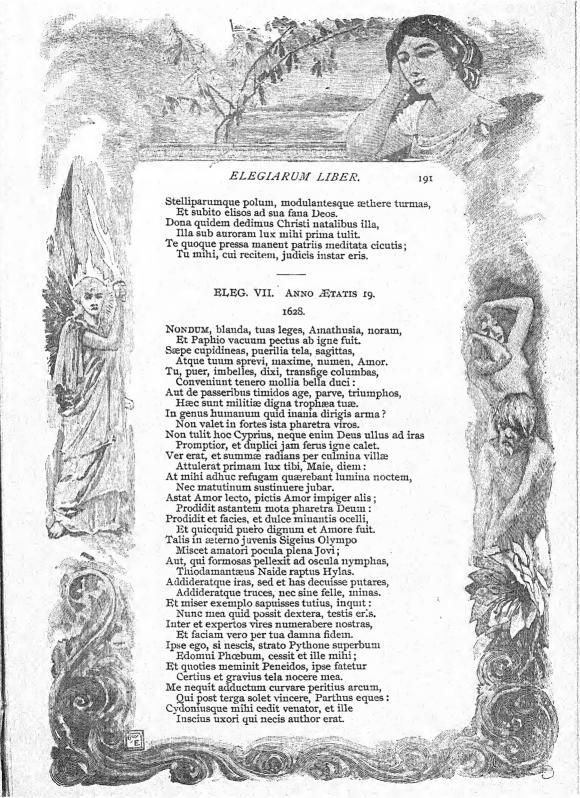


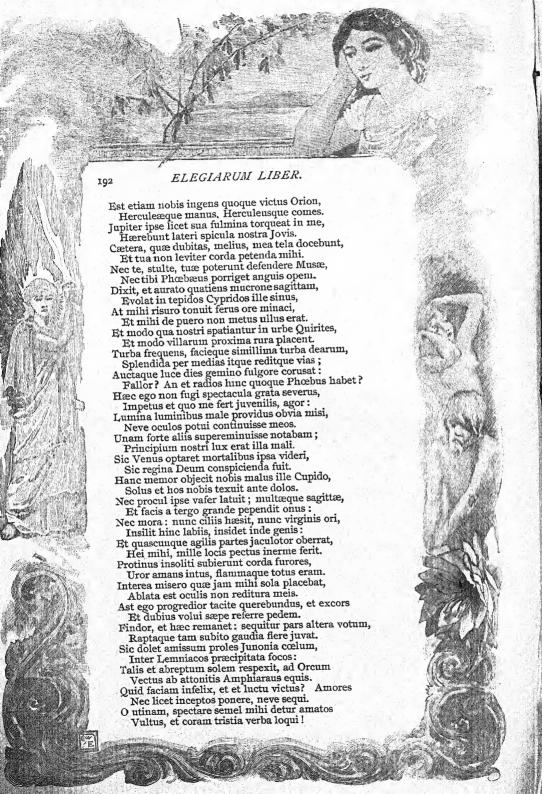


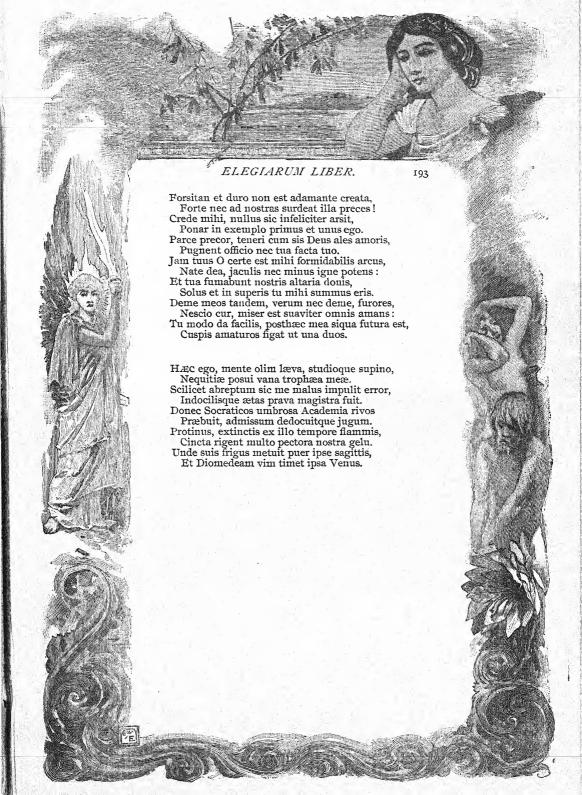


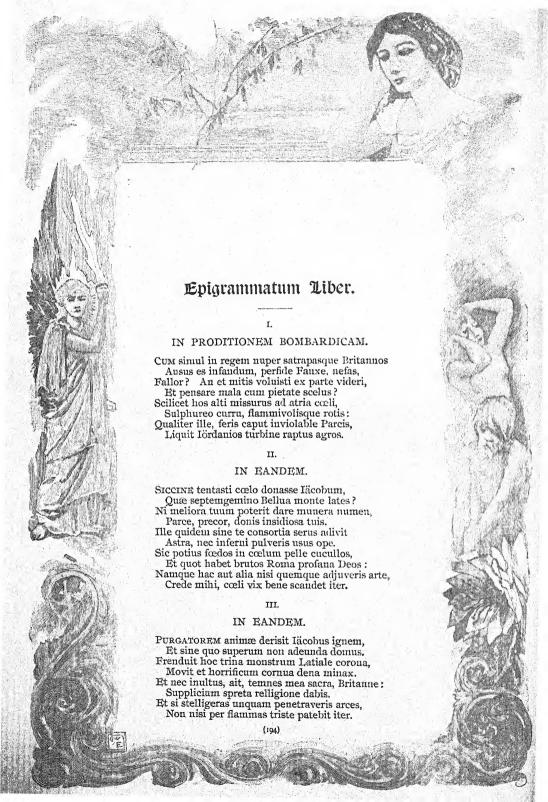


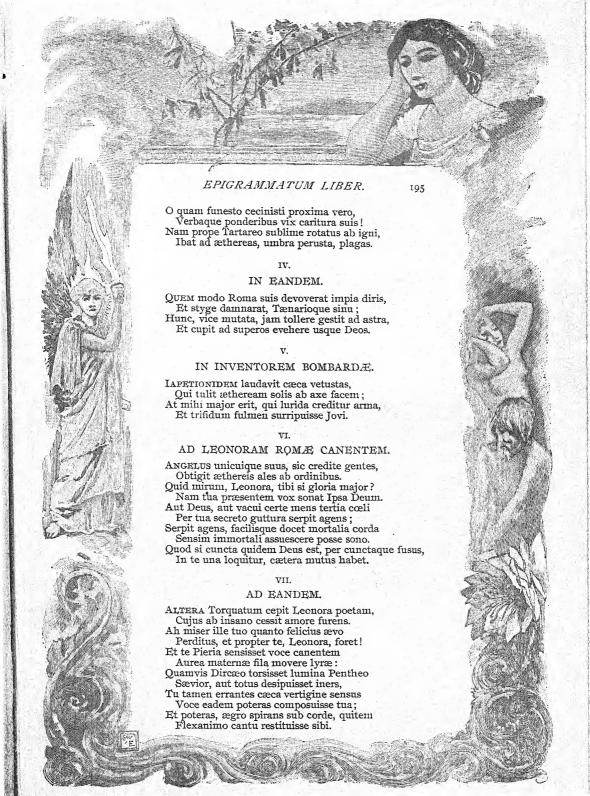


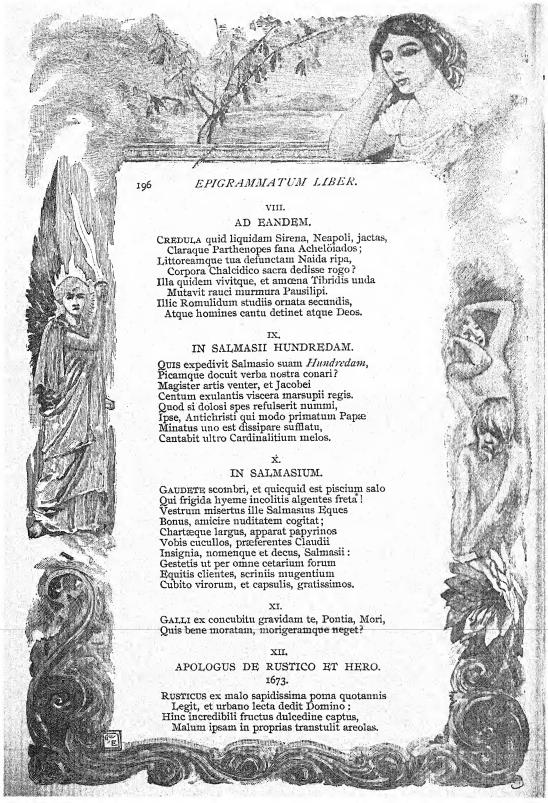


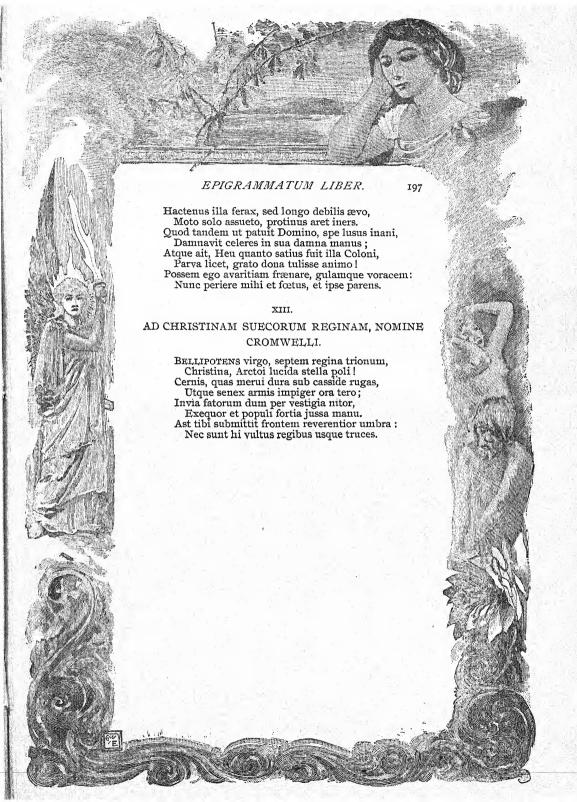


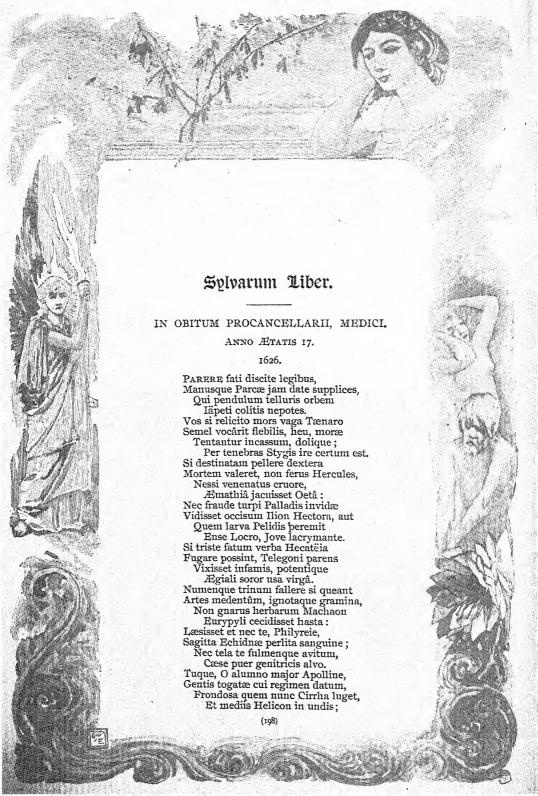


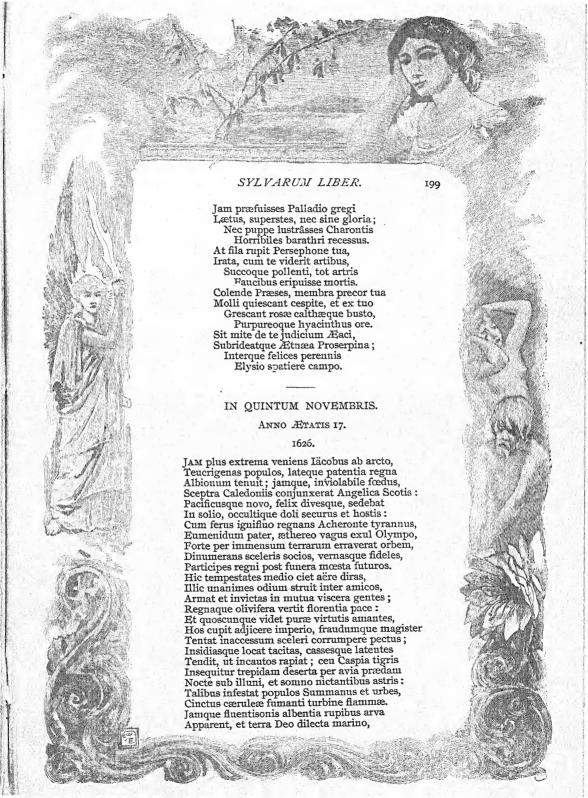


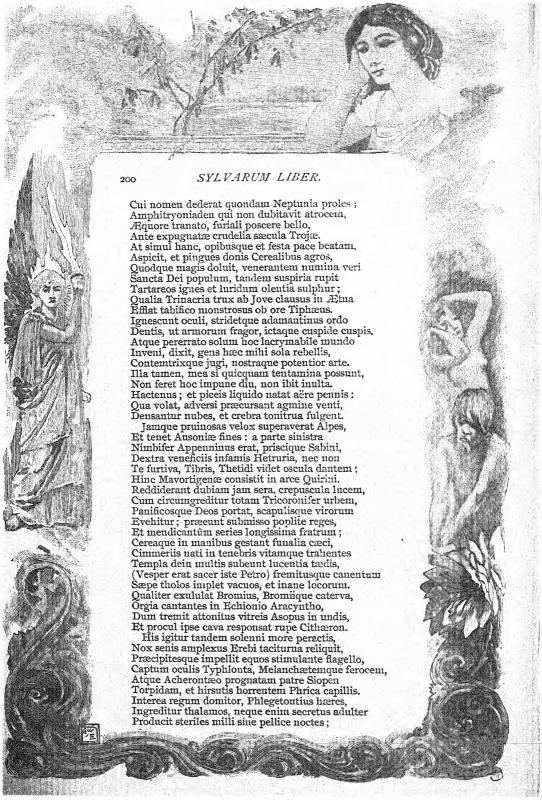


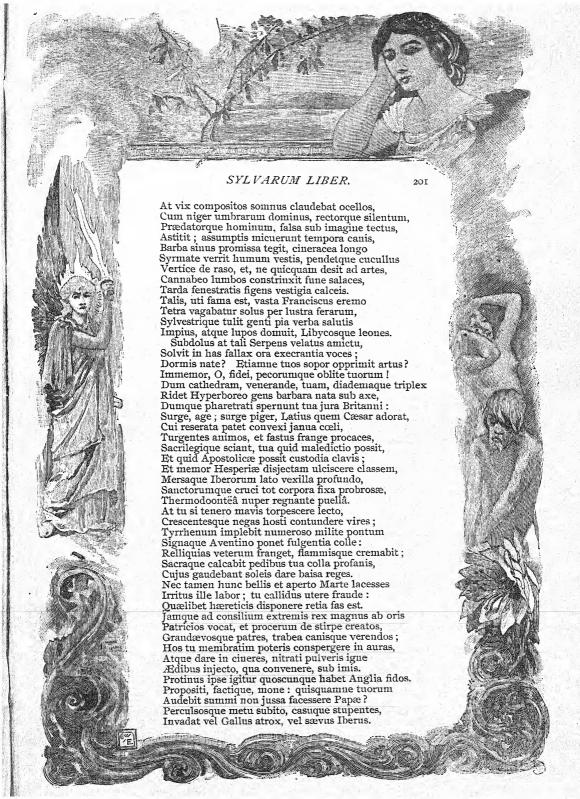


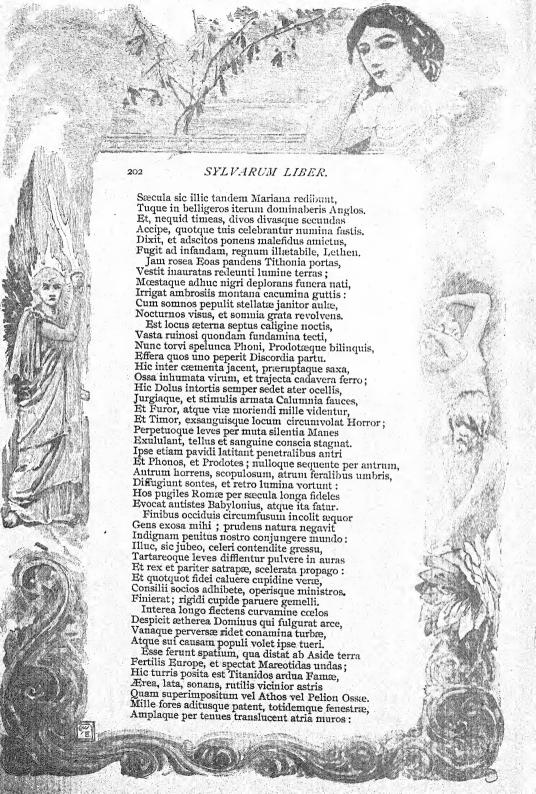


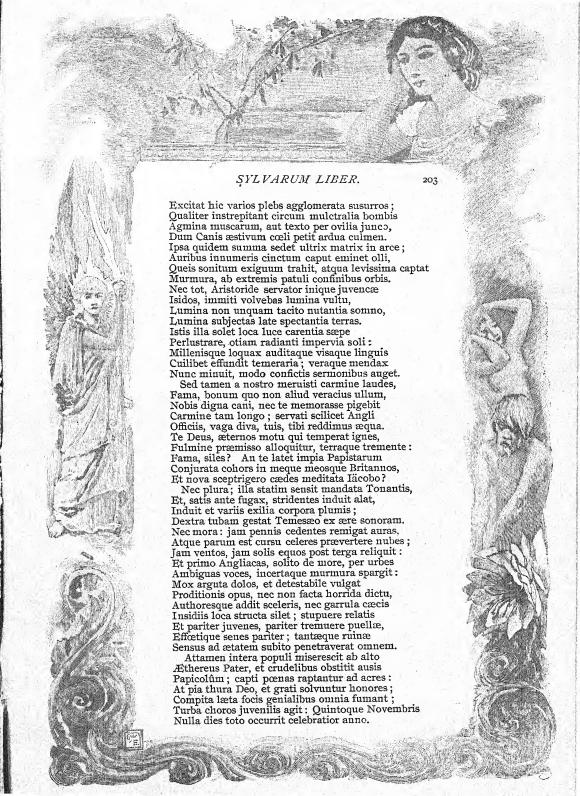


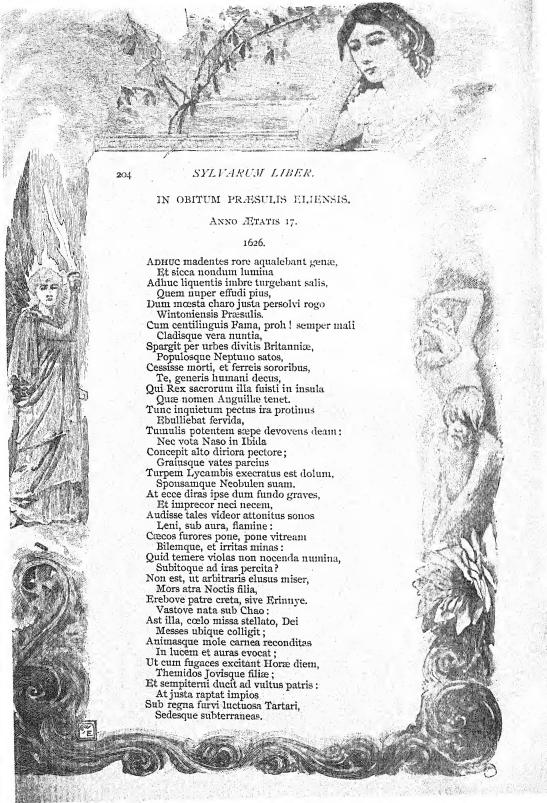


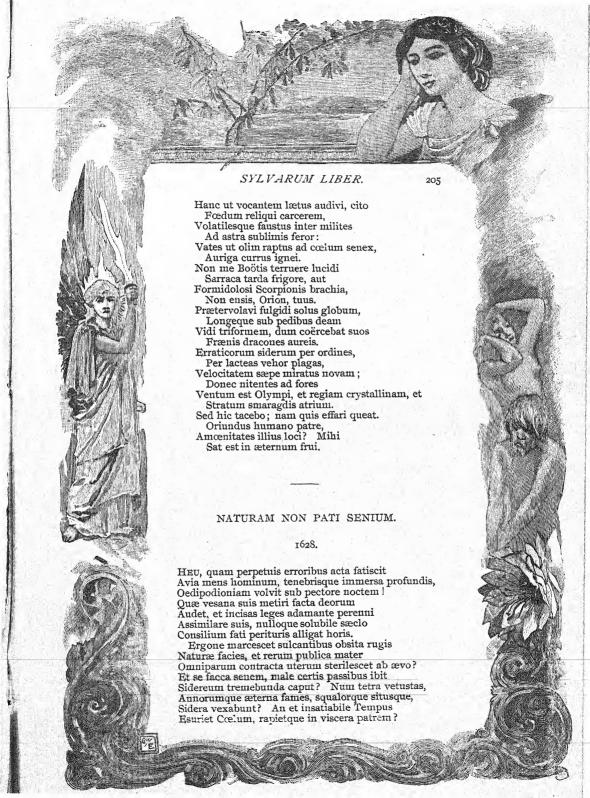


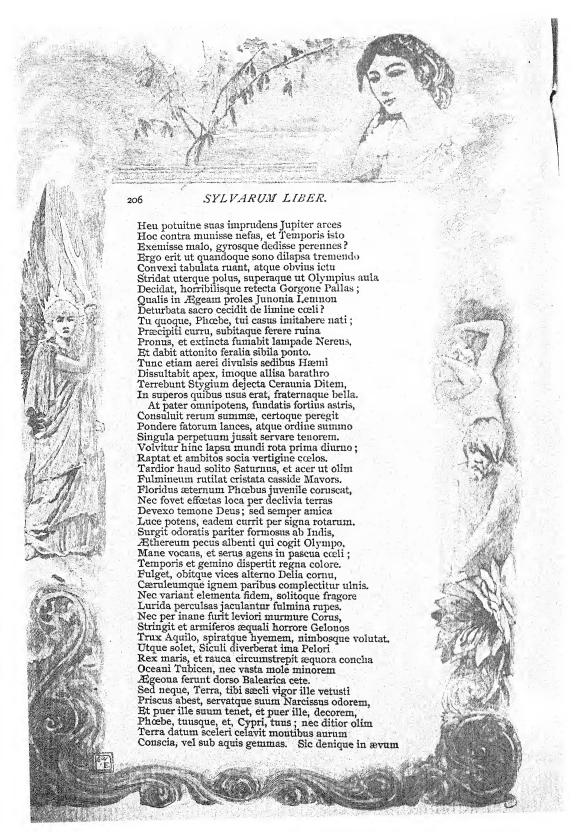


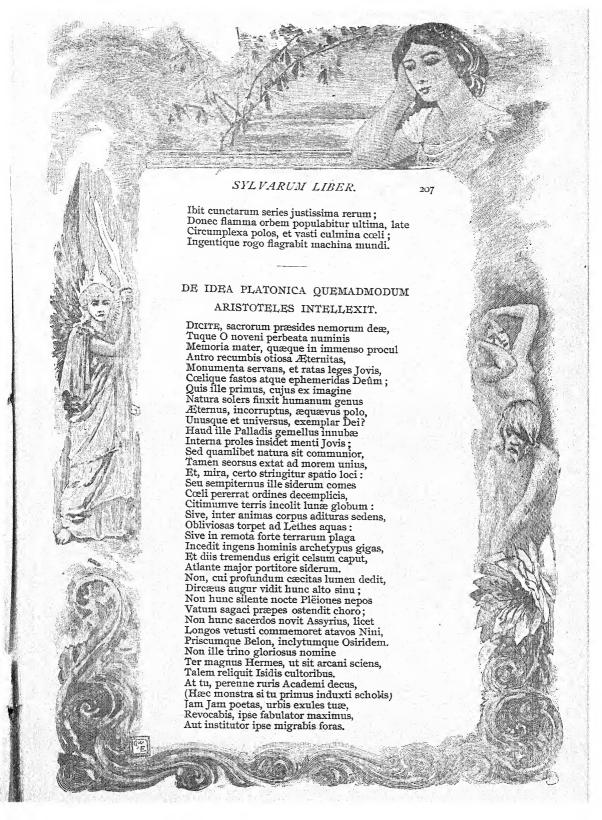


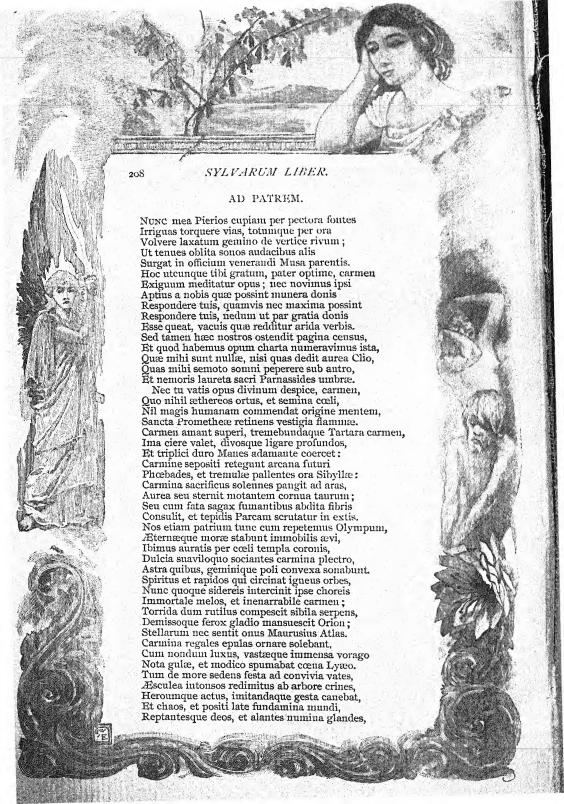


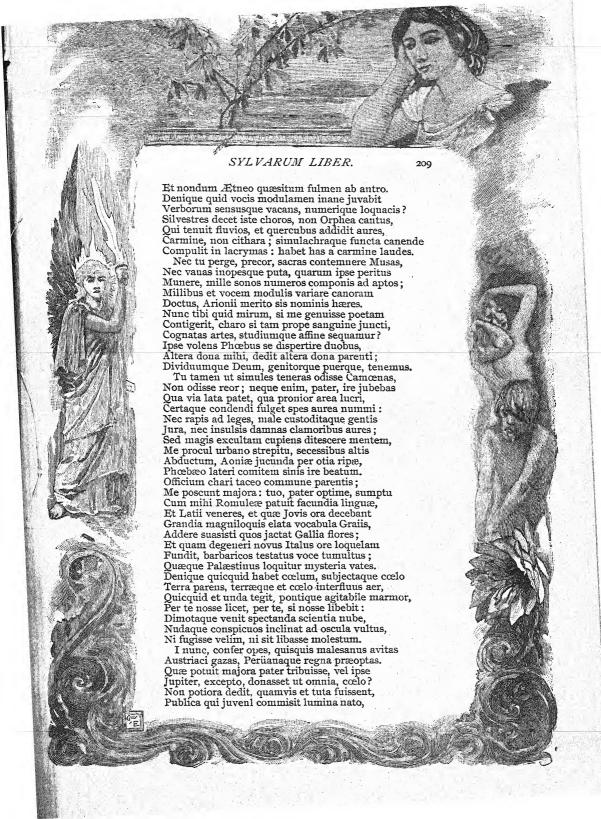


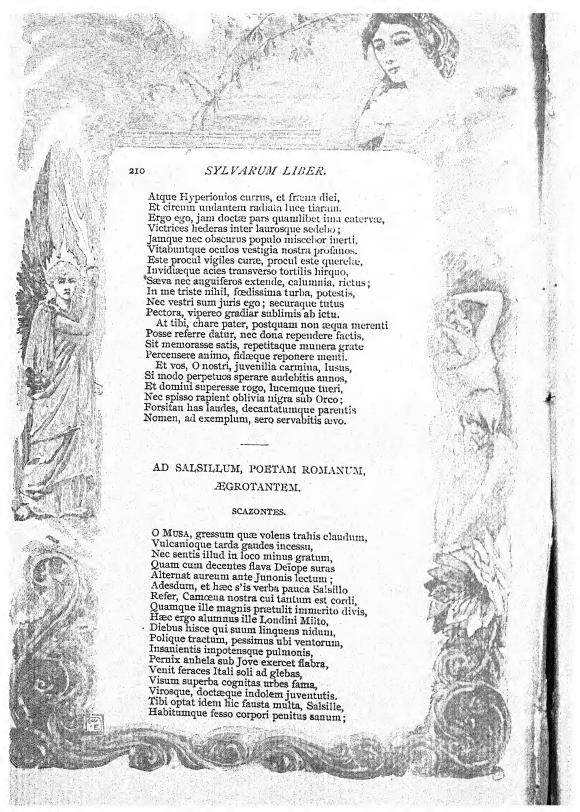


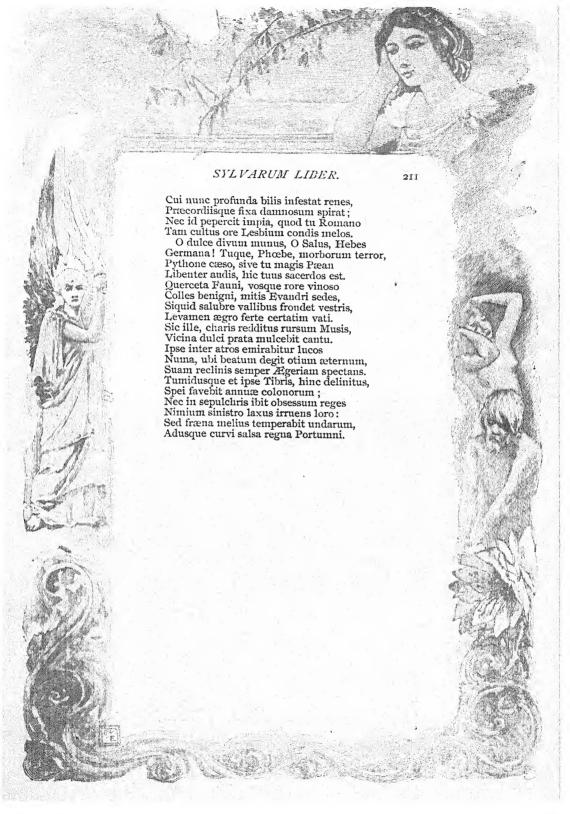


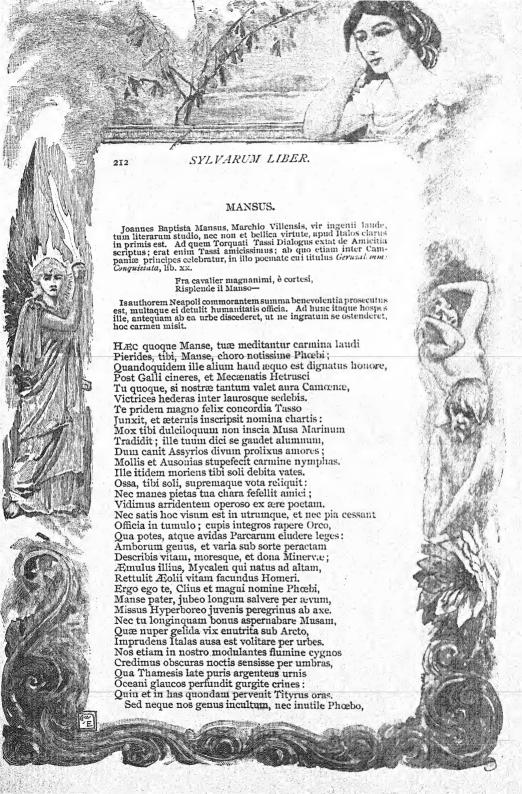


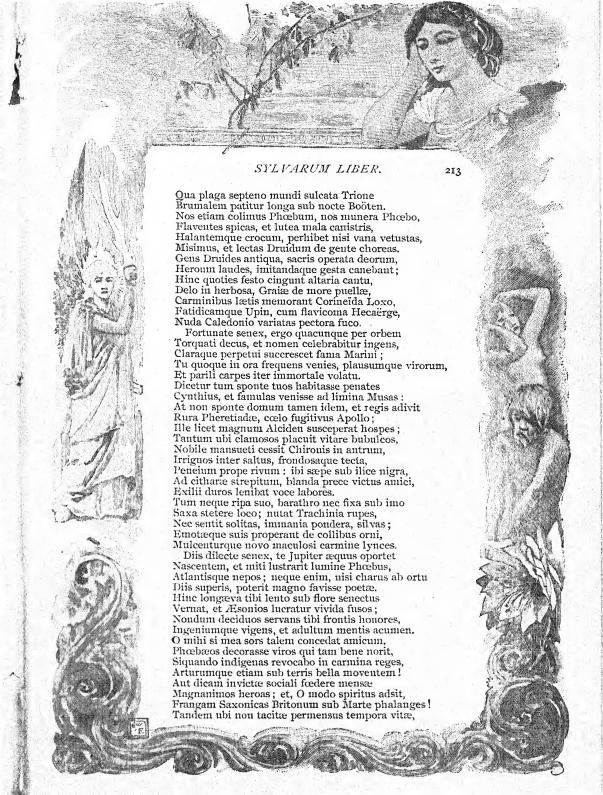


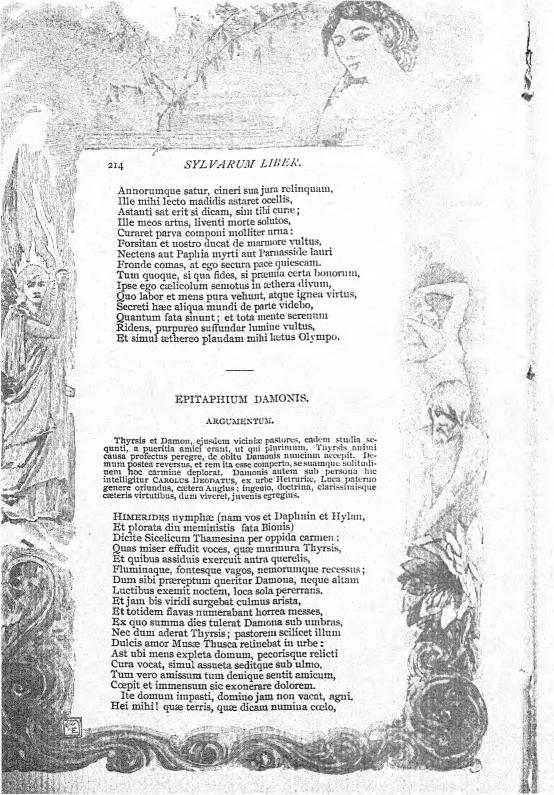


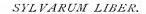












215

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon! Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris? At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea, Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen, Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupus ante videbit, Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro, Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes, Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit: Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque, Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite donum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hise tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæe præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fæta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

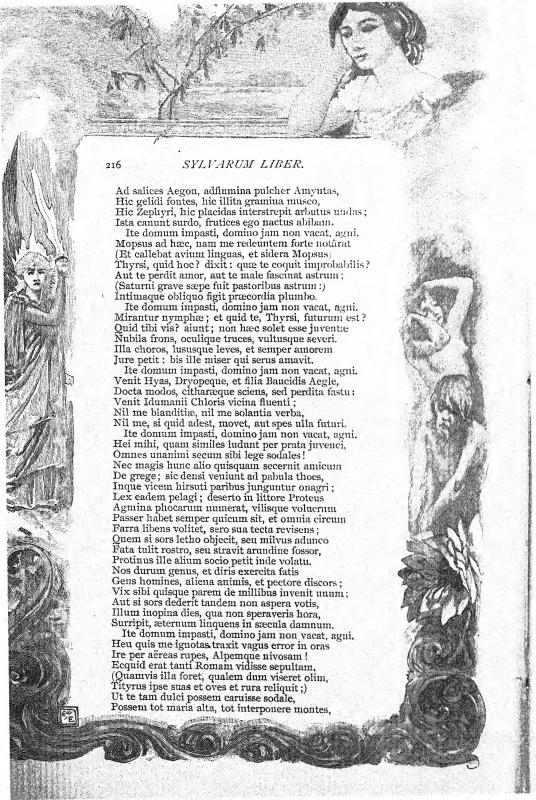
Ite domun impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

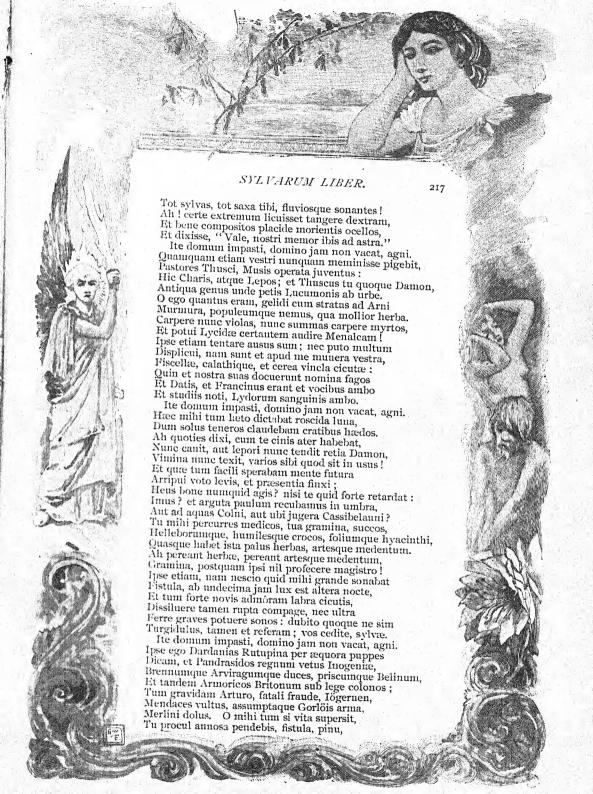
Ite domun impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, Cum Pan æsculea sonnum capit abditus umbra, Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ, Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus; Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

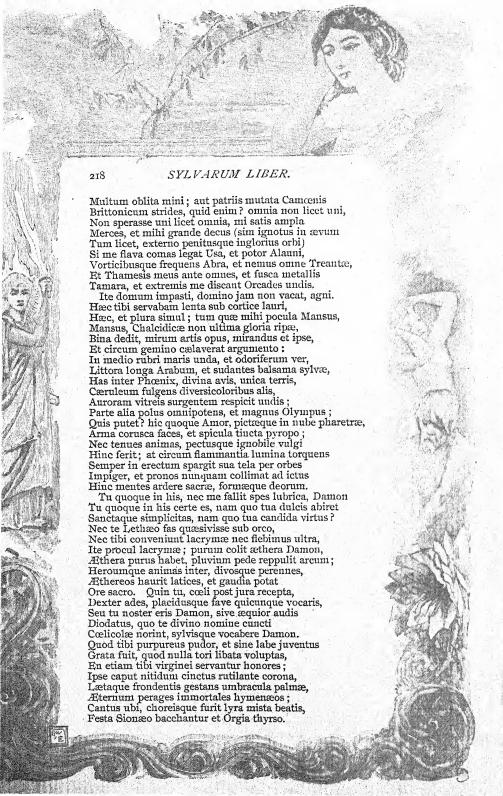
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro, Sienbi ramosae densantur vallibus umbræ; Hie serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

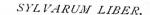
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit! Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo, Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ Mærent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,









219

JAN. 23, 1646.

# AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

#### STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber, Fronde licet gemina, Munditieque nitens non operosa; Quem manus attulit Juvenilis olim, Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ; Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras, Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit, Insons populi, barbitoque devius Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio Longinquum intonuit melos Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

#### ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus Subduxit reliquis dolo? Cum tu missus ab urbe, Docto jugiter obsecrante amico, Illustre tendebas iter Thamesis ad incunabula Cærulei patris, Fontes ubi limpidi Aonidum, thyasusque sacer, Orbi notus per immensos Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo, Celeberque futurus in ævum?

#### STROPHE II.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo, Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem, (Si satis noxas luimus priores, Mollique luxu degener otium) Tollat nefandos civium tumultus, Almaque revocet studia sanctus, Et relegatas sine sede Musas Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum;



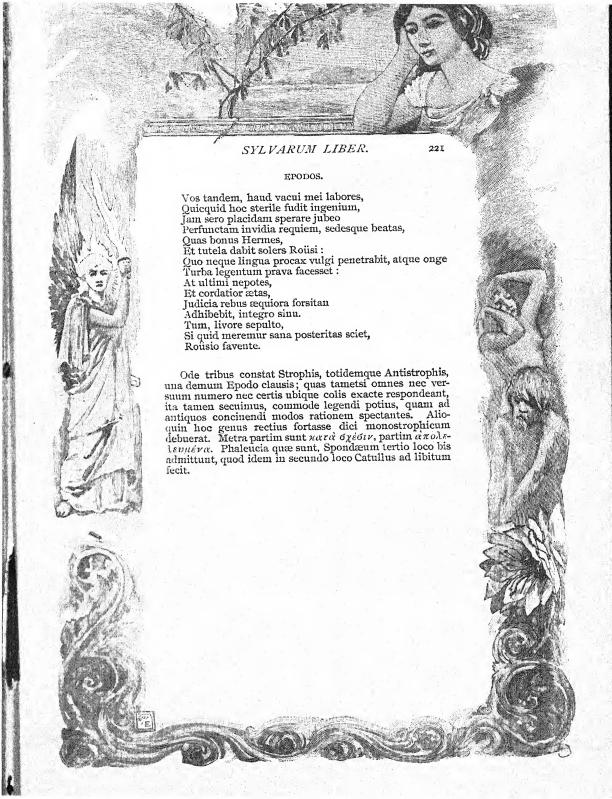
Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet mala Fide, vel oscitantia, Semel erraveris agmine fratrum, Seu quis te teneat specus, Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili Callo tereris institoris insulsi, Lætare felix: en iterum tibi Spes nova fulget, posse profundam Fugere Lethen, venique superam In Jovis aulam, remige penna:

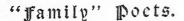
#### STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
Teque adytis etiam sacris:
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis:
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
Pulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæa genitus Creusa.

## ANTISTROPHE,

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phœbi rarsus ibis in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit,
Delo posthabita,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregram tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.





The distinctive features of Frederick A. Stokes & Brother's edition of these volumes are New Illustrations, made by good artists especially for this edition; Beautifully Engraved Borders printed in soft tints on all the pages; Good Paper; Careful Presswork.

- I. Lucile. By Owen Meredith.
- 2. Burns's Complete Poetical Works.
- 3. George Eliot's Complete Poetical Works.
- 4. Milton's Complete Poetical Works.

### (Others in preparation.)

Each volume is a large 8vo, cloth, bevelled boards, gilt edges, \$2.50; imitation "seal," padded covers, gilt edges, in a box, \$4.

To be had of your bookseller, or sent to any address (at publishers' expense) on receipt of price. Send for new catalogue, GRATIS.

## FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS, DEALERS IN WORKS OF ANY,

182 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

